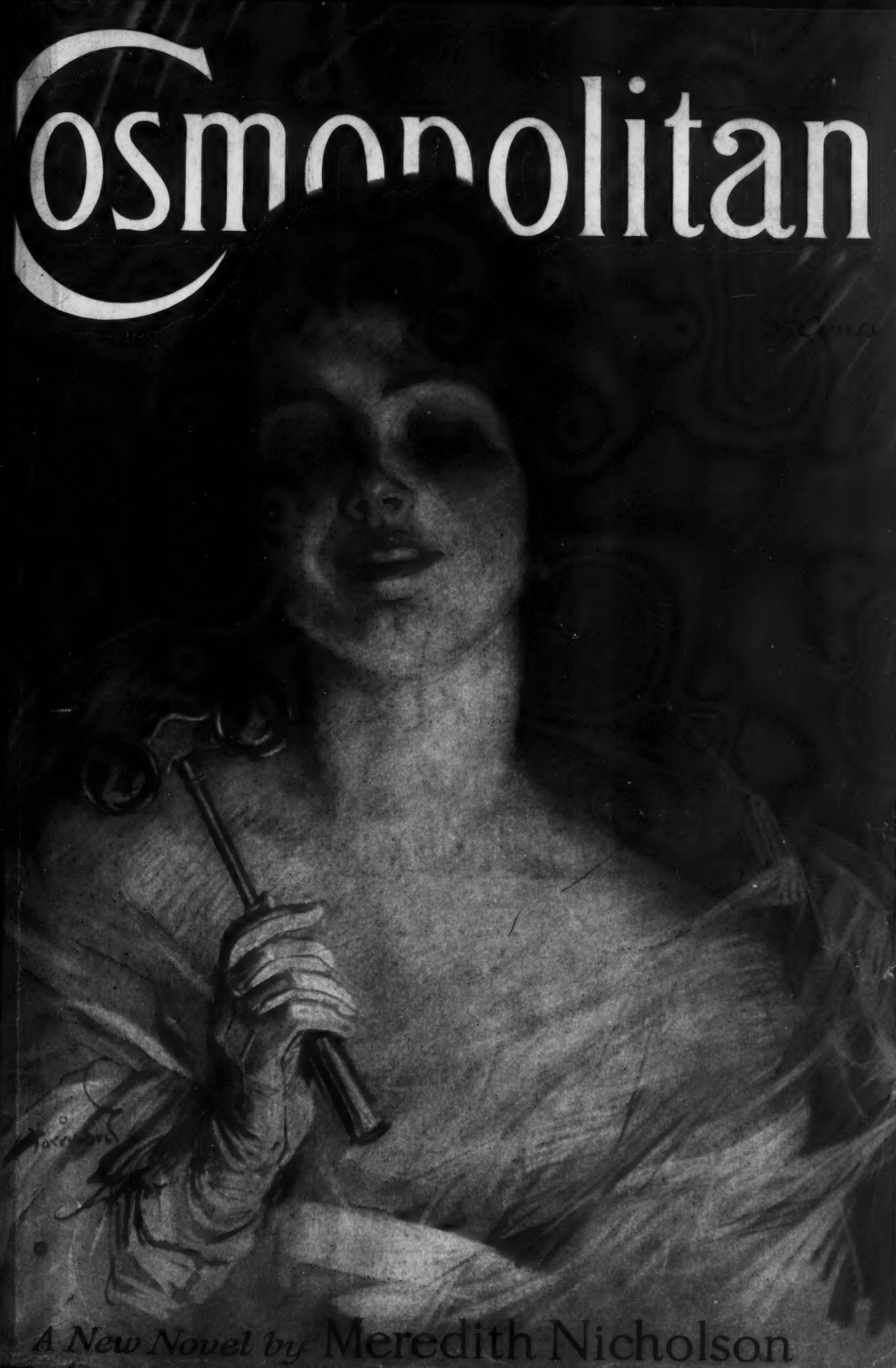


Cosmopolitan



A New Novel by Meredith Nicholson



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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Next Month

The Garden of Peril

A new story of the African veldt

by CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

*who wrote "Ponjola" and who knows the Dark Continent—its dramas, its romance,
its dangers, its surpassing rewards—better than any
other writer in the world.*

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Private But Not Undemocratic

IN no field of human effort are words more likely to be vaguely used than in the field of education. Over in England Rugby, Eton and Harrow, are still called public schools, though they are as private as our Groton and Hill School in the East, Harvard and Thatcher in the West.

But our private schools are not private in the sense that they exclude; only that, like our cultural colleges, they are privately supported and seek no aid from state or nation. Surely parents with some sense of responsibility may do as they think best regarding the patronage of private schools.

Parents have rights. Many of them honestly believe that character must be trained along with mind. "Clever men," said Huxley, "are as common as blackberries; the rare thing is to find a good one." Even Renan admitted that while Greece may be all for knowledge, Palestine is all for character. Parents who wish knowledge and character alike for their children and know that both are not always furnished by the state have rights of which not even organized society dare cheat them.

The principle strikes deeper than at first appears. Men look differently on education in these days of contemplating the changes astronomy, geology, biology, physics, chemistry, history, and sociology have made in human thinking. H. G. Wells and James Harvey Robinson have registered. The world of education can never be the same since the "Outline of History" and "The Mind in the Making" appeared. It dare not even try.

BUT the average human must still have what Mrs. Sidney Webb once called "spiritual metaphysic." That must be made anew each day like some life-restoring serum. Our fathers have given us religion in the large. The manna still falling from the sky of the historic past lasts long enough

to be used, and no longer. To try to do things new is usually to do nothing. Children must receive religious teaching as surely as mental training. There can be no more option for them than in the use of the tooth brush. Character without religion never can be clean; for morals and religion are so bound up together that they must be taught together. It is many a century since Aristotle said: "Perfect love is the love of people who are good and alike in virtue."

GENTLE reader, give every child you touch a chance to grow into the best. Only the best is good enough for children. If you must experiment, try your theories on us "grown ups." We have our set in life. There is little you can do to make over most of us.

"THE MOVING FINGER WRITES."

We are what we are,—hardened in the fires of life for better or for worse. Waste no time on us. Go where the prospect really invites.

MOST of the private schools are doing what they can to give the child a combination both of Greece and Palestine. To some these recent years have brought a temporary uncertainty. They need your reinforcement and support, your understanding and intelligent cooperation. Even if you have no children of your own to send away to school, the schools may visualize for you what Brierley called: "The homes that live in imagination, but are never founded, the kiss that has never been given, the inner hunger that is never appeased, the dream of the lonely man who sits at his solitary hearth and thinks of the wife, of the children that might have been; who

Sees their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire."

Sydney P. Powell

Director, Cosmopolitan Educational Department
119 West Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.



A Clear Conscience

by S. E. KISER

I SAW a woman who had dared to think—
 One who had ventured over some frontiers
 From which the prudish and the timid shrink—
 Make room for children old beyond their years.
 I heard her say: "I'm glad I am not one
 Who lives in ease because their cheeks are thin;
 I wear no gems because of tasks they've done;
 Thank God, I need not answer for that sin!"

I STOOD beside her where the crowds went past,
 And heard her say: "I'm glad it was not I
 Who rushed to spread the scandal which, at last,
 Has crushed the shabby woman passing by.
 They may be just—the frowning friends she had—
 Who turn their hostile backs or step aside;
 She may deserve their scorn, but I am glad
 No word of mine has helped to kill her pride.

"I'M glad that I am not the one for whom
 The man long trusted has betrayed his trust;
 Upon the one who coaxed him to his doom
 New joys and later favors may be thrust.
 Her dreams may never be disturbed; his name
 Perhaps has faded wholly from her thought,
 But I am glad that I am not to blame
 For bringing his old mother's hopes to naught.

"WHERE lately faith was deep faith dwells no more;
 One who was not too wise to be deceived
 Sits where the shadows creep across the floor,
 And mourns a loss that cannot be retrieved.
 Those who have brought the woeful change about
 May think they did their duty and no less;
 Thank God it was not I who found him out
 And brought the news that wrecked her happiness!"

Cheer Up! Says *They Can't Always Subsist on*

Illustrations by

GUM-CHEWING Tessie, with her face all chalked up, has a billion dollars in capital working night and day to keep her perked up.

Cleopatra had some pull as a queen but she never had as many groveling subjects hanging upon the favor of her smile as are now obedient to the knock-kneed flapper.

If Elmer, with the tossing forelock and the absent chin, comes out of the Bon Ton and some one asks him about the picture and he says, "Aw, it's punk"—then several millionaires must gather around a mahogany table and discuss a change of policy.

Yes, we are talking about the current releases and the world's largest jury.

How would you like to be the Simon Legree of a cinema drama production, getting ready to burn up \$250,000, and face the task of turning out a play guaranteed to

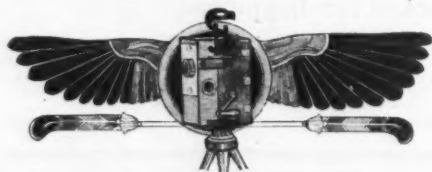
delight the farm hand, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the mill workers in a steel town, the metropolitan critics, the girls employed in the five and ten cent store and the Board of Censorship of the State of Pennsylvania?

What if you knew that screen dramas approved by all of the come-up-higher leagues had flopped in the open market, while those which had been toasted by every highbrow vigilante as cheap and vulgar had brought Rockefeller profits through the holes in the glass windows?

Stop roasting the men who make motion pictures and lavish upon them your profuse sympathy. They are trying to serve Mammon and mama at the same time!

They hear the demands of the psalm-singers and their desks are littered with letters, in blue ink, from emotional "fans" who want their movies hot and spicy and dripping with goo.

An amazing number of the two-bit pieces of America belong to people wearing evening clothes only in dreams, who never went to Yale and whose conception of a relaxed hour



GEORGE ADE

Maple Syrup & Cayenne Pepper

Gordon Ross

is to ride on a merry-go-round while eating chocolate fudge and inhaling musk perfumery. public speeches, they never would be able to agree among themselves as to what is evil and what is wholesome.

The corporations peddling pictures have been afraid to pass up the patron who thinks with his nervous system.

Feature plays cost so much that they must be sold everywhere to everybody in order to show something to the good.

Snappy without being suggestive, clean without being insipid, speedy without becoming scrambled—now go ahead and fill the order!

Production is wholesale and the fault-finders are shrieking in eight different keys, forgetting:

That American-made pictures ride the world market because they are the best turned out to date.

That the screen drama is sweating out its own salvation and does not need the help of hysterical censors.

That if droves of well meaning fanatics were turned loose in every state to tinker with motion pictures, books, newspapers and

That even the flat-heads are beginning to sit up to plays in which honest characterization and reasonable probability are taking the place of deceived womanhood and buckets of blood.

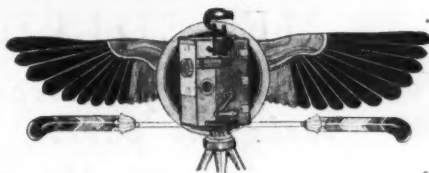
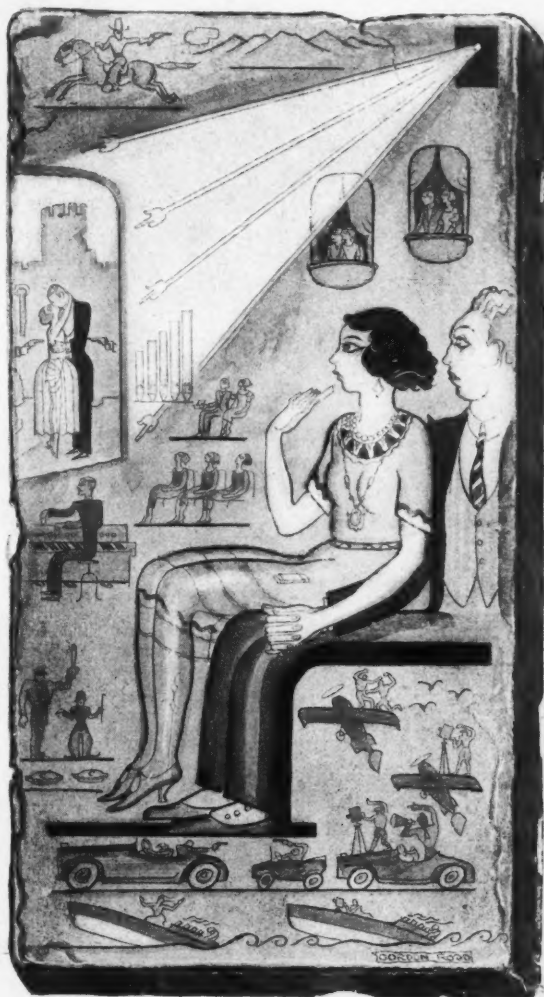
The demand for pictures has not had time to stabilize itself.

Even the most abnormal persons cannot subsist forever on maple syrup and Cayenne pepper.

The public is settling down to a diet. It doesn't want to be told what that diet shall be. At least not by brash amateurs posing as experts.

Censorship is futile and expensive and has not arrived anywhere.

Every day and in every way the pictures are getting better and better.



Did you ever see a more interesting face than this?



© PIERRE MACDONALD

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

*Novelist, poet, philosopher; a writer who certainly
looks the part. His new novel begins
on the opposite page.*

A New Novel of American Life
 By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Author of "Broken Barriers"
**The
 Hope of Happiness**

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

BRUCE STORRS stood up tall and straight on a prostrate sycamore, the sunlight gleaming upon his lithe, vigorous body, and with a quick, assured lifting of his arms plunged into the cool depths of the river. He rose and swam with long, confident strokes the length of a pool formed by the curving banks and returned to the log, climbing up with the same ease and grace that marked his swimming. He dashed the water from his eyes and pressed his hands backward over his shapely head. The deep tan of his face and throat and hands only emphasized the whiteness of his flesh. It was evident that he was the fortunate inheritor of clean blood in a perfectly fashioned body; that he had used himself well in his twenty-eight years and that he found satisfaction and pride in his health and strength. He surveyed the narrow valley through which the river idled and eddied before rushing into the broader channel beyond—surveyed it with something of the air of a discoverer who has found and appropriated to his own uses a new corner of the world.

It was a good place to be at the end of a day that was typical of late August in the corn belt, a day of intense dry heat with faint intimations on the horizon of the approach of autumn. With a contented sigh he sat down on the log, his feet drawn up, his shoulders bent, and aimlessly tore bits of bark from the log and tossed them into the water. Lulled by the lazy ripple, he yielded himself to reverie and his eyes filled with dreams as he stared unseeingly across the stream. Suddenly he raised his head resolutely as though his thoughts had returned to the world of the actual and he had reached a conclusion of high importance. He plunged again and now his short, rapid strokes threshed the water into foam. One might have thought that in the assertion of his physical strength he was testing and reassuring himself of his complete self-mastery and buoyancy of spirit.

Refreshed and invigorated, he clambered up the bank and sought a great beech by whose pillar-like trunk he had left his belongings and proceeded to dress. From a flat canvas bag he produced a towel and a variety of toilet articles. He combed his thick, curly hair, donned a flannel shirt and knotted a blue scarf under its soft collar. His shoes of brogan type bore the imprint of a metropolitan maker and his gray knickerbockers and jacket indicated a capable tailor.

He took from the bag a package of letters addressed in a woman's hand to Bruce Storrs, and making himself comfortable with his back to the tree he began to read. The letters had been subjected to many readings as their worn appearance testified, but selecting the bulkiest he perused it carefully as though wishing to make sure that its phrases were firmly fixed in his memory.

"... Since my talk with you," he read, "I have had less pain but the improvement is only temporary—the doctors do not deceive me as to that. I may go quickly—any day, any hour. You heard my story the other night—generously,



Bruce felt in Millicent a quality that seemed to translate her to remote and shadowy times.



"I can manage now," said Millicent, and drew her arm about the passive Leila. Bruce felt that she was paying

with a fine tolerance, as I knew you would. If I had not been so satisfied of your sense of justice and so sure of your love I could never have told you. But from the hour I knew that my life was nearing its end I felt more and more that you must know. One or two things I'm afraid I didn't make clear . . . that I loved the man who is your father. Love alone could be my justification—without that I could never have lived through these years.

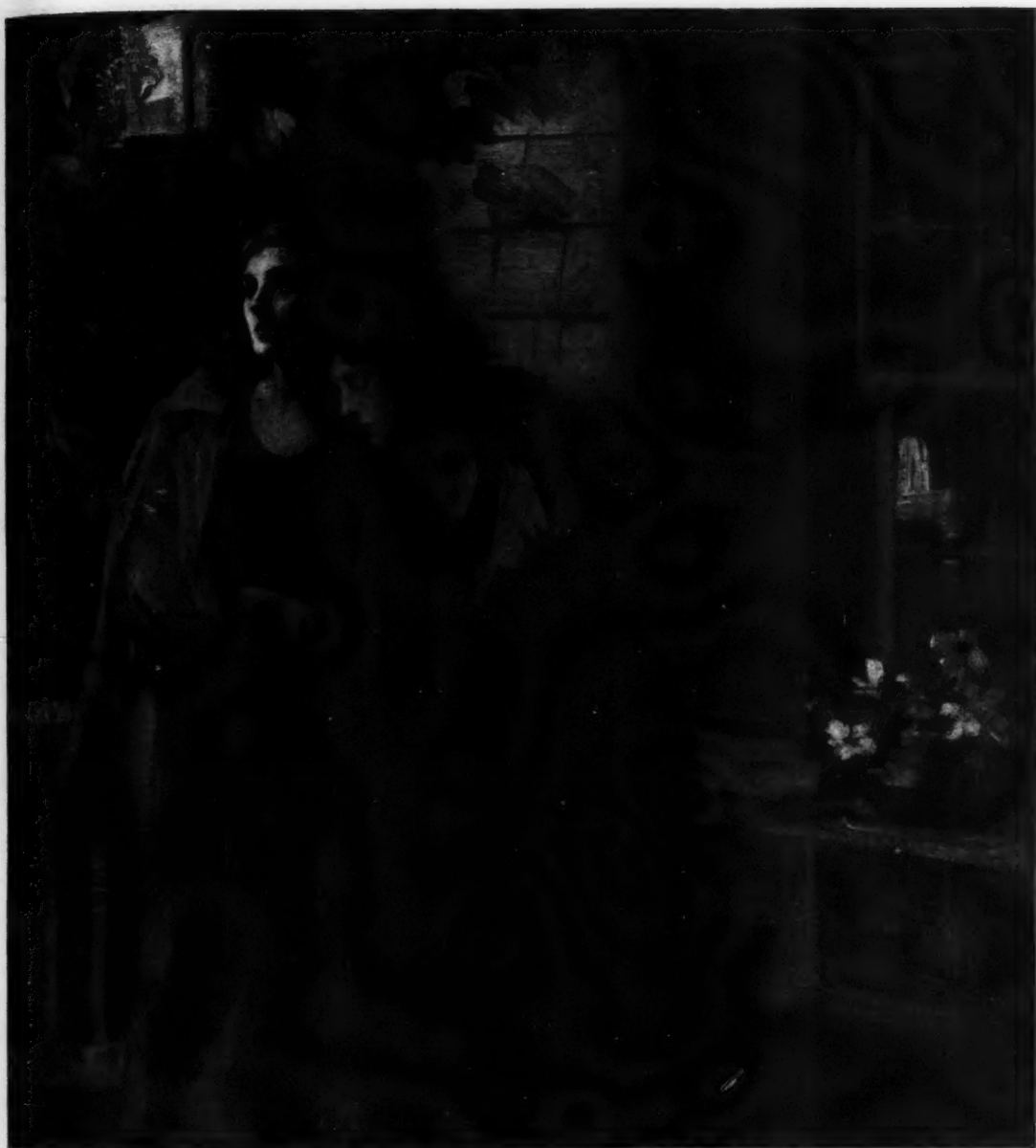
"The man you have called father never suspected the truth. He trusted me. It has been part of my punishment that through all these years I have had to endure the constant manifestations of his love and confidence. But for that one lapse in the second year of my marriage, I was absolutely faithful in all my obligations to him. And he was kind to you and proud of you. He did all for you that a father could, never dreaming that you were not his own. It was one of my sorrows that I couldn't give him a child of his own. Things went badly with him in his last years, as you know, and what I leave to you—it will be about fifty thousand dollars—I inherited from my father and it will help you find your place in the world.

"Your father has no idea of your existence . . . Ours was a midsummer madness, at a time when we were both young. I only knew him a little while, and I have never heard from him; but in one way or another I have known something of his life.

That wild, mad love I had for him never wholly died. Please, dear, don't think harshly of me, but there have been times when I would have given my life for a sight of him. After all—you are his—his as much as mine. You came to me from him—strangely dear and beautiful. In my mind you have always been his, and I loved you the dearer. I loved him, but I could not bring myself to leave the man you have called father for him. He was not the kind of man women run away with . . .

"When I'm gone I want you to put yourself near him—learn to know him, if that should be possible. I am trusting you; you would never, I know, do him an injury. Some day he may need you. Remember, he does not know—it may be he need never know. But, oh, be kind to him . . ."

He stared at the words. Had it been one of those unaccountable affairs—he had heard of such—where a gently reared woman falls prey to a coarse fibered man in every way her inferior? The man might be common, low, ignorant and cruel. Bruce had been proud of his ancestry. The Storrs were of old American stock and his mother's family, the Bruces, had been the foremost people in their county for nearly a century. He had taken a pardonable pride in his background . . . That night when he had stumbled out of the house after hearing his mother's confession he had felt the old friendly world recede. The letters,



him the compliment of assuming that he was a gentleman who would go his way and forget the whole affair.

sealed and entrusted to the family physician for delivery at her death, merely repeated what she had told him.

In his constant rereadings he had hoped that one day he would find that he had misinterpreted the message. But today he knew the folly of this; the disclosure took its place in his mind among the unalterable facts of his life. At first he had thought of destroying himself; but he was too sane and the hope of life was too strong for such a solution of his problem. And there had been offers—advantageous ones—to go to New York and Boston. He convinced himself that his mother could not seriously have meant to limit the range of his opportunities by sending him to the city where his unknown father lived. But he was resolved now not to shirk; he would do her bidding. There was a strain of superstition in him: he might invite misfortune by disregarding her plea; and moreover he had the pride and courage of youth. No one knew, no one need ever know! He had escaped from the feeling, at first poignant, that shame attached to him; that he must slink through life under the eyes of a scornful world. No; he had mastered that; his pride rallied him as with the sound of trumpets to make something fine of his life.

Life had been very pleasant in the little Ohio town where John Storrs had been a lawyer of average attainments—in no way brilliant but highly respected for his probity and enjoying

for years a fair practice. Bruce had cousins of his own age, cheery, wholesome contemporaries with whom he had chummed from childhood. The Storrs, like the Bruces, his mother's people, were of a type familiar in Mid-western county seats, kindly, optimistic, well-to-do folk, but not too contented or self-satisfied not to be keenly alive to the stir and movement of the larger world.

The old house, built in the 'forties by John Storrs's grandfather, had become suddenly to Bruce a strange and alien place that denied his right of occupancy. The elms in the yard seemed to mock him, whispering "You don't belong here!" and as quickly as possible he had closed the house, made excuses to his relatives, given a power of attorney to the president of the local bank, an old friend, to act for him in all matters and announced that he'd look about a bit and take a vacation before settling down to his profession. In his restlessness and uncertainty he wished to avoid people, weary himself by day, and at night fling himself upon the kindly earth that belonged to no man.

This was all past now and he had arrived, it seemed inevitably, in the town where his father lived.

The beauty of the declining day stirred longings and aspirations, definite and clear, in his mind and heart. His debt to his mother was enormous. He remembered now her happiness at the first manifestation of his interest in form, color and harmony;

her hand guiding his when he first began to draw; her delight in his first experiment with a box of colors, given him on one of his birthdays. Yes; he should be a painter; that came first; then his aptitude in modeling made it plain that sculpture was to be his true vocation. To be a creator of beautiful things!—here, she had urged, lay the surest hope of happiness.

Very precious were all these memories; they brought a wistful smile to his face. She had always seemed to him curiously innocent, with the innocence of light-hearted childhood. To think of her as carrying a stain through her life was abhorrent. Hers was the blitheliest, cheeriest spirit he had known. The things she had taught him to reverence were a testimony to her innate fineness; she had denied herself for him, jealously guarding her patrimony that it might pass to him intact. The manly part for him was to live in the light of the ideals she had set for him. Pity and love for one who had been so sensitive to beauty in all its forms touched him now; brought a sob to his throat. He found a comfort in the thought that her confession might be attributable to a hope that in his life hers might be expiated.

He took up the letters and turned them over again for the last time, his eyes caught and held now and then by some phrase. He held the sheets against his face for a moment, then slowly tore them into strips, added the worn envelopes and burned them. Not content with this, he trampled the charred fragments into the sandy turf.

The sun, a huge brazen ball, was low in the west when he set off along the river with confident, springy step. He stopped at a farmhouse and asked for supper. The evening meal was over, the farmer's wife explained; but she produced a pitcher of milk and a plate of corn bread. Her husband appeared, and instantly prejudiced by the knickerbockers doggedly quizzed the stranger as to the nature and direction of his journey.

Storrs was a new species, not to be confused with the ordinary tramp who demands food at farmhouses, and suddenly contrite that the repast she was providing was so meager the woman rose and disappeared into the kitchen, returning with a huge piece of spice cake and a dish of sliced peaches. She was taken aback when he rose deferentially to accept the offering but her tired face relaxed in a smile at his cordial expressions of gratitude. She joined her husband on the stoop, finding the handsome pilgrim's visit a welcome break in the monotonous day. As he ate he answered their questions unhurriedly. The range of his wanderings mystified her; in her eyes he was a young Ulysses, all the more fascinating because her imagination was unequal to the task of explaining the long journeys afoot he was describing quite casually as though they were nothing remarkable.

"I guess the war left a lot o' you boys restless," she suggested.

"Oh, it wasn't the war that made a rover of me!" he replied with a smile. "It was this way with me. When I got home I found I had something to think out—something I had to get used to"—he frowned and became silent for a moment—"so I decided I could do it better by tramping. But I've settled things in my own mind pretty well now," he ended, half to himself, and smiled, unaware that he had only added to their mystification.

"Yes?" The woman's tone was almost eager. She was curious as to the real reason for his wanderings and what it was that he had settled. In the luminous twilight her dull imagination quickened to a sense of something romantic in this stranger, and she was disappointed when he told of a winter spent in various industrial centers; of an experience as a laborer in a great steel mill, just to see what it was like, he said—a fortnight in New York and a more recent tramp through the Valley of Virginia.

"I reckon you don't have to work?" the farmer asked, baffled in his attempts to account for a young man who strolled over the country so aimlessly, wearing what struck him as an outlandish garb.

"Oh, but I do! I've done considerable work as I've sauntered around. I'm an architect—or hope to be! I've earned my keep as I've traveled by getting jobs as a draughtsman."

"Going to stop in the city?" the woman inquired.

"Yes," Bruce replied, following the direction of her glance.

"You know folks there?" she persisted. "I guess it's hard getting started if you ain't got friends."

"There's a chap living there I knew in college; that's all. But when you strike a strange town where you don't know anyone the only thing to do is to buckle in and make them want to know you!"

"I guess you can do that," she remarked with shy admiration.

The farmer shuffled his feet on the brick walk. For all he knew the young stranger might be a burglar. He resented his wife's tone of friendliness and resolved to deny the request if the

young man asked the privilege of sleeping in the barn; but the stranger not only failed to ask for lodging but produced a dollar bill from his pocket and insisted that the woman accept it. This transaction served instantly to dispel the farmer's suspicions. He answered with unnecessary detail Bruce's questions as to the shortest way to town, and walked with him to a lane that ran along the edge of a cornfield and afforded a short cut to the highway.

Bruce had expected to reach the city before nightfall but already the twilight was deepening and the first stars glimmered in the pale sky. Now that he was near the end of his self-imposed wanderings he experienced a sense of elation. The unhappy thoughts with which he had left his Ohio home a little more than a year earlier had gradually become dim in his memory. The letters he had burned at the riverside really marked in his consciousness a dispersion of doubts and questions that left his spirit free. His mother's revelation had greatly shaken him; but she need never have told him; and it spoke for her courage and her faith in him that she had confessed the truth. They had been companions in an unusual sense. From his earliest youth she had interested him in the things that had been her delight—books, music, pictures. She was herself an accomplished musician and strains of old melodies she had taught him recurred to him now—helped him to visualize her in the comfortable home in the little town where he was born—its tasteful furnishings, its garden and countless other manifestations of her cultivated taste.

As he swung along the road with the cool breeze blowing upon him from fields of tall ripening corn there was no bitterness in his soul. He had beaten down the bitter thought that had assailed him in the early days of his journeying—the sense that a stigma attached to him, not the less hateful because he alone had knowledge of it, the feeling that there was something fantastic in the idea that he should put himself where, in any need, he could serve the father he had never known.

This had now all the sanctity of a commission from the dead. He speculated as to what manner of man this could be who had awakened so deep a love in the heart of the good woman he knew his mother to have been—a love which she had carried in her heart to her last hours. In his long ponderings he had, he felt, come to understand her better than he ever had in her lifetime—her imaginative and romantic side, her swiftly changing moods, her innumerable small talents that had now a charm and a pathos in the retrospect. Age had never, to his eyes, laid hands upon her. Even through the last long illness she had retained the look and the spirit of youth.

Rounding a bend in the river the flare of an amusement park apprised him that he was close upon the city—a city he had heretofore never visited and knew of only from his newspaper reading as a prosperous industrial center. Here, for the strangest reason in the world, he was to make his home, perhaps spend the remainder of his days! He crossed a stone bridge with a sense that the act marked an important transition in his life, and after passing through the noisy aisles of the park boarded a trolley car and rode into town.

He had formed a very clear idea of what he meant to do, and arriving at the business center he went directly to the Hotel Fordham to which he had expressed his trunk from Cincinnati.

II

THE pencil with which Bruce was idly scribbling on a sheet of hotel paper traced his name unconsciously.

Bruce Storrs

It was not his name; he had no honest right to it. He had speculated many times in his wanderings as to whether he shouldn't change it but this would lead to endless embarrassments. Now, with his thoughts crystallized by the knowledge that this other man who had been his mother's lover was within reach, he experienced a strong sense of loyalty to the memory of the man he had called father. It would be a contemptible thing to abandon the name of one who had shown him so tender an affection and understood so perfectly his needs and aims . . .

Somewhere among the several hundred thousand people of the city about him was the man his mother had described. In the quiet room he experienced suddenly a feeling of loneliness. Usually in his wanderings he had stopped at cheap lodging houses and the very comfort of his surroundings now added to his feeling of strangeness in having at last arrived at a goal which marked not merely the end of his physical wandering but the termination of a struggle with his own spirit. He sent down for the evening papers and found himself scanning carefully



Bruce had heard his mother's confession with a fine tolerance; but he had felt the old friendly world recede.

the local news, thinking that he might find some clue to the activities of Franklin Mills. He wondered whether he could be growing morbid about the thing. When he burned his mother's letters beside the river that afternoon he had been satisfied of the serenity of his own mind; and now he was hating himself for his weakness.

His attention was caught by the caption, "Franklin Mills Sells Site of Old Homestead to Trust Company." The name fell like a blow upon his consciousness. He seized the telephone book and hurriedly turned the pages.

Mills Franklin Jefferson Ave.....Saybrook 1322
Mills Franklin First Ntl Bnk Bldg.....Main 2222

He stared at the two lines till they were a blur before his eyes. There was but one man of the name in the directory; there could be no mistake as to his identity.

It was a disconcerting thought that by calling these numbers he might at any time hear Franklin Mills's voice. The idea both fascinated and repelled him. What, after all, had he to do with Franklin Mills! Nothing, but for the plea of the woman this man had wronged back yonder in a past all but covered by the waters of oblivion.

He turned to the newspaper and reread the item about the real estate transaction, then opened to the personal and society page, where he found this item:

Miss Leila Mills of Jefferson Avenue gave a luncheon yesterday at the Faraway Country Club for her house guest, Miss Helene Ridgeway of Cincinnati. The decorations were purple asters and pink roses.

Helene Ridgeway he knew; she had been the college chum of one of his gay cousins. He had not realized the strain he had

undergone in the past year till he saw the familiar name of the girl. The nightmare pictures he had conjured up faded; whatever Mills might be he was at least a reputable citizen and that was something to be thankful for; and obviously he was not poor and helpless.

The Leila referred to must be his daughter and the same blood ran in her veins as in his own . . . He flung the paper away; touched his forehead, found it covered with perspiration. He paced the floor till he had quieted himself, paused at the window, finding relief in the lights and sounds of the street, the bells and whistles of trains at the railway station somewhere in the dis-

turned for the moment to pity. It was an astounding thing, this dark page of her life carried all those years in her heart. He recalled the look she had bent upon him at times when he and his putative father had talked happily together. John Storrs had lavished an unusual devotion upon his wife to the end of his life. The wrong done him seemed monstrous as Bruce thought of it, remembering Storrs's pride in him, the sympathetic interest he had taken in his education, the emotion with which they had parted when Bruce went away to war. There was a vast pathos in all this—in the very ignorance of his wife's infidelity that John Storrs had carried to his grave.



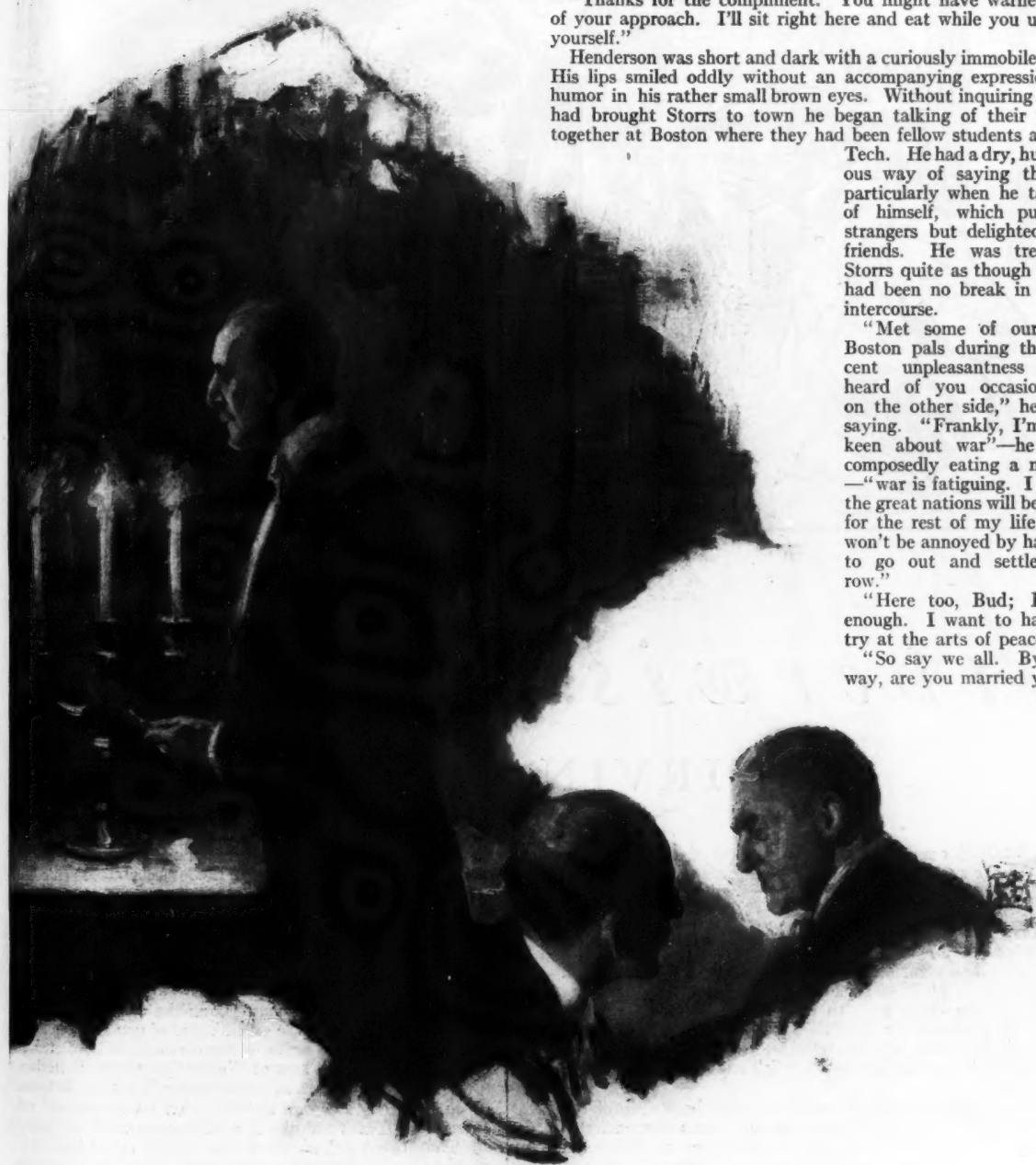
"Mr. Mills," said Millicent, "let me present Mr. Storrs." Guardedly Bruce studied the man who was his father.

tance. He was quite sane, he assured himself. The world surged round him, indifferent to his hopes and aims and fears. He might, he reasoned, dismiss his mother's story from his mind as untrue—the fabrication of a sick woman's mind. He must keep tight hold of himself . . .

His mother had urged him to think kindly of Franklin Mills; and yet, now that the man was within reach, a contempt that lorded upon hatred filled his heart. For his mother his love

CHAPTER II

AWAKE early, Bruce donned a gray business suit and went down to breakfast. His immediate concern was to find employment; for in work, he knew, lay his hope of happiness and peace. He had thrust into his pocket letters from architects who had employed him in various cities commending him as an excellent draughtsman; and he bore a letter certifying to his



"You good old Indian! I was just about to go out and ask the nearest cop where to find you! You're the only man I know in town!"

"Thanks for the compliment. You might have warned me of your approach. I'll sit right here and eat while you unfold yourself."

Henderson was short and dark with a curiously immobile face. His lips smiled oddly without an accompanying expression of humor in his rather small brown eyes. Without inquiring what had brought Storrs to town he began talking of their years together at Boston where they had been fellow students at the

Tech. He had a dry, humorous way of saying things, particularly when he talked of himself, which puzzled strangers but delighted his friends. He was treating Storrs quite as though there had been no break in their intercourse.

"Met some of our old Boston pals during the recent unpleasantness and heard of you occasionally on the other side," he was saying. "Frankly, I'm not keen about war"—he was composedly eating a melon—"war is fatiguing. I hope the great nations will behave for the rest of my life so I won't be annoyed by having to go out and settle the row."

"Here too, Bud; I got enough. I want to have a try at the arts of peace."

"So say we all. By the way, are you married yet?"

good character and trustworthiness from the president of the bank in his native town. He was not pressed by immediate need. His travels had been inexpensive; in fact he had a little more than earned his way; and he had not only the fifty thousand dollars his mother had left invested in securities but he carried drafts for the accumulated income—something over a thousand dollars—to tide him over any possible difficulties in finding an opening that promised well for the future. He had finished his breakfast and lingered, deep in thought, when a young man who had just entered the dining room paused beside him.

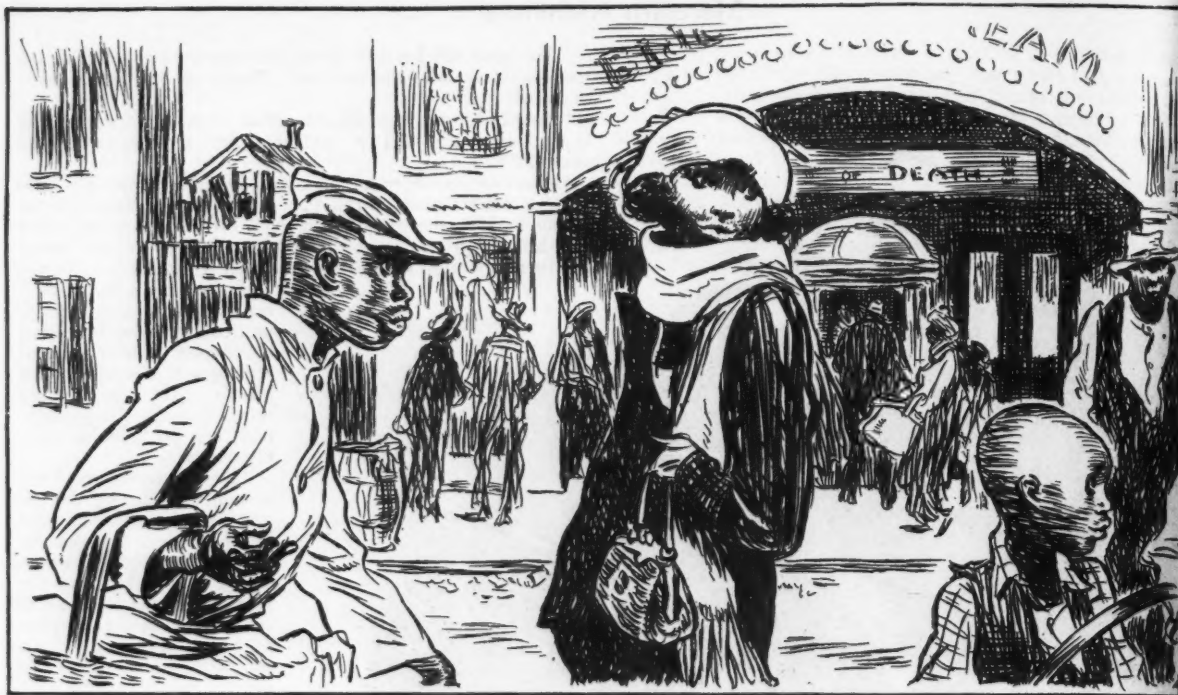
"Is it or is it not Bruce Storrs?" he demanded. "I spotted you from the door—didn't think there could be another such head and shoulders."

"Bud Henderson!"

Storrs was on his feet, wringing the hand of the young man, who was regarding him with a pleased grin.

"No."

"That's bad. Marriage is an honorable estate; I'm rather keen about it. I took me a wife as soon as I got back from France. Oh Lord, no! None of the girls we knew around Boston. Couldn't afford them and besides it's a mistake not to marry in your home town and it's also easier when you're a bloomin' pauper. I married into one of the strongest wholesale grocery houses in all these parts. I'll drive you by the warehouse; an impressive pile—one of the biggest concerns west of Pittsburgh. Maybelle is the only child of the Conrad of Conrad, Buxton and Pettibone. A wonderful girl, Maybelle—one of the really strong, powerful women of this great nation. She's out of town at present playing a golf tournament for the huckleberry association championship. That's why I'm chasing downtown for breakfast—cook's on a vacation. You'll meet Maybelle; she's a person, that girl! Married me (Continued on page 163)



Otherwise Sweet

By IRVIN S. COBB

BEFORE continuing the speaker looked about him to make sure the rest of the group suitably were impressed. They were, and he did:

"Yas suzz, tha's the way it is wid me. W'en I starts gittin' bad I gits so bad my muscles all bind on me an' I has crampin' pains frum haid to foot. Tha's only jest the beginnin'. W'en I gits mad clear th'ough, it's time to pack the wimmin an' chillen to a place of safety an' remove the weakif's, the cripples an' the sickly ones to the cyclome cellar. 'Count of that, is w'y they calls me Wild Bill, the Human Harrycane.

"I reckon it mustar been travelin' wid the circus, playin' also cornet in the Genuwine Zulu Band, w'ich has made me so rough that-a-way.

"Circusses ain't no place fur people wid weak hearts. Prob'ly"—his eye swept the ring of properly awed faces that encircled him—"prob'ly they ain't none of you niggers present w'ich could last one season out wid a circus; but me, I stayed on goin' on nine yeas. An' went stronger all the time!

"Tek that time in Springfield, Ohio, w'en the bigges' elephant, name of Emily, went rampagious by reason of somebody havin' give her a bottle of pepper-sauce an' her thinkin' 'twas red pop till too late fur her to change her mind 'bout drinkin' it. A elephant 'bout the size of a steam calliope that's burnin' up insides of her wid some new kind of a hell-fire w'ich water won't squench is a powerful onhealthy pusson to prank wid, I'll tell the waitin' world!

"Well, fust they gits the menagerie top cleared out an' 'en they reclaim the wite man that'd give her the stuff out frum under the sea-lions' tank; w'ich they called him a practical joker in the paper next mawnin' but he suttinly wuzn't very practical lookin' w'en they wuz totin' him off to the city horspital wid one laig kind of flappin', an' him talkin' delirious. An' 'en they gits Emily chained up an' roped down an' the chief bull-man he starts in ca'mmin' her down wid a pitchfork.

"Me, I didn't know nuthin' 'bout it, bein' downtown whilst 'twas goin' on; but w'en I gits back to the lot an' starts in th'ough the markee, one of the razorbacks he sez to me, he sez:

"Hole on, black boy, they's a crazy elephant in that there tent!"

"An' I sez to him: 'Saginaw,' I sez, 'it don't mek no diff'unce to me ef this yere tent is upholstered in elephants; yere's where I'm headed an' yere's where I'm goin'!"

"Excusin' of the head bull-man I wuz the onliest one w'ich went near Emily the rest of the ev'nin'. An' ef you don't believe me, all you got do is jest write to my ole boss, Mist' Peter J. Powerses, Esquire, Owner, keer of Winter Quarterses, Waterloo, Ioway, an' he'll tell you percisely the same w'ich I jest is been.

"An' 'en, tek the time yere last fall w'en I wuz stoppin' off down yonder in Texas an' the Ku Kluxses started projectin' 'round. They taken an' whupped two uppidy cullid boys, an' they toted one wite man off to the outskirts an' fixed him up fur the Indian summer in some tar an' some feathers an' w'en he come crawlin' back to town next mawnin' he looked like a frizzly chicken caught out in a high wind. Yas, suzz, that wite man wuz ever'thing a hen is, 'ceptin' he couldn't lay aigs an' didn't feel much lak cacklin'. They tells me he wuz the better part of two weeks sheddin'.

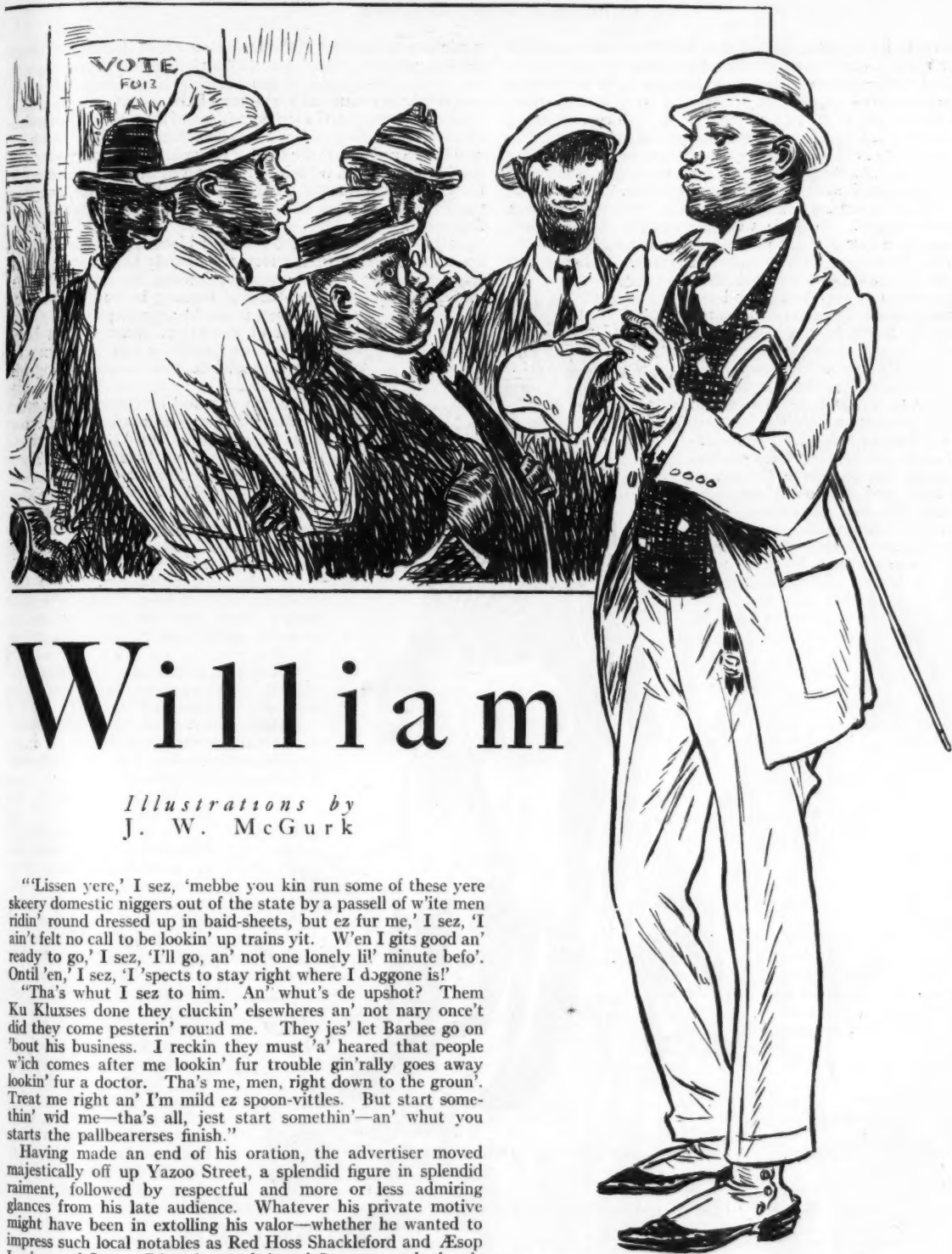
"So folkses in gin'ral and 'specially cullid folkses begins lookin' wall-eyed ever' time anybody speaks of them ole Ku Kluxses. But me, I ain't payin' 'em no mind. An' so one day a man come up to me an' he sez to me, he sez:

"Look yere, nigger, ain't you actin' purty brash round this town fur a visitin' nigger? Next thing you knows, the Entertainment Committee goin' be waitin' on you!"

"I jest looks him in the eye an' I sez to him:

"Is this a warnin'?"

"Tek it or leave it be,' he sez; 'but they tells me pickin' plumages off frum betwixt yore shoulder blades ain't no easy job."



t William

Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk

"Lissen yere," I sez, 'mebbe you kin run some of these yere sneaky domestic niggers out of the state by a passell of w'ite men ridin' round dressed up in baid-sheets, but ez fur me,' I sez, 'I ain't felt no call to be lookin' up trains yit. W'en I gits good an' ready to go,' I sez, 'I'll go, an' not one lonely lil' minute befo'. Ontil 'en,' I sez, 'I 'spects to stay right where I doggone is!'

"Tha's whut I sez to him. An' whut's de upshot? Them Ku Kluxes done they cluckin' elsewheres an' not nary once't did they come pesterin' round me. They jes' let Barbee go on 'bout his business. I reckon they must 'a' heared that people w'ich comes after me lookin' fur trouble gin'rally goes away lookin' fur a doctor. Tha's me, men, right down to the groun'. Treat me right an' I'm mild ez spoon-vittles. But start somethin' wid me—tha's all, jest start somethin'—an' whut you starts the pallbearers finish."

Having made an end of his oration, the advertiser moved majestically off up Yazoo Street, a splendid figure in splendid raiment, followed by respectful and more or less admiring glances from his late audience. Whatever his private motive might have been in extolling his valor—whether he wanted to impress such local notables as Red Hoss Shackleford and Aesop Loving and Logan Dismukes and Amasi Steger, or whether it was that he just loved the sound of his own voice uplifted in self-worshipping—there was no doubt of the results in the minds of the hearers. They had harkened without interrupting, and they believed without question. For all remaining there knew the truth about this departing personage and might testify to it. They knew him for one of those rarest of created beings—a boaster who lived up, spirit and deed, to the text of his boasting. Twice already, since his recent advent, had he proved it. He had proved it on the stricken body of Smooth Crumbaugh and he had proved it in the instance of Abraham Begat Isaac Hopper.

If one wished to be technical about it, or fussy, it wasn't precisely an advent. More exactly was it in the nature of a

triumphant re-entry. This fascinating and traveled bravo had been born and partly brought up in these same parts which his presence now adorned. Ten years before he had stolen away with a street carnival, an inconspicuous stripling then, and of the color of scorched molasses, giving no discernible signs of ultimate genius or future distinction. After these years he had returned in the full possession of his greatness—a gifted musician, a graceful and sinewy athlete, a conversationalist of rare powers whose favorite topic was himself, a master at retort and repartee, a metropolitan and a man of the world—yes, and, as speedily developed, a man of his word.

Almost, in his absence, he had been forgotten; the truant had become a faint, chrome-shaded memory vaguely to be recalled—if recalled at all—in connection with dazzling teeth and nimble feet and an adolescent aptitude for playing on a mouth organ. These things served to fix no identities in a town abounding in brown-skinned youths who could dance and syncopate. But it did not require of him many ways or indeed many hours after his arrival back to reimpress himself upon the residents of north Yazoo Street and Smoketown and Plunkett's Hill.

For this swift enlargement of his repute there were reasons and good reasons. To begin with, he was the dashing dark conquistador whose sketchy portrait has just been painted, in part, with the help of his own quoted language. In the second place, he was such a finished musician as the Afro-American populace of his home town never in all their lives had known. Thirdly, his wardrobe caught and held the eye. Fourthly, he wore for a handle on his name the title of Professor.

Now, music—either the love for it or the power to produce it—is supposed popularly to exert a gentling influence upon the human individual who cultivates this one of the muses; is even held to have charms to soothe the savage breast and bend a knotted oak. (See Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," page 294, for fuller particulars.) It still is an issue in dispute whether dogs do or do not like music—their behavior when hearing it leaves one in doubt—but zoologists agree that as regards the beasts of the field and even of the wild, the softening and restraining effects are undeniable.

So, by rights of naturalistic laws, the returned one, being an accomplished instrumentalist and a composer in his own rights, should have been of gentle mold; there again he upset the averages. Here was a braggart who by his acts justified all his bragging, here a sweet minstrel, a wandering troubadour who, when crossed or irritated, swung a devastating fist. Hence, and properly hence, Wild Bill, the Human Hurricane.

As, on this day, he swaggered off through Yazoo Street with his fawn-colored derby cocked far to one side, those left behind stared at him in his retreat and for a space were mute, dominated still by the spell of his personality.

It was Æsop Loving who broke the little silence. Himself, Æsop was given to stylish adornment of the person.

"Suttinly talk biggetty, don't he?" he murmured.

"Suttinly do," agreed

Amasi Steger. "An' likewise act biggetty. An' is biggetty, ef it comes down to that."

"Also is," Logan Dismukes added with unqualified sincerity. "Shorely is jest whut you jest sez, Amasi."

"Still, I've tuck notice 'at the bigger they is, the harder they falls," said Æsop. An undercurrent of jealousy, one might even say of malice, coursed beneath his words. Softly he began chanting the refrain of a song written long before by a local bard in commemoration of the crime, trial and hanging of that famous malefactor, Devil George Winston. It ran like this:

Well, fly high, ole buzzard, you bound to light some day!

"Better tek keer 'at w'en he lights 'tain't on top of you," said Red Hoss Shackelford. "My memory ain't so pore but I still kin remember whut happen' to Smooth Crumbaugh th'other night. Talk 'bout lightnin' strikin'—um-m-ph huh!"

At this the hush redescended again upon all there. The

reminiscence was fresh in their minds; it would stay fresh through the long years to come. Mentally each recreated the setting and the scene: the interior of the Bleeding Heart short-order and soft drink emporium at nighttime of the second day following Professor Barbee's arrival; Tump Glass, of the night shift, serving him and those he had invited to join him in a light snack of cold barbecued shoat; the host in the generous act of paying the total charge from a fat roll of bills; and at that precise moment the timed and dramatic entry of Smooth Crumbaugh, swaying under the influences of synthetic gin and therefore doubly dangerous.

As he came through the door his bloodshot eye had fallen upon the currency in the stranger's hand; the very sight of it seemed to inflame the desperado. It was the first meeting between these two. Neither, it would appear, previously had heard of the other. Smooth had been absent; the Professor had been busy at the congenial task of recommending his own qualities.

There was a feel of impending tragedy in the air as Smooth Crumbaugh, lurching slightly, advanced toward the new arrival. The others present shrank aside. They had just been hearing the Professor telling all about himself. But they knew about Smooth Crumbaugh. As the old saying had it, the farther you went up his street the tougher they got, and Smooth lived in the last house.

He laid a huge black paw upon the faultless lapel of the Professor's pin-striped coat, and his opening speech pounded forth from him in a menacing thunder:

"Look yere, slim nigger, how come you got all 'at money fur to spend an' ain't been spendin' none of it on me?"

Instead of answering, the other almost gently put a counter question of his own; but the subtle irony of it was over Smooth Crumbaugh's bullet head.

"Who is you, ef at all, may I ast?"

"You better ast!" Smooth's fingers closed on the garment and he jerked its wearer roughly. "I is the offeric'l bully of dis town. An' w'en a strange nigger blow in yere wid cash he gin'elly pays his life in-sho'ence by givin' me the mos' part of it—"

Parlor magicians have proved that the hand may be quicker than the eye. So swiftly did the Professor's right hand clump into a fist and so swiftly did the fist travel to its mark, that the spectators sensed rather than saw its upward swing. But there was no doubt about where it struck; they

heard it land and, astounded, marked its effect.

Say two minutes later the dethroned Smooth Crumbaugh came to. On account of his jaw he spoke what might properly be called broken English; even his words, somehow, seemed swollen and stiff and sore. From the floor where he lay the smitten one put the query almost humbly:

"Mister, who is you, anyways?"

Professor Barbee paused from blowing on a skinned knuckle. One jaunty elbow was resting on the lunch counter. He was not exalted, not noticeably ruffled. He was poised calmness itself.

"Me?" he said; "now you asts me who I is? Well, I'm goin' tell you. I is the pusson you thought you wuz w'en you come in yere."

No one who was eyewitness to this thing—and Æsop Loving had been numbered among those who did witness it—would forget it, however long he might live. Nor would Æsop cease to have vivid recollection of an occurrence of two weeks later



—an eye-filling, soul-lifting, magnetic figure in a shiny helmet.

down at the foot of Franklin Street, for likewise he had been present when this subsequent thing happened. To the envious Esop, now trailing in second place as sartorial runner-up, it seemed the fates were decreeing that always he must be on hand when this usurping upstart scored his most brilliant triumphs.

Swift's Floating Palace had arrived to pay its annual visit. The show boat was nosed in at the bank just above the upper wharf boat; the customary band concert preceding the evening performance was going on; and the sloping gravel wharf was speckled with clumps of listeners. Other auditors were massed on the shovel-blade decks of the upper wharf boat. Mainly they were colored. The lower floor of the aquatic theater might or might not be filled with white patrons that night, but the proprietor knew, as his professional glance swept the shore, that the gallery would hold a capacity audience. He was sorry his theater wasn't all gallery; he always was sorry when he reached this town, with its forty percent of black population.

On this evening the dashing Barbee was squiring an acknowledged Yazoo Street belle, one Melissa Grider. He was, as usual, a mold of fashion; she preened her smartest feathers. She was his chosen companion now; later, when the curtain went up, she would be his guest aloft up there in what some white folks call peanut heaven. They stood together on the wharf boat. In the manner of one who knows the amusement world by heart he was directing the attention of his flattered lady to certain technical faults on the part of the show boat's band leader in the direction of the march measure then being rendered—or is rendered the word?—these musical terms so often are confusing to a layman.

At this moment an unseemly interruption befell. A roustabout had stolen away from his duties on the Chattanooga packet to enjoy the concert and he heavily trod on the tender toes of a resident who, as would appear, was touchy in other places as well. Hard words between the two ensued; then hard blows, then a clinching. The intertwined adversaries swirled into Melissa, almost jostling her from her feet. Instantly her escort was in action. With a dazzling dexterity he seized the struggling pair by their respective collar-napes and jerked them widely apart. The roustabout was sent spinning away in this direction; the other man spun away in that. Excepting that he struck something solid, it is probable that the latter might have spun clean off the unrailled guards of the wharf boat into deep Tennessee River water.

What stopped him was a family group composed of Aunt Diana Hopper and her progeny, or, rather, a member of that group. Aunt Diana was deeply devout; she named all her children right out of the Good Book. The human teetotum grazed her ample skirts, barely missed her daughter, Revelations Hopper, whizzed between the twins, Tekel and Upharsin, and banged squarely

into her son, whose chief claim to distinction, other than having been christened after words traced out by his mother's finger in Matthew, first chapter and second verse, was that at the age of twelve he weighed 140 pounds, although of no more than the average height.

The chunky prodigy was perched on the gunwales of the wharf boat, facing outward, when a swiftly moving body struck him from behind and sent him, for all his firm bulk, straight overboard. Upon striking the water he did two things, practically simultaneously:

He went *glug* and he went down.

Terrific clamor arose, but the agonized shriek of Aunt Diana led all the rest.

If it was a white man who expertly pronged the grapple end of a boat hook into the collar of the victim as he arose to the surface, it was Professor Barbee who directed the supplemental rescue work. It was Barbee who made everybody stand back and give the gurgling boy air; Barbee who suggested up-ending him so that the water he had swallowed might, by gravity, be induced to flow out again; and Barbee, and none other, who added a final noble touch to the picture by handing the frantic mother a ten dollar bill as balm for her feelings and as payment for damage to her son's wardrobe. In fact, the Professor took the center of the stage from him who by rights should have been the real hero, just as at a funeral your polished undertaker sometimes steals the limelight away from the remains. There was sympathy for young Abraham Begat Isaac Hopper; but



If the straw-toned Ophelia had the advantage in complexion, there was something compelling about Melissa Grider.

there were cheers for Wild Bill, the efficient Human Hurricane.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding that his thoughts had been directed back to these historic events, Æsop Loving now renewed his crooning of the line which carried in it a warning and a prophecy concerning the buzzard that flies too high. With a reedy note of disfavor in his tones he was repeating the pregnant refrain long after the form of Wild Bill had been lost from view in the distance. As Æsop figured it, nature and luck had done entirely too much in their joint endowment of this individual. All right for him to be a pugilistic marvel, all right perhaps that, temperamentally, he should be the pet of fortune. But to make a walking fashion plate of him was carrying prodigality just a plentiful little bit too far. Æsop's one grain of comfort lay in recalling the proverb about pride going before a fall.

Still, as time went by, it must be confessed that the gods of humility deigned not to set snares or pitfalls for the Professor's unstrayed and unstumbling feet. By day and by night he kept right on gaining in popular favor so that his civic fame became many cubits high. In society he was an enormous success; artistically, he had no rival worthy of the name. Being abundantly supplied with funds he felt no call to follow after any of those devices which spoil most of the working hours of workaday folks, and thus had fuller opportunity for the exercise of his social talents. With him it was more a labor of love than of necessity when he formed the largest colored orchestra this end of the State had ever known, with himself—naturally—as its leader. He was more than its leader; he was a dictator, if ever there has been one.

It was felt, though, that he reached the ultimate pinnacles of popularity and prominence when he set in motion his plan for organizing and equipping the Plunkett's Hill All-Colored Volunteer Fire Fighters' Brigade. A holocaust gave him the cue for this forward step. One windy night in the late fall, fire originated in a cowshed on Emery Lane, upon the far slope of the gentle eminence known as Plunkett's Hill, and well beyond the corporate limits. With all promptitude the paid department answered the call.

But from Central Station to the alarmed neighborhood was a distance of fully two miles; from Station No. 2 the way was even longer. Moreover, the run must be made in part through muddy by-streets where the heavy hose carts had slow going; and finally, to top the chapter of disaster, the water mains ended at the municipal boundary. Before the fire had burned itself out for lack of more material to feed upon, the Colored Fraternity Temple, a frame structure two stories in height, had gone up in flame with almost the spontaneous alacrity of a celluloid comb, and a long stretch of those narrow, two room wooden dwellings known South as "gun barrels" had been swept to their spindly brick foundations. The main reason why all the sufferers were colored was because no white families whatsoever lived in the burnt district or, indeed, anywhere within the devastated and distracted suburb.

Fairly before the ashes were cold, Professor Barbee had his inspiration. But he bided his time, holding the idea in reserve until the suitable moment for presenting it had arrived. With his other favors he had a sense of psychology. He struck, so to speak, while the iron was hot, at a mass meeting which had been called by and for members of the race to take steps for succoring the chief losers by the fire. In another part of town on the same evening, white residents were acting in the same worthy cause.

Two of the colored pastors, the one colored lawyer practicing at the local bar, and both of the colored physicians, as representatives of the higher professions, had been heard. On behalf of the capitalistic classes, the colored undertaker and Green Wilgus, the leading master barber, also had spoken when Professor Barbee, rising from where he sat in the body of the house, obtained recognition and advanced to the platform and took the floor.

A ripple of surprise ran through the assemblage. It was observed now that his trousers were tucked into rubber boots and that he wore a long raincoat buttoned up to his throat; yet the night was not a rainy one, either, and the hall seemed well heated. Likewise, as though to enhance public curiosity, he bore in the crook of his left elbow a mysterious queer shaped object encased in paper.

But when he began to speak, speculations regarding these curious accessories immediately were lost in admiration for his flow of language and in interest for the topic with which he dealt. His powers of eloquence never had been shown to better advantage than now. It was, as he said at the outset, all very well to raise money for temporarily housing and feeding those made homeless. (Applause.) But his thoughts went further even

than this laudable end. Let the people cure, in so far as was possible, the present ills resulting from the late conflagration—his use of this word creating a distinct sensation—but let also his hearers look to steps which in future would lessen the possibilities of another such destructive visitation. (Great applause.) He continued:

"In briefly, this yere is now the notion w'ich I has worked out in my own haid: We will start up a all-cullid voluntary fire department fur the special purtecktion of the chief cullid locality, w'ich, ez you all full well knows, is Plunkett's Hill. We will have our own ingine house out there, wid our own ingine an' our own hook-an'-ladder wagginses an' so fo'th, kep' on the insides of it. We will have our own reg'lation uniforms same ez I has seen 'em in Nawthern parts of the country endurin' of my travels to an' fro, w'ich them uniforms'll be made to awder, fur the members thereof. [Distinct stir of approval.]

"An' so, my friends, w'en yereafter the summonses rings out on the midnight air, 'stid of us runnin' round waitin' fur the w'ite firemen to git there, an' in the meantime all our prop'ty mebbe mos' lakly gettin' consumed to the ground by the devourin' elemint, our own cullid fire-fightin' fools will hustle into they uniforms, bring fo'th our own cullid ingines an' all, an' prob'ly git 'at fire all quenched out an' damped down befo' them w'ite firemen is more'n ha'fway to the spot. They will be a chief, w'ich he will tote a brass trumpet fur to yell his awders th'ough it, an' they'll be sev'l deputy chiefs.

"Nur is that all. We fu'thermo' must have, by all means, a ladies' oxiliary society to purvide comfort an' hot cawfee in cold weather fur our gallant men-folkses. Fur, ez all wise men knows, you kinnot do nothin' right in this world widout the helpin' aid of the sweet an' lovin' hands of the fair ladies of the land. [Cheers and handclaps and Aunt Diana Hopper crying out: "Heah 'im, Lawd!"] as though in church.] Also an' mo'over besides, we will have fur the mo' elderly men a exempt firemen's association w'ich I finds they also is quite common in the Nawth where I is been . . ."

Voice from the floor, speaking eagerly:

"Whut-all these yere exemptious firemen got to do, Br'er Barbee?"

If the query for the moment daunted him, the Professor gave no sign of it; possibly he did bat his eyes once or twice. Sparring for time, he addressed the direction from which the interruption had come:

"I don' know ez I percisely ketched the question. Will the gen'elman w'ich perpound' it kindly rise in his place an' state her once't ag'in fur my understandin'?"

Uncle Gid Fowler, the veteran janitor of the Planters' National Bank, got upon his feet.

"Ez one of de older men w'ich you mentions, I wants to know dis—whut is de duty of these yere exemptious ones?"

"Oh! Tha's it, is it? You desires to know whut the exempt firemen do? Well, suh, I'm very glad 'at question wuz put by you—very glad indeed. The exempt firemen—they"—he might have been hesitating for the value of the dramatic effect. But it was only a very brief pause, for this was a ready thinker—"they natchelly goes to all the fires w'ich otherwise would be exempted. They ain't no tellin' w'en one of these yere exempt fires'll break out." He hurried forward to forestall any more of these technical riddles. "An' in between times they gives counsel an' advices to the younger men. An' they also wears a uniform. [More applause, led by Uncle Gid Fowler.]

"Speakin' of uniforms, Mist' Cheerman, I desires to speak on slightly fu'ther. Figgerin' 'at this yere notion of mine would meet wid yore ondivided favor yere tonight, I taken it 'pun myse'f to awder a reg'lation voluntary fireman's uniform frum a large Nawthern establishment, w'ich I has patronized 'em frequent in the past. I done this privately an' unbeknownst to all. I sent the awder in by the telegraph company, payin' all the expenses out of my own pocket, an' only yistiddy evenin' the uniform arrive', safe an' sound—an' yere it is fur you all to see!"

With one swift motion he rent from the bulky parcel, which all this while he had been nursing in his left arm, its paper covering and clapped it upon his head; with another fast play of arms and shoulders he divested himself of his shrouding raincoat and stood revealed, an eye-filling, soul-lifting, magnetic figure in a shiny metal helmet with the word "Chief" in gold letters across its frontlet, in a flannel shirt with a double row of big buttons down its breast, in a wide black belt with a broad bright buckle of brass to latch it, in glistening rubber boots. Now, the shirt, moreover, was in color a brilliant crimson; and the contrasting buttons were of lustrous pearl and in



It was rough surgery, but Officer Brack Mount had a most desperate case on his hands.

the gaslight shot forth iridescent gleams. And the helmet made headgear fit for a king.

As one, the entire assembly rose to its feet, cheering. Professor Barbee knew his people, there's no denying that. Charity is sweet and altogether admirable, but charity, however much to be commended and practiced, is, after all, rarely picturesque or spectacular. Almost the original object of the gathering was forgotten in the flare of enthusiasm which

swept Colored Odd Fellows' Hall in the wake of the favorite citizen's master stroke. The prospect of playing a godlike rôle as a saver of life and property from the clutch of greedy mounting flames; the possibility of being a subchief—there was no doubt regarding the identity of the chief; practically he'd already elected himself, and the selection, by acclamation as it were, had been ratified—the hope of owning one of those red shirts and one of those towering (Continued on page 146)

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
Writes on Life and Love as it Seems

Now That I'm *Fifty*

LAST month I was fifty years old.
That, as a mere fact, is of interest chiefly to myself.
For, from twenty-one to eighty-one, birthdays do not thrill anyone but their victims. We ask:

"How soon will he be old enough to vote?"

And we ask:

"How soon will he be the oldest man we've ever had in the club (or the church or the village)?"

During the intervening decades, one's birthday, as a birthday, does not come under the caption of news.

Yet there is more to the fiftieth milestone than a mere personal event. For it is probably the most starkly significant milestone along the whole up-and-downhill trail that leads from the maternity hospital to the undertaking establishment.

There is much to be learned from Fifty; yes, and much to be remembered. That is why I am writing these reflections on the grim age of half-a-hundred. If they wax personal and egotistic now and then—or even oftener than that—forgive me. It is impossible to view any scene or any experience except through one's own eyes. Besides, I have not been old long enough to keep from talking about it.

Some years ago George Ade wrote about an age he had reached. Ring Lardner wrote on another age. So there is nothing original about this thing I am doing—except that I can't give my series a humorous turn, after the Ade-Lardner fashion. Partly, because I am not a humorist. Chiefly, because it is just about as humorous to be fifty years old as to have lost three-fourths of one's fortune or three of one's four limbs.

I might speak poetically of my fiftieth birthday as my Golden Wedding to Life. That has a fine sound. But it doesn't make sense. There is nothing poetic about Fifty. As wisely write a Sonnet to an Ankle Brace or an Ode to Malaria.

I think the foregoing is enough of an introduction. Let's go.

At fifty, one is old. But one is old in only the true meaning of the word. Don't mistake "old" for "decaying," please. The two are far apart; in human life they ought to be something like a quarter century or more apart.

There is a world of difference, for example, between rotting wood and old wood. The latter is seasoned. It is firm, durable, staunch. It can endure much. True, it no longer has the riotous sap and growth of green wood; nor has it green wood's elastic resilience. It does not spring back readily into place from every crushing force which dashes against it. But neither does it flinch under that force. It withstands all pressure, right gallantly.

Being no longer green and young and springy, it snaps and goes to pieces, of course—if the pressure becomes too great. And there is no recovery from such breakage. No new wood tissue takes the place of the smashed fiber. But it has not yet felt the dank touch of decay. It can still endure much weight.

Do you get the analogy? Perhaps not. But in pitifully few years you will be glad to comfort yourself with it.

There are some things, of course, wherein Fifty is nearing bankruptcy. Among them are Love-making, Dissipation, Pleasure and the like.

In the gloriously idiotic and idiotically glorious Twenties, everything is possible and most things are desirable. In the Twenties, a man holds every winning card in his hand; with the possible—and usual—exception of the Money Card. He has Looks and Spirit and seething Vitality and Hope and a half-score other swiftly losable but Heaven-sent assets.

In the Thirties and often past the mid-Forties, he has the technic and the experience and the skill taught him by his Twenties; and a lot of assets left over from waning Youth. These enable him to win—yes, often to win against the

redoubtable Twenties themselves—by dint of his greater craft and wisdom and by that same hard-acquired technic.

But Heaven help the Fifty-and-after-Fifty fun seeker who has not ample cash to pay for his fun!

Satan help the Fifty-and-after-Fifty Lothario who has not plenty of cash! The Money Card is the only trump left in his hand! He gets what he can pay for across the counter; never more, sometimes ludicrously less. Age has no temptations that money cannot buy.

If the success maxims would take cognizance of these grisly facts, they could scare Youth into laying up money against the rainy day of Fifty; far better than by shaking before adolescence the terrors of the poorhouse.

There is gay romance about the penniless pleasure seeker of Twenty. There is nauseating futility about the penniless pleasure seeker of Fifty. Let me illustrate one petty phase of what I mean:

A few years ago I came out of Rector's, a little before one o'clock in the morning. At a dozen or more of the restaurant's tables had sat girls whose youth was evident, each with an escort who could not have been less than fifty years old. These men were sleek and they fairly oozed prosperity. Their fair young companions were ardently interested in them. That was plain.

I rounded the corner, into Fiftieth Street. In front of me were three Winter Garden girls, just freed from a late rehearsal. They were waiting for a street car or for a taxicab or for an easy mark or for I don't know what. Assuredly they weren't waiting for what presently accosted them.

An upstanding elderly man—perhaps a shade over fifty—passed along. He was in street cleaner uniform and carried a broom, musket-fashion. At sight of the trio of youthful choristers he gave them a grin, which held only good comradeship. Every one of the three expressed her feelings in characteristic fashion. One sniffed, disgustedly, and turned her back on the civil chap. The second shrilled:

"At his age, too! The old fool!"

The third said, in icy rebuke:

"Gran'pa, you'd ought to be *ashamed* of yourself!"

Indignant and triple virtue had blocked the possible advances of a man as young and quite as well preserved as were any of that phalanx of oldsters in Rector's.

I saw one of the trio a week later, by the way, at Shanley's; leaning far across a table and staring with baby-eyed adoration into the face of her escort—who could not have been a day under sixty and whose teeth were showing bad teamwork as he ate.

No, at Fifty one must either be rich or sedate. One of the two. Nor is this cynicism. It is human nature.

You hear and read much about old men's darlings. But only of "*Rich* old men's darlings." That is understood.

A girl still under thirty marries a man of fifty or more. She does it because he is so good or so generous or so lonely or so maturely attractive. But you'll observe he is always comfortably well off.

Queer coincidence, isn't it?

The newspapers have yet to chronicle the first romance wherein the president's pretty stenographer on the seventh floor is swept off her feet and married by the fine looking fifty year old elevator starter.

No; though she is quite likely to marry her boss, who is two years older than the starter; and who is not as good looking or as well preserved. And people smile kindly at the sweet mating of May and late October.

"Put money in your purse." The Lord knows you'll need it, if you live to be Fifty.

Next month there will be more of Mr. Terhune's mellow philosophy on Life at Fifty

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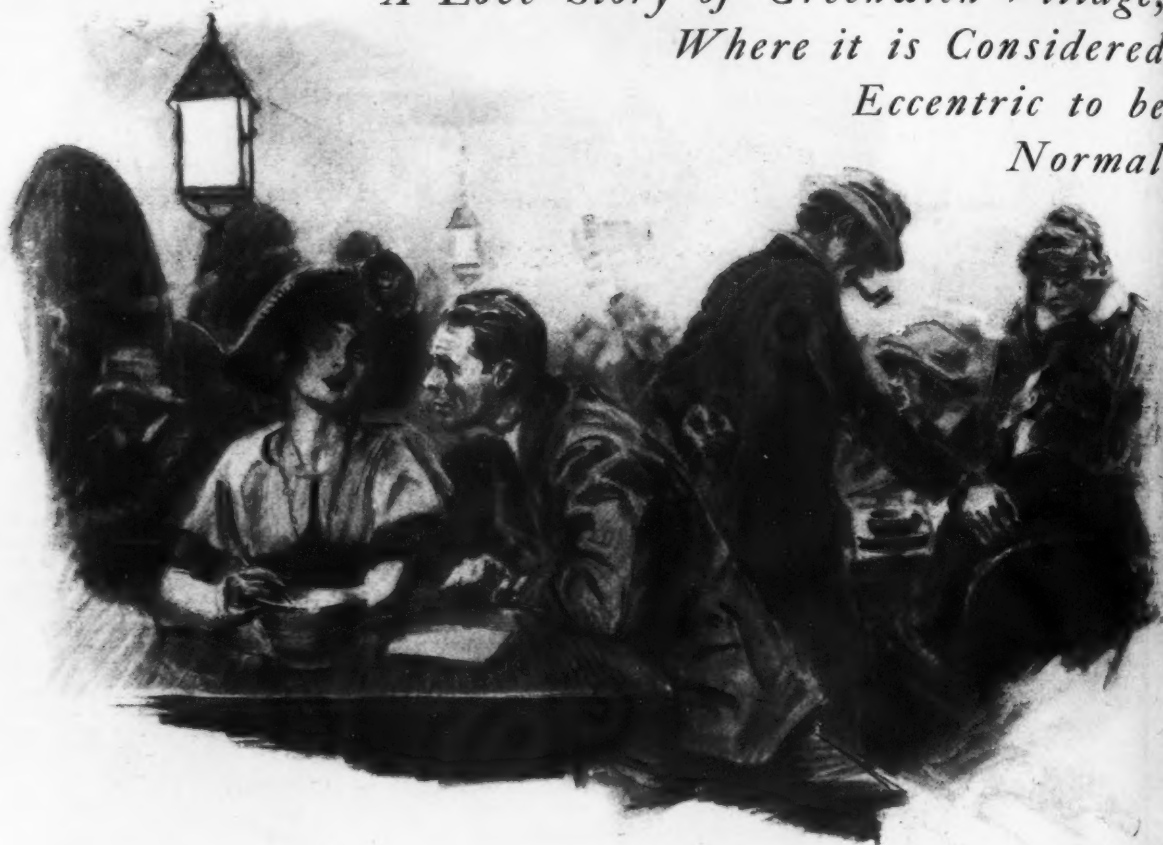


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ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

*Lover of mankind, friend of dumb animals, and
writer of powerful stories and
articles about both*

*A Love Story of Greenwich Village,
Where it is Considered
Eccentric to be
Normal*



Blindman's Buff

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THE girl was actually sitting at his table; she had been there, a part of the strange, exciting set, as it were, ever since Bruce had come in.

She treated it with a sort of affectionate disdain; but to Bruce it was all glitteringly new and important. He felt deeply privileged to be among these extraordinary folk; it seemed to him that never to have known Greenwich Village would have been never to have known the world.

He loved every inch of it, those eight or ten square blocks on the west side of New York, hemmed in by warehouses and the foreign quarters, that contain such a richness of youth and independence and beauty and talent.

The old brownstone houses so extraordinarily changed, with lemon and indigo walls in the rooms that once knew hoop skirts and jangling crystal gasoliers; the dark and crowded streets; the lantern-lighted basement doorways and the tables beyond; the roaring thunder of the elevated trains on the curving track overhead; the coarse plates of marvelous spaghetti; and everywhere, everywhere, the laughter, the companionship, the linked arms and murmuring voices of happy and carefree youth. Some new and fantastic eating place, some new and fantastic plan, was presented almost every day; and they weren't all bluffers, Bruce would tell himself. That girl was really selling stories—that man was talking pretty straight socialism, he'd been in Russia and in Poland, he knew what he was talking about.

There was so much to notice, through the drifting blue cigarette smoke, between the polished dark bare floor and the low chrome-yellow ceiling, that he had been only indistinctly aware of her. The big basement room was full of men and girls, and of long narrow bare tables flanked with benches—tables and benches all

pushed at crooked angles now—and it was full too of laughter, singing and shouting. The young waitresses, working their difficult way through the crowd, loaded trays held high, were dressed like little nuns, with clicking wooden rosaries at their belts, and demure rosy faces framed in crisp clean bibs and coils.

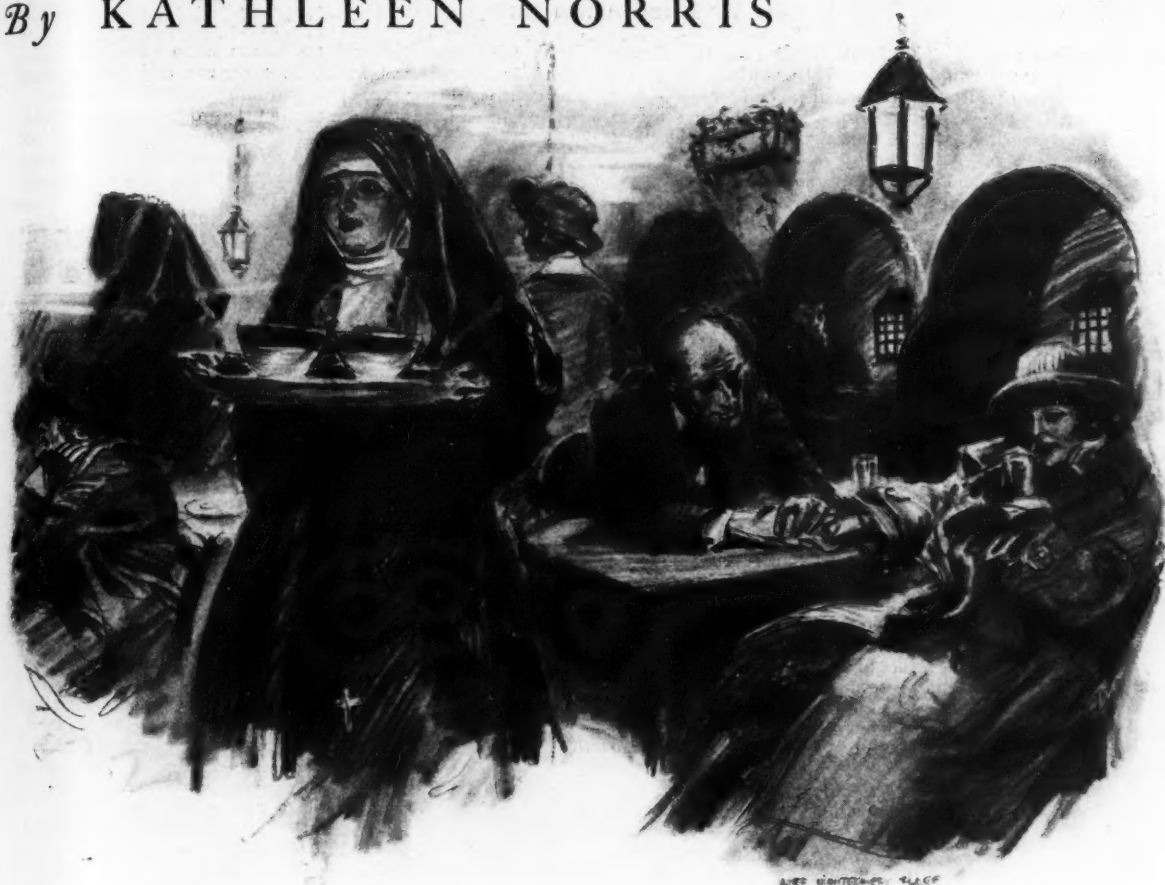
Even these busy stage-religious, however, showed slim silk-stockinged legs and twinkling slippers, and many of the other women for all their unconventionality were more modestly dressed. These wore lemon-yellow smocks, with their pretty heads bobbed like mediaeval heralds, or brief shirt-like effects in homespun, or sinuous satins wound round their graceful bodies like the petals of a calla lily. Tam-o'-shanters were popular, erratic toques and turbans; many were bareheaded.

There was a pianq in a corner, incessantly banged by a long haired, pale young man with a cigarette drooping from his moist lips. He was abetted by two half hysterical girls in black satin, but his music—if it was music—and their voices were alike drowned in the general clamor of the room.

Socialists were talking, dark faced, perspiring young men and bloodless, oriental looking girls, banging the tables. Lovers were murmuring, one young man was thrumming a ukulele, two were deep over a chess game at the cluttered corner of a table, and half a dozen jesters were busy, moving from group to group, laughing, shouting, ready with names. The usual heavily talkative florid men and blazing-eyed girls who had been drinking added a last touch to the scene with which Bruce was beginning to feel fairly familiar, a scene repeated in a score of these little Bohemian places every night.

Bruce was supposedly with Carter Poole, the same Carter Poole who had had three articles upon modern Russia in the

By KATHLEEN NORRIS



Weekly Areopagitican. But Carter had seen a full lipped, dark eyed charmer a few tables away, and had gone over to sit beside her, in a twisted chair, and murmur to her. Bruce could see her smiling as she listened, her roving eyes filled with an amusement almost maternal.

So now he was free to look at this girl who was sitting here at his own table. Apparently everybody knew her; various young persons had been dropping into the chair beside her or had greeted her as they circled the room. They had called her Poppy.

She was young, to begin with; perhaps twenty. Her skin had a satiny freshness and fairness, and her round eyes were blue and set in deep-curving lashes, like those of certain small children and all dolls. Her mouth was firm and wide, with just a hint of something jocose in its young, clean-cut lines, and Bruce immediately liked the firm, lean molding of cheeks and chin, and the feathery touches of soft, gold-browned hair at her temples and over her ears.

Her hand, slim and burned to a soft even brown by wholesome sunlight, lay idly on the table. Meals in the Little Cloister were surprisingly good and filling; this girl had made hers, he noted, of a stone bowl of bubbling onion soup, and the crackers, yellow pale Swiss cheese and coffee over which she was loitering now. He wondered if she was poor, to order so frugal a meal.

The plain little blue silk frock and the fantastic wide white organdie collar she wore told nothing to the untrained masculine eye.

"Hello, Poppy!" he hazarded.

She flashed him a reassuring smile. Bruce was of an aspect calculated not to alarm.

"Hello!" she said unconcernedly, and looked into her cup.

"Haven't I seen you here before?" Bruce asked.

He thought of the giggling, fluttering girls at dances, at home in Lorain, Ohio, and compared them, to their infinite disadvantage, with this composed young person, who sent her blue gaze idly about the noisy, crowded room, brought her black-fringed eyes thoughtfully to his and answered, pleasantly indifferent:

"I don't know. I'm sometimes here. You've been here before?"

"Only once," he had to confess. "But I've been—to all the other places," he said, with some little pride. "The Bargain

Counter and the Three Aces and the Yellow Peril and Stumble Inn—"

"Oh, yes! I know," she interrupted lazily, as he paused. "But I like it here best."

Bruce by a series of imperceptible jerks hitched his chair nearer. He could now face the room almost as she was facing it, and when she raised those troubling, exhilarating, intoxicating blue eyes she had to look at him obliquely, almost over her shoulder.

"I like you—you're wonderful! I like you—you're wonderful!" something began to sing dizzily in his heart and brain. Carter would have said it outright, almost any other man in the room would have said it at once, as a matter of course. But Bruce was not familiar enough with the ways and manners of this new world—he was not indeed familiar with the glorious, dizzying, almost terrifying sensation he was experiencing—to take advantage of the moment.

The tone of her oddly reluctant, oddly husky voice, the lift of her indifferent, wise blue eyes, the movement of her beautiful little head above the fantastic collar and under the spray of golden brown hair and the wide hat, were making his senses actually spin.

He wanted her to talk—he did not care what she said. He wanted her to look at him, to go on locking those slender brown fingers and unlocking them, to stir her coffee again.

"Tell me who some of these people are," he said aloud, to say something.

"Who interests you?" she asked obligingly but without enthusiasm. He pointed them out and she identified them. Bill Kates and Marian Strong—Marian did the little clever pen and inks. Kiki Fraser, who was to have a play on. Joe Beaver and Tony—they called Tony "the Sheik." Lew Rogers's girl; everyone called her Betty-girl. Those two, reddening their lips, were "just some of the girls who come here—girls from some Western town."

"They pay for the men's meals," said Poppy, with an expression of distaste. "And so the men rush them and they think they are having a glorious time. Their mothers and aunts take in sewing, I suppose, to give the talented member of the family a chance in 'Noo-Yok'!"

Bruce laughed, stopped suddenly and flushed a little. Poppy was stirring her fourth half demi-tasse of strong black coffee.

"Can you sleep after that?" he asked at random.

"Oh—sleep!" She looked almost ecstatic. "One reason I'm not here so much is that I'm working hard," she said, "and how I love to sleep!"

It was the first personal note; he warmed to it.

"What's your work?" he asked.

They were both bending over the table now, their heads close together. Bruce was dizzy with ecstasy; this was the last touch of felicity. Life intoxicated him; the wonderful city, his wonderful job, his wonderful new friends and all the experiences to which they introduced him, and now this hour of music, joy, laughter, this glorious crowd of youthful geniuses and independents and rebels, and lastly, this woman, with her exquisite mouth moving upon such slow, thoughtful words, and her eyelashes dropped upon her cheek, and her broad hat shading her beautiful face and the curly tendrils of her soft hair.

"I work with a designer—it's nicer than it sounds," she said. "And I'm twenty," she said, routing all his senses with an upward glance and a slow smile. "My father is an actor, on the road now. I'm French, Bohemian, Irish and American, and I was married when I was eighteen—only it didn't take!"

Her casual, leisurely manner, and the quick flash of a smile with which she finished, robbed the parting revelation of its shock. She ended with an indifferent: "That's me. Who are you?"

Bruce confessed to Lorain, Ohio. He had gone to war at twenty-one, had had a taste of the big Eastern cities. Now his sisters were married and his father and mother perfectly satisfied that he should come on and write novels; of course he didn't mean at once, but some day. His mother had an old friend who took in an occasional boarder, in New York—she had given him a letter of introduction to her—and he had immediately secured a job on the Planet.

He said the last proudly; but she knew all about that.

"Space and detail?" she said, nodding. "Do they use your stuff yet? Are you making any money?"

"I don't have to worry about that," Bruce was upon the point of answering. But some little lingering remnant of sanity restrained him. So instead he answered, with an imitation of her own impassive manner: "Some. I'm sorry," he added, after one of the pleasant dreamy silences that are at least as important, under such circumstances, as any words can be, "I'm sorry about that marriage. What—what went wrong?"

"Everything!" she said gaily.

And the flash of her white teeth was like sunlight on enamel.

Bruce, whose family was one of the moral, social, financial and civic ramparts of Lorain, was sorry about that marriage, of course. It wasn't that lots of divorced women—older women—weren't perfectly fine and all right and all that. But this girl was so poised, so cool, so self-possessed about it. And she was so young.

However, so far as he was concerned the mischief was done. It didn't matter what she did, thought or said any longer. She was simply Poppy, and the whole world was Poppy, and the smoky room, and the smoky city, and the smoky planet existed only as a setting for her strange beauty, her strange glances, her strange sweet husky voice.

After a while they went with others to Humpty Cardigan's studio and danced. Everyone naturally wanted to dance with Poppy, and she danced differently with them all.

Bruce felt almost faint with the felicity of actually holding her, broad hat, transparent frill, little silk gown, and the sweetness and youth and fragrance of the girl inside them, in his arms.

She danced beautifully, and without a word or a look for him.

No matter. He went out into the hallway, when she went downstairs with Mrs. Cardigan at ten o'clock, and waited for her to come back. There was no one else to talk to, to look at, in the world.

The studio was on the fourth floor, with mansard windows back and front. It was lighted dimly by dangling lanterns in red shades; people were flirting earnestly on all the lumpy divans that sank so treacherously in unexpected spots. The pretty slipped feet of the girls, Bruce noted, were almost as high as their noses, as they propped themselves with pillows that were inches too far back for comfort.

Bruce smoked and waited. But Phyllis Cardigan, a lean, eager, imitative woman in dark crimson velvet, came back alone.

"Poppy's gone," she announced, in a world of ashes, emptiness, brass and darkness, to Bruce. "She always goes home early. She's a darling, isn't she?"

"She's a wonder—that girl. She can do anything!" Carter

Poole said, lounging into their conversation. "The Sheik is mad about her. She won't go to the Beaux Arts ball with him—said she would rather go in a crowd. She's a handful, she is!"

"She's remarkable," Bruce said slowly. For some obscure reason he would have preferred them not to praise her. It made his own feeling for her less sacred, somehow. "She's been married?" he asked reluctantly.

"Yes—" But Phyllis Cardigan dismissed it with a gesture. "She never talks about it!" she said, shaking her head.

Bruce had that to comfort him. She never talked about it? Yes, but she had told him about it, voluntarily. Ah, what if she had liked him, as he liked her— He longed to ask her full name; he would not admit even to these casual acquaintances that he knew not even that about her.

He haunted the Little Cloister. And four days later she came in again, and his heart made a great bound as he saw her, and his mouth grew dry and the palms of his hands wet. She was with two other girls; stupid, handsome creatures, who were listening to her, laughing at what she said. She wore a lacy black gown tonight, and a small black hat with a drooping feather that touched her shoulder. She looked older, adorably womanly and self-possessed.

"You—you look lovely!" Bruce said, making his way at once to her side.

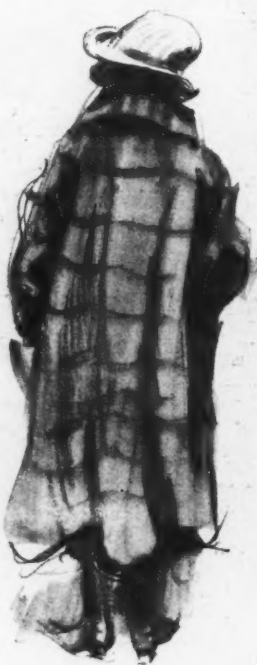
"My best clothes!" she admitted, smiling her wise, composed smile. "I've been to a Tory tea party," she confided. "That explains the regalia. Now all I want is some salad, and then I've got to go."

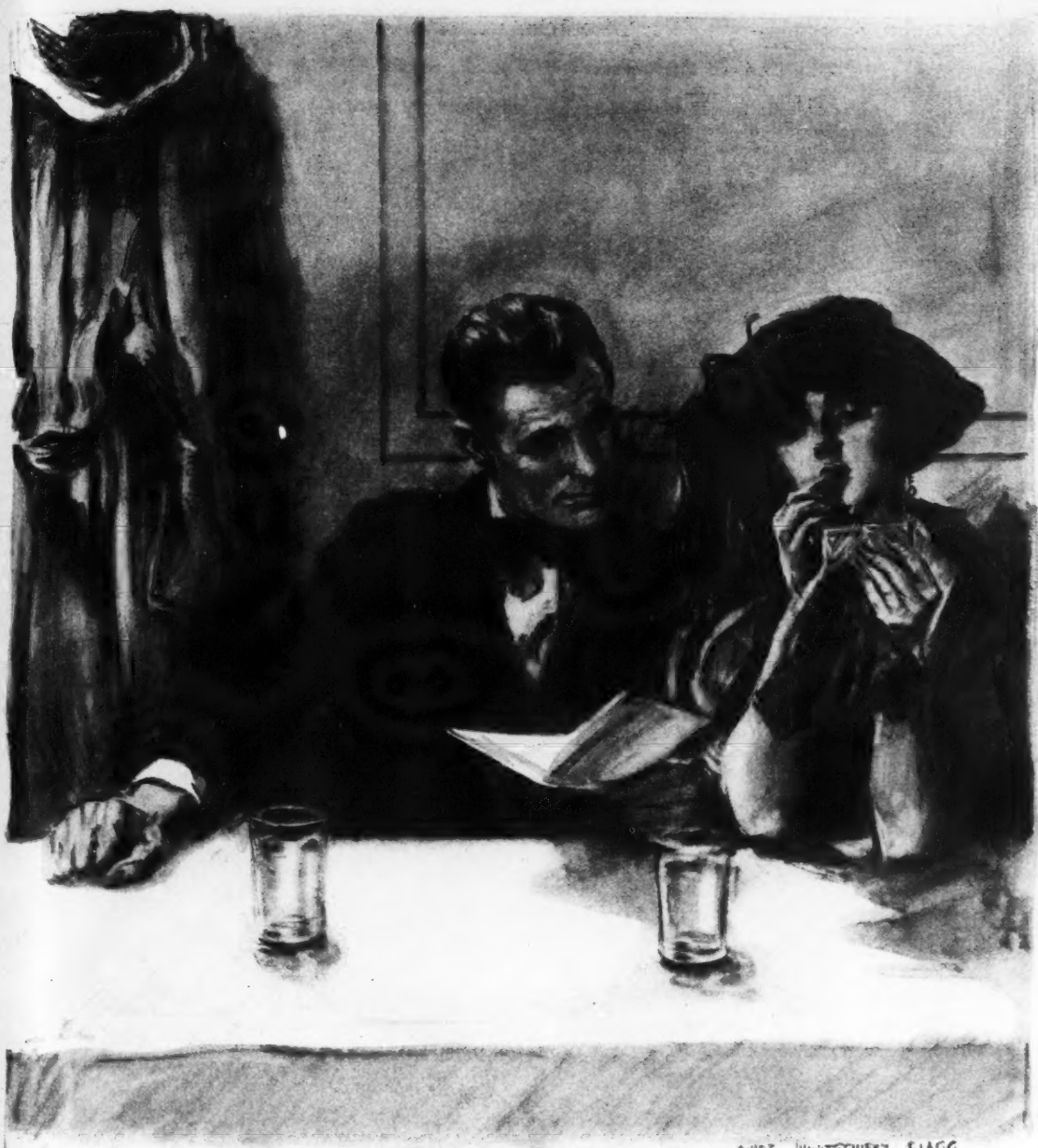
"You shan't go this time," Bruce assured her steadily, "without leaving me your address!"

"Oh, really?" The blue eyes came up suddenly to his, and for almost the first time in his experience with her there was no hint of her habitual raillery and boredom in her tone. "Do you like me?" she asked, looking him straight in the eyes.

"No," he answered a little thickly, feeling himself tremble, and the red blood in his face. "I love you," he said, trying to laugh. "You—you're my girl!"

"Very well—but of course nobody ever tells the truth in a place like this!" Poppy reminded him serenely. "Combination salad without the cucumber, Kitty," she said to the little waitress. "You give me *your* address; that'll be the better way!"





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I write mother detailed accounts," confessed Bruce, "of my quiet domestic evenings with her old friend."

she added thoughtfully. "I'm a working woman—you might take me to lunch some day!"

"Yes, I'll do all of that," he said, unsmiling. "But—but that isn't all. I don't even know your name."

She looked up placidly, her maternal gaze breaking over him with a faint, indulgent amusement. He was sitting back, the big arms in the tweed coat folded over his big chest, his firm, square jaw thrust forward by the grip of his teeth, his steel-gray eyes narrowed to slits.

"Very simple, dear child," she said. "My name is Poppy."

"You weren't christened Poppy, I suppose?"

"A baby born as I was—a real Bohemian baby isn't cluttered with any such possession as a christening!"

"You aren't a genuine Bohemian?" he asked, diverted. He saw, being imaginative, a swarthy gypsy father, in vaudeville, a flat cluttered with red shawls and guitars.

"Ah, my dear, what a petty, dirty, sordid imitation this is!" she said suddenly, somber eyes upon the fast filling room. "But over there—the stars, and the dark summer nights, and the old men and women all singing together!"

She looked thoughtfully into space for some moments.

"You're so clean and sweet," she went on suddenly, touching

his hand gently with hers. "Don't make love to me. Be—be friendly."

"I'll be more than that!" he said gravely, stirred.

"Jankow—and then Madison—those are my names," she told him gaily, with a delicious and heart-stopping change of mood. "Now where will we lunch tomorrow?"

"No, but, Poppy—will you truly?" he pleaded, shaken at the mere thought that she might not be serious.

"Why of course I will! Where are you living?"

"At the Priory. But let's make it definite, now."

"At the Priory," she echoed, surprised. "But I thought—I thought you were boarding with a friend of your mother? Wasn't that a success? Did you move?"

"Well, Poole took me to the Priory, and I'm having too good a time there to get out," Bruce confessed, sufficiently obsessed to note with exultation that she had remembered the details.

"Don't worry—there are a lot of decent fellows there!"

She scowled, adorably maternal and concerned.

"Yes, I know. But you're so young and green!" she objected.

"Does your mother know it?"

"No." He grinned, all boy. "I write mother detailed accounts of my quiet domestic evenings with her old friend," he

confessed. "And some day I'll make it all true. No hurry."

"But isn't that wrong?" the girl questioned.

"You're right, it's dead wrong. But my mother's a worrier. Wait a minute—here's how she writes me!"

He took out his wallet, and she examined its contents, putting it in order for him, and he showed her his mother's last letter, with its old-fashioned, cramped writing, and its "My dearest Tommie," and "God bless my dear boy, lovingly, Mother." Bruce's heart seemed to turn to a sort of liquid fire as he watched her and listened to her grave comments and commands. She was a totally different girl from the Poppy of last week; all the gypsy, all the rebel seemed to have been temporarily subdued by the "Tory tea."

She told him how to reach his mother's friend, what street car to take, at what corner to leave it; she advised him about restaurants, laundries, shops. She said: "Some of these men you're running with are straight, Bruce, and some aren't, of course. But almost all of them will let you pay for their meals or their room, or lend them money. I hate to see you—stung. Here's my man," she finished, rising. "I'm going to a private view of some pictures. Tomorrow, at Cadanasso's, at one?"

He had been listening absorbedly, more and more in love every instant. But now chill doubt, despair, jealousy, resentment, engulfed him. She had gone out of his world until tomorrow, and there was absolutely nothing left, except some chairs and tables and some dry, uninteresting voices and faces.

She was with a man he never had seen before, a disgusting looking man; she was talking to him. Her beauty, her smile, her upcurling lashes and her black lacy dress were still in the city—right here—but not with him. Bruce felt dazed, cold, limp, his mouth was dry and his head hot.

He walked up past Cardigan's studio and looked up at the windows and imagined the red lights and the lumpy couches, and a faint image of her, with her vital blue eyes and satiny firm little chin, was evoked by the mere memory.

Bruce presently ate a dinner of sawdust and plaster of Paris, meanwhile watching dummies of wax and cloth revolving about him and listening to plain, English words spoken in an entirely foreign tongue. He went to bed early and was almost four hours reading a brief love story, because every time he came to any word of beauty, youth or passion his throat shut spasmodically and he had to look away from the page and remember Poppy.

The next day he walked round corners and looked unseeing into windows and pulled out his watch and put it away again. The fearful thought that if she failed him he had no way of tracing her made him stand still, once, brought up with a round turn in the sidewalk traffic, thereby infuriating some score of other pedestrians.

One o'clock. One-four. Bruce's heart began to sink steadily, like a plummet.

Suddenly a belted brown coat on a slim figure, a narrow little strip of fur against a soft, smooth cheek, a tipped little rowdyish hat over brown-gold spraying locks, and seeking blue eyes—it was Poppy! All the world straightened out for Bruce, and invisible hands turned up the sunlight, higher—higher—higher—into unbelievable brilliance and beauty and ecstasy, as he tucked her little gloved hand under his arm.

Where would they go? Oh, anywhere—anywhere! And how long had they? Ah, too short a time—even if it were a thousand years!

A shaded interior, after the glare; big cushiony leather wall seats, on which they could be close together; music—a menu—

Bruce was a big man, almost twenty-five. But he trembled, his hands were clumsy, his hat fell twice to the floor, he stammered and laughed like a yokel. And what—and what? Toasted muffins?

They were leaning on the table, murmuring, murmuring. He had been living for this for nineteen hours.

After that came their glorious time. For four weeks they saw each other every day. They were Bohemians of the Bohemians,



"I can only warn you," Bruce said, "I'm never going to let her go again."

and if Bruce had fancied that he had glimpsed the real joy and beauty, the freedom and independence of the "Village" before he knew her, he learned better now.

They always lunched together, among weird surroundings of yellow stenciled cats or calico lamp shades. He came to know everybody, as she did, all the long haired men and short haired women, all the successes and failures, all the Italian, French, Dutch, Swiss restaurants, and the American restaurants, the "Nice Respectable Little Joint," and the "Blue Iris," and the "Three Girls and Aunt Katy."

They drifted, young, utterly content, wholly in love, all about the city; they explored, they laughed, they confided. And every hour of meeting had its separate thrill, and every parting was a moment of real pain. Bruce came to know every expression of the beautiful blue eyes, and for Poppy a tweed coat on big angular shoulders anywhere possessed an almost sickening shock of joy and pain.

Bruce saw her dancing with all sorts of men; some looked like murderers, some like weaklings. He saw her sometimes ring-leader in nonsense and hilarity, sometimes somberly an onlooker only. He saw her reddened her full lips, talking as she rubbed on the lipstick, he came to know which were her best gloves, to feel free to ask her to wear the little rowdyish hat on some special occasion, not to forget the brown coat. He never called her anything but Poppy, nor reflected much upon what her life was when they were not together. There were scores of girls and young men drifting about the Village; nobody knew why they were, or cared, Poppy was one of a hundred.

Certain groups were always together; Poppy and Bruce would comment upon them. The tall girl with the red earrings and the thin, shaggy headed boy were quarreling again. Little Maisie looked as if she had been crying; Jerry was probably acting up.

Bruce never had the privilege of seeing Poppy home. She explained briefly and firmly that there would be no compromise on that point. She would let him take her to the subway, they would loiter up and down the long, bleak, odorous arcade, then she would nod a brief, casual good night, in the din and jar of the train that thundered in. Bruce as a small-town man was unaccustomed to so unnatural an arrangement; she had a way of looking very small and solitary as the belted back of her brown coat and the drooping feather disappeared.

But that, he told himself, was one of the glories of this marvelous new life. This rioting crowd of girls and men needed no background. They were, that was enough! They said things that overturned the world, they admitted love, they flung themselves into each other's arms, they rioted in extravagant dress, extravagant eating and drinking, in speech for which other young bodies were beaten and exiled and burned only a few hundred years ago!

Bruce drank deep of it, exulting. And for three weeks, four weeks, Poppy shared the glory with him to the least instant of adventure. Then there was a change.

He had noted that she was unwontedly thoughtful for a day or two; she roused herself with visible effort to reckless rejoinder, to mad dancing, to all the noise and fury and excitement. She hung lifelessly over the question of a costume for the Easter ball.

"Easter?" she mused, over the strawberry ice that she was idly scraping, upon an enervating, breathless green day of early spring. "We seize upon the word—but what does Lent mean to us?"

"Or to any other sensible person?" Bruce said roundly.

The awnings at Leopoldi's were besieged by the onslaught of the battering sunlight today, the street was hot and noisy. Voices echoed and ran unseen in the city, like the talking waters of brooks released by spring. Bruce, watching the beloved face, with the upcurling lashes dropped, bent tenderly toward her.

"What's the matter, sweet?" he pleaded.

She looked up, her eyes brimming, her mouth trying to smile.

"I don't know. I get so sick of it all!"

"Sick of—?" He was honestly at a loss.

"Oh, these people!" Poppy said desperately.

"These women, with their artificial hair and

their artificial faces and their artificial brains! I'm so utterly weary of hearing lies—and dancing with men who shove dirty hands right into my back, and who say things men—men oughtn't say to girls! And of painted tables and heavy blue and red bowls and crash window curtaining! I almost think I could stand Nottingham lace and a euchre party at the Odd Fellows' Hall; anything—anything real!"

"This is real," Bruce said. "This is the realest—the most natural group in the world! I'll bet that even in Russia—in Paris—men and women don't get together so honestly. These girls aren't embroidering pillows and picking each other's reputations to pieces; they're dressing, talking, acting—just as they feel! It does me good. It's life in the raw—"

"Oh, please!" She was all out of key today, her eyes filled, her tone was faintly impatient. "Please, Bruce, don't you begin on bunk like that!"

"You're mad because all the time Oscar was dancing with you he was kissing your shoulder," Bruce reproached her, surprised.

"He was drunk," she offered simply.

"Well, but—my heaven! You're not going to get fussy about that. He'd been drinking, but he was all right!"

They had differed before; this was their first quarrel. Bruce panted with the amazement and agony of crossing her; Poppy looked down at the bright green oilcloth of the table with swimming eyes. She hated these ready tears; she seemed utterly idiotic today.

"I don't see why you should get mad just because Oscar Florence kissed your shoulder—he kisses everybody! His kisses don't mean anything," Bruce resumed sulkily, after a pause.

Poppy's blue eyes looked about the low-ceiled room, swimming in long streams and scarves of cigarette smoke; she blinked at the moving figures, the vacuously laughing faces, the flushed cheeks, the touse of hair and skirts and silk-clad slim legs, the eager, disheveled men, perspiring, messing food and spilling glasses. Red lights cast an almost demoniac glow upon the confusion; a jazz band was making any speech difficult.

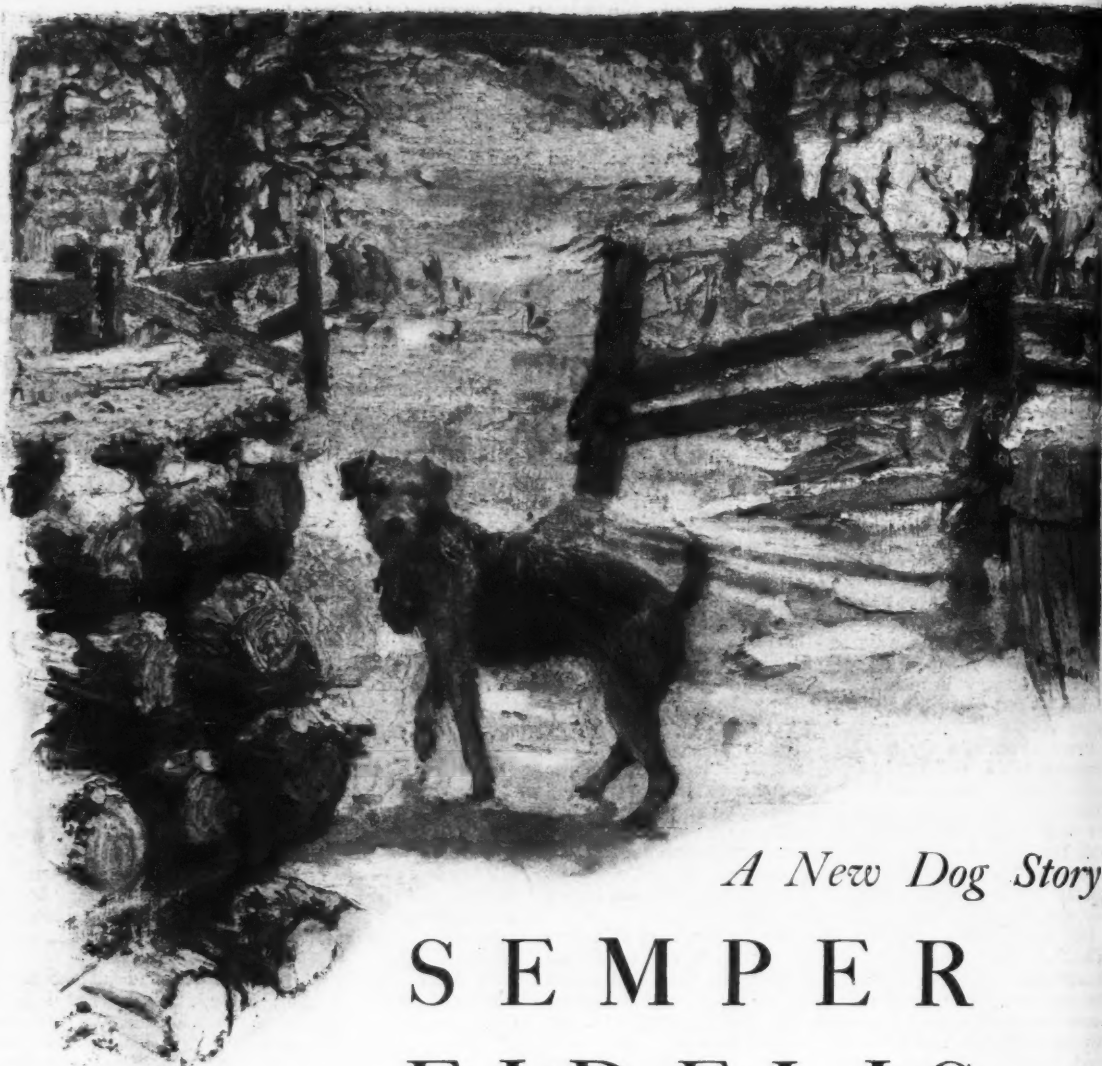
"I suppose," she said speaking slowly and levelly in a sudden lull, and with a stiff throat, "I suppose that what I am really sorry about—perhaps—is that you don't mind his doing so!"

"What!" Bruce shouted, through the recommencing uproar of the band. He had heard her, and she knew it. She merely shrugged, looked wearily into space and fell silent.

Presently she rose and walked composedly through the seething throng, engineering her way nicely through tables set at disorderly angles, and men and girls occupying chairs in every position but the customary one. Sometimes she was stopped by a slim perfumed hand, or a big, heavy one; she loitered, but Bruce noticed that her face was weary and that she did not smile.

"Are they happy?" she asked, in the street, in all the swarming confusion of five o'clock. "Happier, I mean, than young people are anyway when they're together, with music and something to eat? Don't—don't they have just as good a (Continued on page 140)





A New Dog Story

SEMPER FIDELIS

OF ONE thing old Dan Pelly, dog trainer and worshiper at the shrine of the Little God of the Open Spaces, was thoroughly convinced. A bucksaw is an invention of the Devil. In the contemplation of three cords of peeled Valparaiso live oak and the instrument of torture hereinbefore referred to, plus a slab of fat bacon rind with which to grease the recalcitrant blade, Dan felt his spirit wither; a low melancholy settled over him; in his search for solace he sat down on the sawbuck, loaded his pipe and gazed about him for a dog, into whose receptive ear he might pour the burden of his disgust.

From his nest of clean straw in the corner of the woodshed he saw Clonmel Knight, whose kennel name was Toby, rise to Dan's unspoken plea for social intercourse.

"Well, Toby, you old ruin," Dan greeted the dog, "how about you?"

Toby yawned loudly, stretched himself and in effect replied: "Nicely, thank you, Dan, for an old dog." Then he slouched across the woodshed and crept in between Dan's knees, where he sighed with relief in a very human sort of way. As he approached Dan noticed the uncertainty in his walk, a pathetic swaying of his hind quarters, accompanied by electric jerkings of the head.

"Well, Toby, old pup," he said, ruffling the little, alert V-shaped ears, "the years tiptoe by and we're old and doddering before we know it. Holy cats, I never know I'm past fifty until I start sawing and splitting wood for the winter, and then, as the feller says, I get a pain in my back and anguish in my heart and, in a manner of speaking, they sort o' wring my brow."

Clonmel Knight, alias Toby, coughed—the cough of the aged and infirm—and wagged his brief tail. Not that he heard a word Dan Pelly had said, for Toby was quite deaf, but because Dan was ruffling his ears and in a happier day loving words had always accompanied that loving caress.

Dan continued to talk to the dog. "You're feeling the downhill pull worse than ever this past month, Toby. I think you've got a touch of rheumatism and this cold weather doesn't improve it any; your appetite ain't any too good and I notice you've got a cataract on one eye. Confound your picture, Toby, what are you aiming to do, anyhow? Live forever? Don't you know you were whelped in April of nineteen six and here it is coming Christmas in the year Annie Domino nineteen twenty-two? Toby, you're plumb see-nile."

Following unconsciously the habit of a lifetime, Dan's calloused hands roved over Toby in search of a possible wood tick. "Toby," he admonished the decrepit Airedale, "if I hadn't kept these visitors away from you by two baths a week in tepid water, one bath a month in creolin, plenty of grooming and a nice bed of pine or cedar shavings, you'd have been a memory years ago. And at that I ain't done right by you, Toby. Five years ago, when that scourge of virulent distemper killed every dog in my kennels except you, but left you with chorea and a disconnected sense of equilibrium, I should have eased you out under the rose bushes in the back garden. But I didn't have the heart to."

"I kept banking on that iron Airedale constitution of yours to outgrow it—and besides, you'd been Johnny's dog, and every



By
PETER
B. KYNE

Illustrations by
Stockton Mulford

time I'd think I ought to do the decent thing by you, Toby, I'd get a vision of you standing on your hind legs by the coffin looking in at him and wondering why he didn't whistle to you like a little boy should—ah, Toby, I can close my eyes and see you two trudging off up the cañon, Johnny with his twenty-two caliber rifle on his shoulder and you trotting ahead a little bit, looking back over your shoulder at my little man from time to time—I get thinking of him around Christmas time, Toby, and when I do I don't want to saw wood. I want to get out in the woods and tramp and tramp and try to forget."

Toby raised his head—long and broad and flat, as all good Airedale's heads should be—and smiled. His small dark eyes, long since robbed of the fire of youth, were very wistful; his tasseled, three-vertebrae tail semaphored, in the language of his kind, the ancient message of dogdom: "I love you."

"Yes, yes, I know you do, Toby. And I love you, too, old pal. It hurts me to see you in misery. I got you as a three months' old puppy for Johnny, when he was ten years old. You were a valuable dog, Toby, a lineal descendant of the first great dogs of your breed ever imported into the United States—Clonmel Marvel and Bath Lady. I traded a two-year old, well trained Irish setter for you to a gentleman that had a weakness for the big, red, headstrong fool. You were Johnny's dog for four years—and how you loved him! You wouldn't have any false gods before you in those days, would you, Toby? The best you ever had for me was a polite 'Good morning to you, Dan, but the rest of the day for Johnny.' But when Johnny left us you came

to me for comfort—and oh, Toby boy, the days we've spent afield together trying to forget Johnny! Toby, do you know that the coons, lynx, skunks, badger, gray foxes, rabbits and bobcats you've killed single-handed, and the bear and cougar you've treed for me in your day would fill a couple of box cars? Well, that's a fact; and the blood you've shed a-doing it would fill one of them ten gallon hats like the movie cow-boys wear.

"You've been mauled an' bitten an' scratched until your old hide must look like a crazy quilt; you've been poisoned and run over by buckboards and a flivver; you've been sprayed by skunks till you was blind and cried with shame because you couldn't see the enemy nor smell him and you were afraid he'd get away; you've clumb trees and fell out of them or been knocked out of them by what was in the tree first; you've rolled over cliffs and once you dropped

"Good dog, Toby. Go find Dan," said Martha. "Good by, Toby. Good by, Johnny's dog."

Stockton
Mulford 21



"Your kind ain't much on beauty, but if handsome is what handsome does," said Dan, "you're the most beautiful dog in the world. You've just naturally got too much courage to die. Toby."

into an old dry well and was there twelve days without food or water before I found you; you've allowed big buck coons to take you into water, where Old Man Coon aimed to get you under and drown you—and you went under with him and killed him on the bottom. That grip across the brisket and no let-go till the breastbone cracked, eh, Toby?"

Toby whisked his tail in sad remembrance of a halcyon youth. "Remember that day you and Johnny and me was out gathering mushrooms in the Little Antelope Valley? It was just our luck not to have a gun with us. You were scouting up an arroyo when I spotted a coyote headed straight for Johnny. Of course I knew an ordinary coyote would naturally head straight away from Johnny, and in a jiffy I realized that this one had hydrophobia.

"I yelled to Johnny to climb a madrone tree close by and he just did get up in time. Then I whistled for you—and you came. You bet you did, Toby—and that mad coyote went to meet you. He bit you twice before you got the right hold and killed him. He had rabies, all right. I sent his head up to the University of California to be examined, and you, you reckless old fool, I had to take you up to the city and have a regular doctor give you the Pasteur treatment. That's the time you and Johnny got your pictures in the city paper—and I guess, if it hadn't been for that, Johnny would have died without us ever having a picture of him!"

Toby shivered with the old chorea shiver, augmented by the tremors of age; he swayed and seemed half minded to sit down abruptly, but recovered himself.

Dan nodded understandingly. "Yes, Toby, and you would have set down if you'd been anything but an Airedale terrier. Your kind ain't much on beauty, but if handsome is what handsome does, you're the most beautiful dog in the world. You've just naturally got too much courage to die, Toby. I'm on to you: You just stay alive to fight that chorea and the disposition of your hind quarters to skid off the right of way, don't you?—although Martha says the only thing that keeps you alive is the hope that some day I'll relent and take you hunting again.

"She says you're just a-hangin' on by faith. I keep telling her I dassen't take you afield, because you're so old and that distemper has left you with such a weak heart you can't stand much exercise. You'd keel over with heart disease, just like little Midgie, my old black and white pointer bitch. She'd retrieved a quail and was coming out of a thicket with the dead bird in her mouth when she stopped to point a live bird in the grass in front of her. I made her hold it while I tried to get a picture with my kodak, but the exercise and the excitement and repression was too much and she dropped dead on point. Martha says that's the way a good field dog should die—in action, faithful to the end.

"Well, that's all right for a setter or a pointer, but you're a varmint dog, Toby, and I can't risk you on the field of honor. Your teeth are about gone, your speed is gone, your sight is at least half gone, and while you threw back pretty strong to your otter hound ancestors in the matter of a nose—for I always did believe you hunted more by scent than sight—and might be able to waddle along somehow on a coon track, I'm afraid, Toby, when you caught up with your coon he'd turn and give you an all-fired licking! You're the only Airedale I ever knew that lived up to the old brag of the Airedale fancy that an Airedale can do everything any other dog can do—and then lick the other dog; only—you ain't the dog you used to be, Toby.

"You wouldn't want me to take you afield wheezing along on two legs and a half and have a skunk cover you with disgrace, would you, Toby? Of course you wouldn't. You can't be killed in action, Toby. You've just got to figure yourself an old soldier that's been crippled up in a dozen campaigns and finally lands in the Old Soldiers' Home. Faithful to the last, Toby, but they don't die sword in hand."

Toby again raised his dim eyes to his master. Yes, he was finding it increasingly difficult to resist that impulse to flop over awkwardly after any exertion, and, as Dan Pelly had remarked, he was living on faith and courage. However, he would buck up—he would buck Dan up. All his life he had carried a merry tail. Tomorrow was another day!

He took Dan's wrist in his snags of teeth, growled ferociously and pretended to be a very devil of a fellow.

Dan Pelly closed his eyes in sudden pain. He had a vision of Toby doing that to Johnny's wrist, in a vain effort to make him play, a few minutes after Dan and the neighbors had taken Johnny from the swimming pool and laid him in the grass along the bank. Ah, memories, memories! And yet 'twas better to have loved and lost than never to have known those fourteen

years of fatherhood. Dan was not embittered—he was too hopeless a sentimentalist for that—but a part of him had stayed with Johnny among the wild flowers in an old country cemetery. He knew the fallacy of life and the sweet mercy of death.

Toby continued to threaten and growl. Suddenly his hind legs skidded out from under him and he collapsed on the woodshed floor. It was the chorea.

Dan thought the old dog was dying and knelt beside him. He lifted his head and Toby smiled apologetically and tried to kiss the wrist which a moment before he had pretended to bite.

"So be it, Clonmel Knight, called Toby," Dan murmured, with sudden, adamant resolution. "We'll call that our last good by. I'll play fair with you, boy. I'll not let you hang on and suffer and die by inches. Wait for me in the Happy Hunting Grounds and when you see Johnny-boy kiss him for me."

Like all out-o'-door men, Dan Pelly was a pagan. He believed that all field dogs have souls.

He went directly to the house. His wife, Martha, was in the kitchen making mincemeat and as he entered she turned her old sweet face toward him and smiled, for she saw that the old visions had taken possession of him again, that he was unhappy.

"Have a piece of mince pie, dear?"

"No-o-o," he sighed. A long silence. Then: "Martha, I can't saw that wood until Toby gets out of the woodshed. Have we got any chloroform in the house?"

"Oh, Dan, how can you bear to do it?"

"I can't, Martha. But it's got to be done. I think he suffers a lot, although you can never tell about an Airedale. They never complain. I've a notion his grub doesn't taste any more like grub to him than sawdust does, and he's getting those blind staggers more and more frequent. Is there any chloroform left?"

Martha nodded. Dan rose, took from its buckhorn rests over the fireplace his most treasured possession—a 6.5 mm. Mannlicher-Schoenauer sporting carbine—and faced Martha.

"I'm going for a pasear up into the timber on Little Butte," he explained. "Heard grouse drumming up there last week and I have a notion I can shoot the heads off a brace of cock grouse for next Sunday's dinner. Got a few traps out up that way, too. They ought to be looked after. Lafe Foster, who rides for the Diamond Bar outfit over in the Little Antelope Valley, came through here yesterday on his way to town. I asked him to bring out our mail. He'll come by about four o'clock, I reckon, so's to get over the pass before dark. Give him the chloroform and a sponge and five dollars and tell him to bury Toby in the back garden next to Pathfinder's Princess and Old Keepsake."

He walked to the door and stood a moment looking out across the white fields. "I reckon there must be two foot of snow out there, Martha," he said presently, "but we had a fair freeze last night, so it don't seem likely I'll need snowshoes. The sun's out but there ain't no warmth to it to speak of—well, so long for a few hours, Martha."

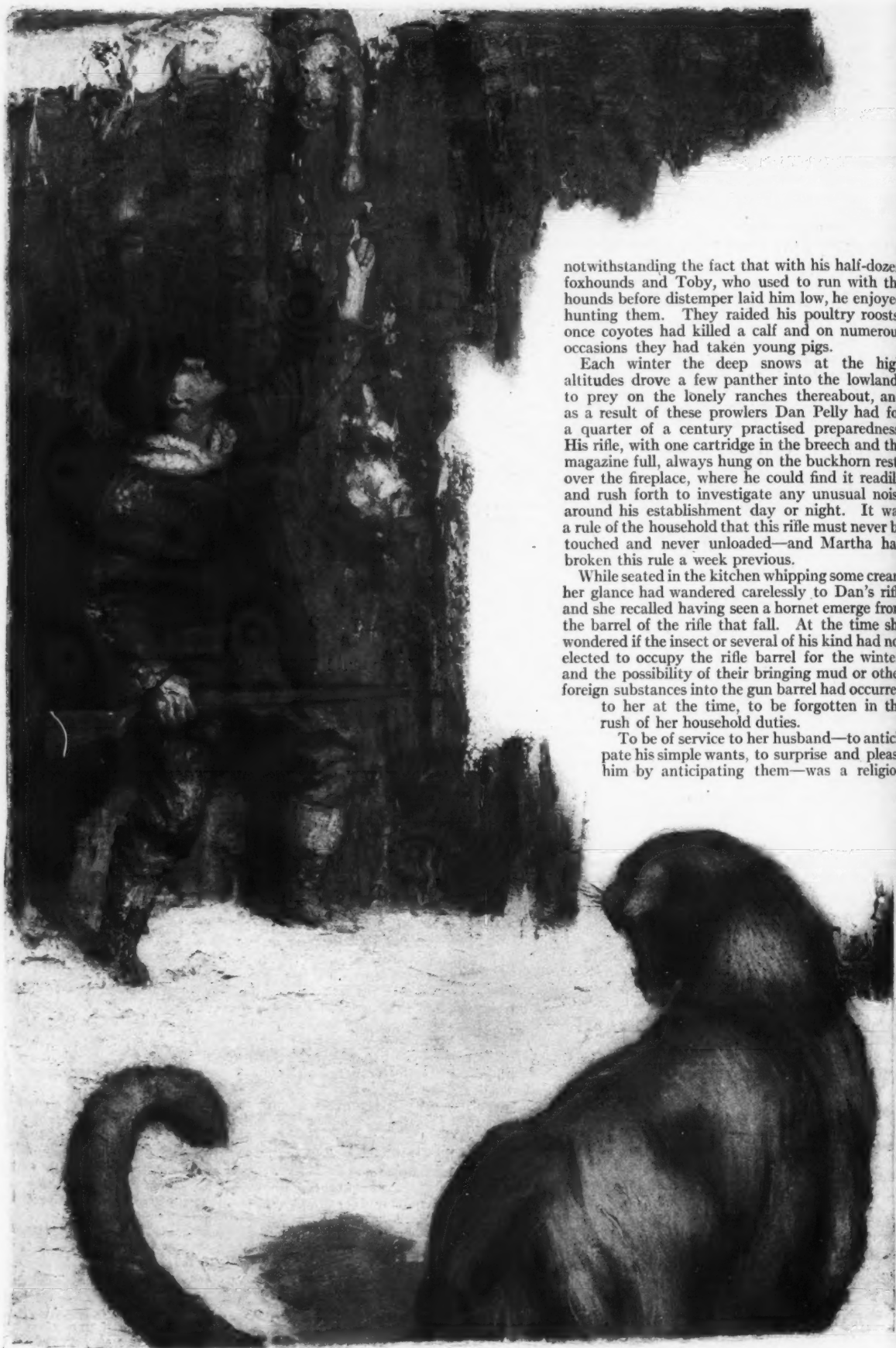
He went to the kennels where he kept the dogs sent to him to board and train. Among the dozen or more dogs there he kept his own grand little field trial winner, an English setter named Tiny Tim. "Come on, Timmy," he called, and opened the kennel door for Tiny Tim to squeeze out. "We're going for a hike up on Little Butte. The snow's just that hard it won't ball up on your feet, and it's a grand day for a bit of exercise."

Martha watched him disappear across the field that sloped gently up to the mouth of a cañon which in turn swept gradually upward two miles to a broken and rugged country, sparsely timbered with mountain pine, laurel and madrone, and known as Little Butte from a small conical hill which buttressed its western flank. From the time Dan left the house until he and Tiny Tim disappeared up the cañon his trail was quite distinct in the snow.

Martha's eyes were sad and troubled, but around her mouth grim little lines of determination now appeared. In the Pelly household she was the leader—the strongest link in the matrimonial chain. Dan never disputed her leadership, and the fact that he had left to her the task of arranging Toby's obsequies was only another of his ways of admitting it. Lacking the courage to do the job himself, he assumed, quite naturally, that Martha would be equal to the task; so, having acquainted her with his wishes, he had beaten a retreat before she had time to protest or suggest other arrangements for Toby's disposal.

"Poor old Dan," she murmured. "He has the heart of a child. Well, Lafe Foster is not similarly troubled—oh, dear! Dan's gone away with an empty rifle. There are the six cartridges in his desk in the living room."

It was true. Dan Pelly lived in a country where coyotes, coons, lynx and bobcats were all too plentiful to suit him,



notwithstanding the fact that with his half-dozen foxhounds and Toby, who used to run with the hounds before distemper laid him low, he enjoyed hunting them. They raided his poultry roosts; once coyotes had killed a calf and on numerous occasions they had taken young pigs.

Each winter the deep snows at the high altitudes drove a few panther into the lowlands to prey on the lonely ranches thereabout, and as a result of these prowlers Dan Pelly had for a quarter of a century practised preparedness. His rifle, with one cartridge in the breech and the magazine full, always hung on the buckhorn rests over the fireplace, where he could find it readily and rush forth to investigate any unusual noise around his establishment day or night. It was a rule of the household that this rifle must never be touched and never unloaded—and Martha had broken this rule a week previous.

While seated in the kitchen whipping some cream her glance had wandered carelessly to Dan's rifle and she recalled having seen a hornet emerge from the barrel of the rifle that fall. At the time she wondered if the insect or several of his kind had not elected to occupy the rifle barrel for the winter, and the possibility of their bringing mud or other foreign substances into the gun barrel had occurred to her at the time, to be forgotten in the rush of her household duties.

To be of service to her husband—to anticipate his simple wants, to surprise and please him by anticipating them—was a religion

Without a moment's hesitation, Toby crawled over the edge of the pot hole—and into Dan's waiting arms.

with Martha. Hence when the memory of the hornets returned to her she took down the rifle, pumped the cartridge out of the chamber and squinted down the barrel, with the breech presented against the white wall opposite. Gracious, the rifle was filthy! She couldn't see through it. With the instinct of a clean and orderly woman, therefore, she pumped the remaining five cartridges out of the magazine and cleaned and oiled the rifle thoroughly. Then, noticing that the brass shells of the cartridges, having been in the magazine several months, had commenced to accumulate verdigris, she had set them aside to clean them also.

Presently a neighbor had called and the task had been deferred; the neighbor stayed for dinner and, seeking to keep from her Dan the knowledge that the only fixed rule of his existence had been defied, Martha had placed the cartridges temporarily in a drawer in an old desk. Then she forgot about them entirely and Dan, too sure of his rifle even to slide the bolt and see that it was loaded, had departed in ignorance of the fact that he carried an empty gun and would have his appetite for grouse restrained accordingly.

Martha was annoyed but not frightened. She knew Dan would not say anything, even though he might resent her interference in the affairs of his department. But it distressed her to think of his disappointment, and since discovery was inevitable she resolved to do her best to right her error. She would tie the cartridges in a bandanna handkerchief, fasten them to Tiny Tim's collar and turn him loose on the trail of his master, with instructions to "Go—fetch." Nothing could be simpler.

She tied the cartridges in a flaming red bandanna handkerchief in order that Dan could not possibly fail to see it against the snowy pelt of Tiny Tim, and went out to the kennels. But Tiny Tim was not there and when she found the footprints of a man and a small dog in the clean snow back of the barn and leading away across the field, she realized that Dan had taken the little setter with him for company. Tiny Tim was almost entirely white and against the snowfield he had not been visible.

Disappointed, Martha returned to the house, pausing en route at the woodshed to look in at Toby. The woodshed door was locked but through a knot hole in the door she saw a small dark eye set in a halo of grizzled hair that had once been fawn-colored. Toby, standing on his unsteady hind legs to reach this knot hole, had gazed out across the field and seen his master, rifle on shoulder and accompanied by Tiny Tim, faring forth along the paths of glory while he, poor, helpless prisoner, remained behind, like a sick soldier in hospital. Martha opened the door and with a short, quick, rapturous bark, Toby sprang out, skidded, rolled over in the snow, got up foolishly and started at a stiff, unsteady lope along the track taken by Dan Pelly and Tiny Tim.

"Toby!"

Martha's high, somewhat shrill cry penetrated to the old dog's dull ears; he paused and faced about inquiringly. With a crook of her finger Martha summoned him to her and he came obediently but reluctantly.

"Toby, dear," she said, as she fastened the bandanna around his collar, "you're a poor old invalid, but you want to go so go you shall. You haven't got another hunt left in you, but you *might* reach Dan with these cartridges before he climbs the hog's-back to Little Butte. The run and the climb will probably break your poor heart, but that will be as it should be. You should be given your chance, Toby—the chance that all good hunting dogs merit—the chance to die on the field of honor. Good dog, Toby. Go find Dan. If you can't smell him you can track him through the snow by sight. Don't come back, Toby. Lafe Foster will be waiting with a chloroform sponge at the bottom of his cowboy boot, and he'll slip the boot leg over your poor head. Good by, Toby. Good by, Johnny's dog . . ."

She was weeping silently as she returned to the house. Toby, uttering his short, rapturous barks, scurried uncertainly and not very speedily away through the snow. His head hung low as his dim eyes and dull nose sought the trail, but his tasseled tail hung high and twitched merrily. Frequently the devilish short circuit between his brain and his hind legs made him sit down clumsily, but after a minute's rest he would start on again. For Clonmel Knight, called Toby, was an Airedale, a descendant of champions, and in his family tree there had never been a coward or a weakling. He possessed in superlative degree the will to live, the will to plod on, to fight to the finish. Come what might he would not quit.

His short bark grew shriller and there was in it an eager, sobbing note as he turned into the cañon that led upward to Little Butte, for another trail had crossed that of Dan Pelly and Tiny Tim. Toby stood, swaying, on the trail and studied these

footprints; then he ran his old nose into them and sniffed and sniffed.

"Dan, Dan Pelly," he barked. "It's a panther. He crossed here. He'll go up the other hog's-back and come down into Little Butte. Come on, let's get him."

But there was no Dan to cheer him on, to consult with him as to the proper course to pursue. Toby hesitated, wept a little—or so his complaining whimpering appeared to indicate—and reluctantly abandoned the panther's trail to follow that of Dan Pelly. Where the trail led straight up to the hog's-back from the cañon floor, Toby sat down of his own free will to rest. He was badly winded, his legs trembled and his heart ached and thumped. After a five minute rest, however, he felt better, so he started, very slowly and laboriously, to follow Dan Pelly's footprints up the hill.

Although no longer young, Dan Pelly was in the pink of physical condition. All his life he had hunted, he had never dissipated; he went up a hill faster than most men go down it. There was no game in the valley in which he was at all interested; he knew there were grouse on Little Butte, so to Little Butte he went as fast as his sturdy old legs would carry him, with Timmy frisking on ahead, ranging wide and sniffing every prospect in a vain search for quail.

Suddenly as Dan toiled upward there came to him, borne on the clear, cold air, a shrill bark from Tiny Tim. Dan paused, frowning. Was Tiny Tim forgetting his manners and barking at a grouse in a tree, or was he disgracing himself as a quail dog by running a rabbit?

The dog was not in sight. He had disappeared into the scrubby timber. But presently he barked again and this time there was terror in his bark. Indeed, it was scarcely a bark. It was a most disgraceful yelp, portentous of death in its most violent form, and Dan was not at all surprised when a black speck, which was Timmy's black ears preceding Timmy, burst from the timber and came toward Dan with all the speed of which he was capable. Indeed, so fast did he come that whatever had been pursuing him must have realized the futility of pursuit, for although Dan's keen eyes searched the edge of the timber he saw nothing. Nevertheless, he *knew*!

Timmy came flying up in a flurry of snow and tried to leap into Dan's arms for protection. "So you ran slam bang into a hungry panther, eh?" Dan queried the little setter. "Well, there's nothing a hungry panther likes better than a juicy little dog, so I reckon he give you a run for a hundred yards or so. Well, they're fast for a little way, Timmy, but they can't keep it up. You come to heel, Timmy, if you don't want to get et up, and we'll get on that panther's trail and see if we can't tree him. There's a state bounty on panthers, Timmy. Thirty dollars for a female and twenty for a male, and the Diamond Bar outfit over in the Little Antelope pays an additional bounty of twenty dollars for any kind of a panther killed on or near their range. And I get the pelts, too. Dang it, why didn't I bring the hounds? If old Toby were only here now, and in his old form, he'd have that panther treed in jig time. Come on, Timmy. I won't let him hurt you."

Tiny Tim, however, was not so certain of that. He was a bird dog, not a warrior, and his recent experience had quite shocked his gentle nature. He had never been pursued by a panther before and he was not anxious to repeat the terrible experience. Timmy held strongly to the opinion that it is no disgrace to run when one is afraid, so, acting upon that opinion, he turned and, tail between his legs, fled ignobly for home. Dan chuckled at the runaway and pressed on at a trot to the timber.

By following the line of Timmy's ignominious retreat Dan came promptly to the evidence of Timmy's fright. As he had suspected, it was a panther, and a full grown one at that. Following the plainly visible trail through the snow he came abruptly upon the evidences of a panther party which Timmy had evidently interrupted. In a small open space among the trees the snow was stained red, and from the opposite direction, leading up to the point of an evident tragedy, Dan observed the small, neat imprint of a deer's hoofs.

"Hum!" Dan Pelly soliloquized. "Old Señor Panther killed a deer here and was about to dine when Timmy, the little fool, dashed in and interrupted him. The panther chased Timmy away and then returned to his kill. He has carried the carcass away to eat in a spot where he will not be likely to be interrupted again."

The trail was easier to follow now. There was no possibility of mistaking it, for the drops of blood from the freshly killed deer stained the snow crimson each place the panther set his gory burden down and rested for a few moments before proceeding.

"Good big buck," Dan soliloquized. (Continued on page 153)

By O. O. M c I N T Y R E

The BOY Who Wouldn't STAY DOWN

Illustrations by

A. H. Henkel

DOWN along Manhattan's Newspaper Row he used to appear each week with a sheaf of pictures of beautiful Broadway stars. He came from an uptown theatrical office—a young Hebrew office boy with a solemn, pinched face and the enduring eyes of a race inured to oppression.

He was a comic-tragic figure whose mind seemed touched by melancholy and wonder.

Somehow dramatic editors he visited felt they should use his pictures. He had none of the brashness of the shock-proof press agent. He felt conspicuously in the way and would wait hours patiently and uncomplainingly in anterooms.

Someone dubbed him "Faithful Mike." It was a pseudonym that fitted like a glove. When playwrights, actors and Rialto elegantes come to call at the producer's office, he followed them around in wide-eyed admiration, for this solemn boy was gripped by the theater's glamour. He took care of their hats and sticks and helped them on with their overcoats.

Secretly he nursed the great ambition. To produce a play had become his all-absorbing dream, and tucked away in his inconspicuous post he absorbed every phase of the swirling life about him.

He was first at the office and last to leave, but somehow he found time to slip in to rehearsals, to read rejected play scripts and study what the theater calls "technic." Opening nights found him enthroned among the gallery gods, eager and attentive.

One day he had his bold moment and shyly told the producer of his boyish hopes.

"If you ever get a play," he pleaded, "that has just a few characters and costs little to produce I'd like to try it." Then his cheeks flamed red and he hurried out, overwhelmed by his own audacity.

In a few months a play came that had no possibilities. In a rather jesting spirit the producer turned it over to "Faithful Mike."

The lad quit his job and began the first steps of producing. All his savings went into the initial step of assembling the cast. He borrowed from anyone who would lend. There were feverish days when the play seemed destined not to leave the barrier.

Then the office boy producer would leave his rehearsals and scour the Broadway bypaths for more dollars. It was a heart-breaking struggle that a wise and cynical Rialto watched with amused tolerance.



The production opened in an obscure Pennsylvania town and failed dismally in one night—the worst "flop" in Broadway's history. The young producer was left with seven property overcoats, eleven dollars in cash and a frozen dream.

Two days later he was back at his office boy job—helping with overcoats and laughing off sophisticated jibes. And he began again his weekly pilgrimages to Newspaper Row to peddle pictures of worthier plays.

"Faithful Mike" had been a failure and nowhere is failure so colossal as along the Glittering Way. It bows only to the great god Success. Scorn, however, did not kill his enthusiasm.

It was a few months ago that the boy, perhaps a bit shyer than usual, dropped into the newspaper shops with neatly typed advance notices of another play he was to produce.

He had dug up a mystery play, of all things, in a season that had run the gamut of hair-raising thrillers. There were tolerant smiles when he departed.

How he produced the play is an account of an achievement of the impossible—an impossible story of an impossible street. Hurling himself against Broadway's flinty heart, he found it soft and simple. He knocked the illusions sky high and left the theater world stunned—this mild mannered youth of twenty-five years.

Armed only with an ignoble, hooted failure, he secured one of the most attractive playhouses in the city. He directed rehearsals in person—with a gentleness that brought moisture to the eyes of calloused players.

The opening night! Critics came because there happened to be no other opening that night and Mike was a "good kid." Too, it was a human interest story—this office boy, without skill or talent, who refused stubbornly to be suffocated by failure.

"Faithful Mike" was there in the lobby to greet them in his timid way. He was not in evening clothes and he had not touched food all day. His eyes were fever-bright and his face drawn and chalk-white.

The Death Watch arrived.

The orchestra pits filled with typical first-nighters—the hardest-boiled audience in the world. And they remained with the critics to see a bit of theatrical history making.

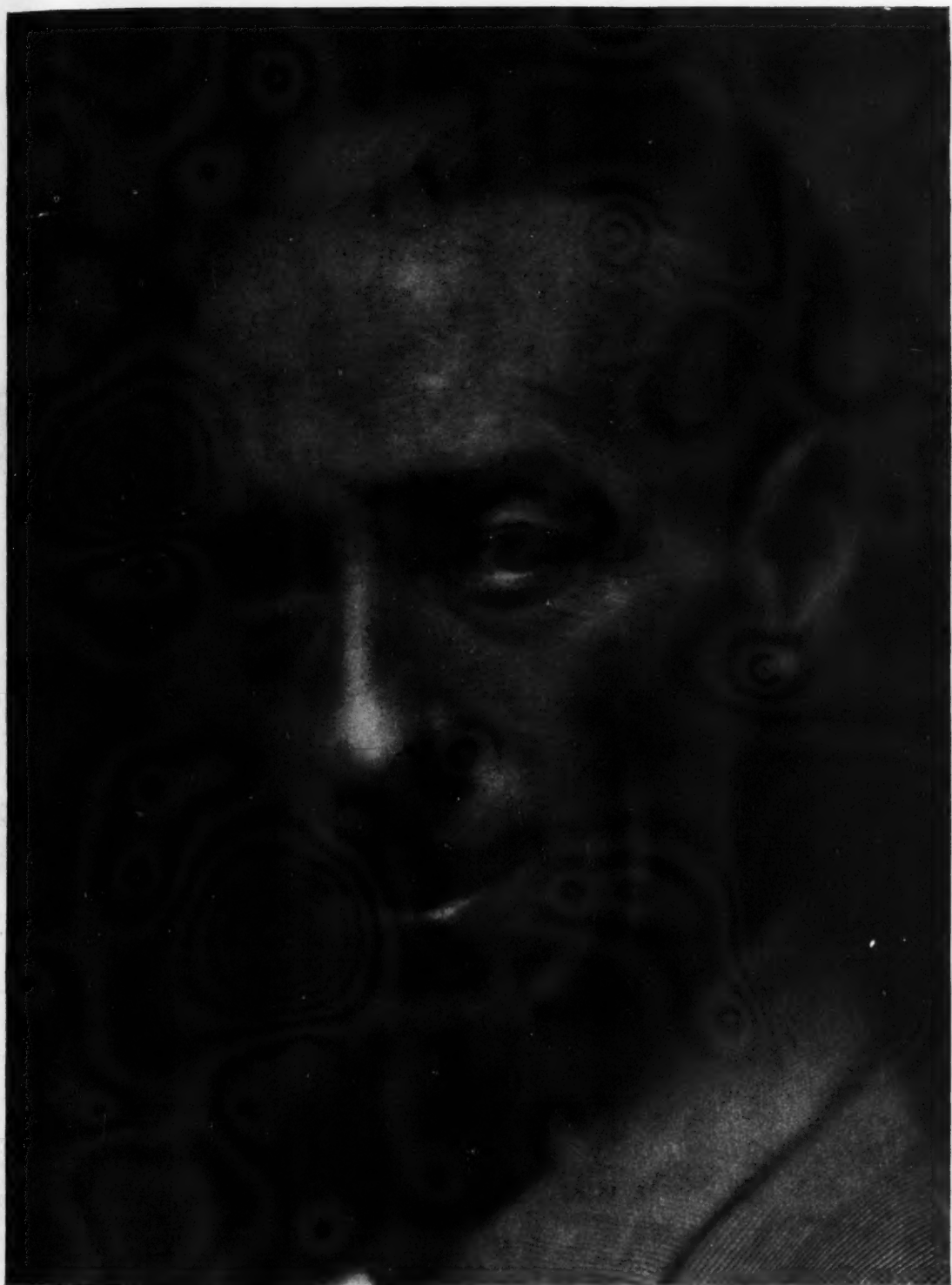
The play was a success—a "wallop." From the rise of the curtain it was greeted with riotous bursts of applause. A theme so threadbare as mystery had been given a new twist—devastatingly furious and shuddery.

Before the curtain fell, scouts from the ticket agencies had leaped to the telephone to notify their chiefs. The house was a "buy" and already it was sold out for six weeks and destined for a long Broadway run. Magically, it would pile up a fortune for its producer. One firm had offered a quarter-million for all rights. Statisticians say it will make two millions.

And when the audience passed out into the lobby going home, "Faithful Mike" was there helping folk on with their overcoats and fetching drinks in paper cups for the ladies. He had not yet realized he was no longer an office boy.

They found him after the theater had been darkened in an obscure corner, a little crumpled and forlorn. The dawn was breaking for him and he was greeting it with honest tears.





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O. O. MCINTYRE

Is the man who made New York famous. Quite a few others had written about the city, but it wasn't until he took up the subject that folks over the country began really to KNOW it

A Romance of the Sahara by



Where were they going? Marny wondered without caring. A drowsiness she did not attempt to

The DESERT

Illustrations by

Part Six: CHAPTER X

VERY early in the morning, in the dark hour that precedes the dawn, Marny Geradine rode out from Algiers in the guise of an Arab boy, her slender figure concealed in the voluminous folds of a long white burnous, her fair face hidden by the haïck that was pulled far forward over her brow. Beside her Hosein was riding with a wary eye on her horse, ready at any moment to catch the bridle should the nervous strength that was supporting her fail suddenly. A few paces ahead of them Carew in the dark blue burnous he affected was hardly distinguishable in the gloom.

Trembling with bodily weakness and the still lingering fear she could not conquer, she strained her eyes to keep him in sight. Only with him near her was she safe. On him and on his strength she was utterly dependent, for she had no longer any strength of her own. The courageous spirit that had sustained her for so long was broken at last, and spent in mind and body her only hope was in him.

He had sworn that she was safe, that he had passed through

the Villa des Ombres unrecognized, that he had brought her unseen to his own house. But the words that had soothed her as he held her in his strong embrace seemed to lose power when he was absent. He had been obliged to leave her almost at once and the touch of his first kiss was still warm on her lips when he had hurried away to make the arrangements for which so little time was available. He had bade her rest but, nerve-racked and overwrought, rest had been impossible as she lay starting and shivering at every noise that echoed through the strange house. Like a terrified child that requires repeated and audible consolation she longed for the sound of his voice, for the tangible comfort of his shielding arms.

And now as she rode through the deserted streets of the sleeping suburb fear for herself was mingled with a new and terrible fear for him. She had as yet no knowledge of what had passed in the Villa des Ombres after she had lost consciousness, and she was obsessed with the thought of her husband. She saw him in every shadow; the very sound of the horses' feet seemed to her excited fancy like hurrying pursuing footsteps. She hated herself for her want of confidence. At the bottom of her heart she knew that her trust in Carew was implicit, that it

b y E^{dith} M^{audie} HULL who wrote "The Sheik"



combat stole over her as she listened to the murmur of the two men's voices. Then she slept.

T H E A L E R

by Dean Cornwell

was only her overstrained nerves that made her shiver with dread, that turned her sick each time her horse quickened his pace or swerved from some object that only he could see. She tried to fight against her weakness, to believe that her disguise was complete, but she knew that she would have no peace until the town was left behind, until, the open country reached, she could abandon the rôle of attendant and ride beside the man to whom she had given herself and gain fresh strength and courage from his nearness. And from time to time unconsciously she strove to lessen the distance between them, checking her horse again with a sharp little sigh as she heard Hosein's low voiced "*Doucement, doucement*" repeated warningly.

The way seemed never ending.

To avoid passing the Villa des Ombres a wide detour was necessary, and Marny began to think they would never win clear of the tree-lined avenues and succession of silent villas that appeared to extend indefinitely.

There were few abroad at this early hour, but the occasional passing of some chance pedestrian made her shrink within the folds of the enveloping burnous, wild eyed with apprehension and faint with the heavy beating of her tired heart. And once

the sound of galloping hoofs behind them came near to shattering what little self-control was left to her and with a choking cry she drove her horse against Hosein's, clutching frantically at the man's arm and reeling weakly in the saddle. But it was only an Arab, wraith-like in the darkness and immersed in his own concerns, who tore by at breakneck speed on a raking chestnut that squealed an angry defiance at the other horses as he clattered past. She recovered herself with a feeling of shame for her own cowardice, wondering miserably if she would ever regain the strength and nerve that five years of crushing experience had slowly sapped from her.

Still dazed with the horror of the last few hours, she could hardly believe in the fact of her deliverance. Was it really over, the life of pain that had transformed her from a happy, carefree child into a sorrowful, disillusioned woman who had prayed for death to release her from bondage that was intolerable?

And death had been very near to her last night. She had realized it when, seeking to prevent what she knew to be an injustice, she had thrown herself between her husband and the wretched Arab valet, and Geradine, mad with drink and rage, had turned to wreak on her the same punishment he had inflicted



on his servant. His face had been the face of a devil, distorted almost beyond recognition, and in his glittering red-flecked eyes she had read her fate. Temporarily insane, he was past knowing what he did; and helpless against his strength, she was well aware now that but for the coming of Carew the ghastly scene must have ended in tragedy, that body or brain must have succumbed to the fury of his passion. Never while she lived would she forget. Still close to hers she seemed to see that savage bestial face, the staring, bloodshot eyes blazing with merciless ferocity; her lacerated shoulders still quivered as if they shrank again under the cruel blows that had rained on her till consciousness fled. The brutality of years had reached culmination when, with words whose foulness had scorched her soul, he had beaten her like a dog. That was what she had been! His dog—kicked or caressed as the mood took him. A thing of no account. His chattel—sold to him like a slave in an eastern market, taken by him merely to satisfy his basest instincts.

Shudderingly she tried to banish thought, to put him from her mind, but her shaken brain was beyond control and over and over again she lived through the cruelty of the years that were past until every nerve in her aching body seemed strained to breaking point. Trembling from head to foot and bathed in perspiration she wondered if the horror of it would ever leave her, if all her life was to be a nightmare of hideous recollection.

Drooping with fatigue, her wet hands slipping on the bridle she grasped mechanically, she prayed desperately for the open country that meant freedom and happiness. And gradually yielding to the physical pain that was swamping all other feeling, she ceased to notice the locality through which they were passing and she had almost drifted into unconsciousness when the sound of the voice she had longed for roused her to the fact that at last the town was left behind. Slowly she raised her head to meet the grave eyes that looked searchingly into hers. And at sight of her face Carew reined nearer, and she felt his cool strong fingers close with practiced touch about her wrist.

"Can you hold out a bit longer, dear? We're rather close to Algiers, yet," he said. The tender anxiety of his voice made her set her teeth to keep back the sob that rose in her throat, a sob of joy and wonder at the consideration to which she was so unused.

She drew herself straighter in the saddle and smiled at him bravely.

"I'm all right," she gasped. "If—if I can ride beside you," she added faintly. His lips tightened as he eyed her doubtfully. Then without answering he wheeled Suliman towards the south.

The movements of her horse were easy, and away from the metaled roads the slow canter at which they rode was less jarring, but it took all her resolution to maintain the upright carriage she had adopted and hide from him the weakness that was steadily overcoming her. The nervous strength that had upheld her at first was slipping from her fast now that the immediate fear of discovery was past and in the reaction of relief she feared the collapse that was threatening momentarily. She pulled the haick closer about her face that he might not see the moisture lying thick on her forehead and rode on with compressed lips, fighting the spells of faintness that made her head reel and the surrounding landscape appear to waver in curious undulations before her eyes.

The dawn was brightening. Already it was light enough to see distinctly, and despite her fatigue Marny looked with interest on a district that was new to her.

For some time still their way led past farms and fruit gardens but of human life they saw little. The few field workers and goatherds they met were absorbed in their own affairs and paid no heed to their passing, or at most bestowed on them a perfunctory salaam that was due to Carew's supposed rank. He looked like a chief, she thought with a strange new feeling of pride. It was difficult seeing him thus to remember that he was an Englishman. To her he would always be an Arab, a man of the open, a desert dweller. And in the sandy wastes of the great



Very early in the morning Marny Geradine rode out from Algiers in the guise of an Arab boy.

wilderness towards which her thoughts had turned so longingly she would live with him the wild free life of her dreams, a life that might prove hard and dangerous but a life that would be made sweet by his love and companionship.

If only she need not have come to him like this! If only he had found her in the time of her unfettered girlhood when he could have taken her unstained and without dishonor! But over their love now hung the shadow of disgrace. And it was for her sake that he had done what would be held up to him as a reproach. For her sake—

He heard the sob she tried to smother and winced, his eyes sweeping the horizon impatiently. He knew that she had almost reached the limit of her endurance and his arms were aching to hold her, to ease the pain of her weary little body against his own strong limbs; but while the scattered farms still stretched about them he dared not risk the chance of passing observation. Neither, because of her weakness, did he dare to quicken their slow pace—an unaccustomed pace at which Suliman was fretting and protesting, rearing from time to time as he tried to break into the usual gallop.

But at length the last outlying vineyard was passed and, screened by the rising ground of the foothills they were approaching, precaution was no longer necessary. With a sigh of relief Carew swung his horse close to hers and bending sideways lifted her easily out of the saddle. She yielded without demur, relaxing

against him with a moan of utter exhaustion. He knew that she was crying, but he knew also that the tears which hurt him so poignantly were necessary to relieve the excited brain that had gone so perilously near to destruction, and he made no attempt to check them. Tightening his arm about her he gave Suliman his head.

With a snort of pleasure the big bay leaped forward, free to go his own pace at last, galloping as he had galloped when once before he had carried double. The memory of that midnight ride came to Carew as he glanced down at the girl he held before him. With what different feelings he had carried her then! How he had revolted at her proximity, hating the slight burden that was now so precious. Every moment had been torture. Now, in the ecstasy that filled him, he wished that the way were longer, that the moment might never come when he would have to waken from his dream ride of almost unbelievable happiness and face the stern realities of the difficult course that lay before them. For an instant his somber eyes grew stern and brooding; then he thrust the thought of the future from him. There was time enough to think of that. Now he could think only of her.

His face grew very tender, very pitiful as he looked at her. Poor little tired child, bruised and broken with appalling experience—would even his love, great as it was, compensate for the suffering that had wrecked her young life? All that was best in him rose up as he caught her closer with a stifled whisper.

That he might never fail her, that she might never regret the step she had taken, never regret the faith she had in him, was the prayer that burst from his innermost soul—a prayer that was deeper, more fervent than any he had ever uttered in his life.

But as the bay tore on with long swinging strides that were the perfection of movement Carew put from him everything but the joy of the moment. After the enforced stay in a town he had come to loathe, after the tedious days of comparative inactivity made hideous by mental struggle, he felt like a man released from prison. Behind him lay all he wished to forget. Before him lay a new life, new happiness, new hope. He could hardly realize yet what it meant to him. No longer alone, with something more than his work to live for, he seemed to see the world suddenly with new eyes—a world transformed and beautified. Eagerly he looked at the brightening sky. The dawn had almost come, a dawn that was to him symbolical.

A feeling of exultation came over him. The wild rush through the air, the cool wind blowing against his face, was like an intoxicant stirring him as it always stirred him, and today more powerfully than ever before. For did he not hold in his arms his heart's desire—was not the woman he had craved his at last? With a quick fierce laugh he drove his knees into Suliman's ribs and swung him round to face the open hillside. Gallantly the horse attacked the steep incline but the gradient was punishing and gradually his pace slackened till it dropped to a walk. Picking his steps carefully amongst the scrub and boulders, he wound his way laboriously up the twisting track till he reached the summit to stand with heaving sides and wide distended nostrils.

And at the same moment the sun rose clear of the banking clouds of gold and crimson, and the full light came with startling suddenness, revealing all the wild beauty of the desolate hills. A scene of more than ordinary grandeur, or so it seemed to the man whose heart was throbbing with a passion that almost frightened him and whose whole sensitive being was thrilling and responding to the radiant glory of this the most marvelous sunrise he had ever witnessed. Behind them Hosein was on his knees absorbed in rapt devotion, and alone with her he viewed the advent of the new day, the new life that they would live together. The reins dropped loose on Suliman's neck as he raised her high in his arms till their lips met and her shy eyes fell under the ardor of his burning kiss. A kiss that with its hungry passion, its complete possessiveness, awoke her to a fuller realization of the step she had taken.

She was trembling when at last he released her, her quivering face scarlet with shame. Miserably she stared at him, struggling to free herself.

"Let me go," she moaned. "I hadn't any right to ask you—I hadn't any right to make it so difficult for you." But in her

piteous eyes he read the despair that gave the lie to her stumbling, sobbing words.

"You want to go—back to him?" he said slowly.

He was answered in the sharp cry that burst from her as she shuddered closer into his arms, clinging to him with all her feeble strength. With a soft little laugh of triumph he kissed her again and turned in the saddle to shout to Hosein, who had finished his prayers and was waiting discreetly in the background.

As he ranged alongside leading the spare horse, Marny tried to raise herself.

"I'm rested now—let me ride," she murmured.

Carew saw her face contract with the pain that movement caused her, and shook his head.

"You are not fit to ride. Lie still and rest," he said decisively.

"But you can't carry me all the way; I'm so heavy—" she objected faintly.

"Heavy!" he laughed.

"About as heavy as an extra carbine." And following his swift glance she noticed for the first time the leathern holster that projected beyond his knee. The sight of it reminded her of the hazardous life that would be hers and made her rebel against the weakness that seemed to make her so unfit a companion for him.

"Let me try," she pleaded.

But he shook his head again.

"Do as you're told, my dear," he said, with a smile that softened the peremptoriness of his tone. "You're worn out, and you are on the highroad to fever unless you take things easily. I can't have you knocking up out in the desert. You'll want all your strength where we're going."

Where were they going? She wondered without caring. She knew nothing of his plans. She was content to go where he took her, content to follow where he led. She had given her life into his keeping; she was satisfied to leave to him the ordering of that life. With a tired sigh she dropped her head on his breast, thankful for the support of the strong arm crooked about her, yielding to the strength that was so strangely gentle.

A drowsiness she did not attempt to combat stole over her as she lay with closed eyes listening to the murmur of the two men's voices. Dreamily she became aware that Hosein had left them and that they were alone on the top of the sun-warmed hill. Dead with sleep she felt Carew's arms tighten round her, heard without fully comprehending his explanation that he had sent the Arab on to prepare the camp for their coming, and slept as his lips touched hers.

It was late in the afternoon when she woke. Still heavy and confused with sleep, at first she was conscious only of the feeling of bodily comfort that enveloped her. Her tired limbs were at rest and she lay propped against soft cushions that eased the dull ache of her wounded shoulders. With a little sigh of physical content she nestled deeper into the silken pillows, inhaling the faint oriental perfume



A great gladness dawned in Carew's eyes as he stooped his head to the soft curls.



Hour after hour Carew lay motionless in the warm sand, the blood beating in his ears, his brain on fire.

that clung about them, wondering vaguely when Ann would come to waken her. Ann? Ann would never come to her again! Ann was gone, the victim of petty spite and tyranny. And she— With a cry she started up, staring around her in bewilderment. Then remembrance came with a rush, and sobbing with relief she sank back on the cushions of the wide divan where once before she had slept with such curious confidence.

Wonderingly she looked about the room, at the simple but

costly Arab furnishings, at the well stocked gun rack that stood near the couch on which she was lying, at the litter of masculine belongings that with their suggestion of intimacy served to bring home to her even more fully than before the significance of what she had done. His room! The hot blood flamed into her cheeks and she hid her face in the pillows, whispering his name, shivering with a new sweet fear and joy that made her long for him and yet shrink from even the thought of his coming.

How long since he had brought her here? How long since she had fallen asleep in his arms on the top of the sun-bathed hill? The room was perceptibly darker when at last she raised her head and sat up, listening for some sound to penetrate from the adjoining room that should assure her of his nearness. But she heard only the distant hum of the scattered camp—the shrill squeal of an angry stallion, the doleful long drawn bray of a donkey and, near at hand, the monotonous creak and whine of some unknown piece of mechanism whose use she could not guess. Strange unfamiliar noises that yet seemed so oddly familiar, like the faint echoes of a far off memory urging the remembrance of another long forgotten life when she had lived and loved in close proximity to the sounds that now thrilled her with vague wonderings. Did love ever die—was this passion that had overwhelmed her so suddenly only the reawakening of a love that had been born in bygone ages? Had she loved him then? Had he too lived in that remote past that seemed struggling for recognition? Had their wandering souls, long desolate and alone, triumphed over the barrier that separated them to converge once more and know again the transient rapture of earthly happiness?

With a tremulous smile she slipped from the couch and went slowly to the little dressing table at the farther end of the room. Curiously she stared at herself in the tiny mirror, frowning at the weary white face she saw reflected.

The close drawn haick had been removed and, tumbled by the heavy headress, her hair lay loose in curling waves about her shoulders. The color crept into her cheeks again as she strove to roll it up into something approaching order. As she wrestled with the few pins that remained to her, two hands placed suddenly on her shoulders made her start violently.

"Must you hide it all away? It was very pretty as it was."

There was a new note in his voice, a new hint of definite ownership in his manner as he coolly unloosened the soft coils she had hastily bound up and drew her to him. But she dared not meet his look and, surrendering to his arms, she hid her face against him in an agony of shyness.

With a tender word of expostulation he slipped his hand under her chin and raised her head. His ardent love was crying out for expression but the shamed piteousness of her eyes checked the passionate words that rushed to his lips. What was his love worth if self came before consideration? He stooped his cheek to hers.

"Do you think I don't understand?" he murmured. "Do you think I don't realize how—strange it is? But you can't be shy with me, dear. Only remembering that I love you, that I'd give my life to keep you happy. I'll do all I can to make it easy for you—" But even as he spoke the restraint he imposed on himself slipped for a moment and he crushed her to him convulsively. "Child, child, if you knew how I have longed for you! If you knew what it means to me to hold you in my arms—*here*—to know that you are mine, mine utterly! Marny—" He pulled himself up sharply with a gesture of compunction, his hands dropping to his sides. "Forgive me, dear," he said gently, "I didn't mean to be rough with you—I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

The tears that were so near the surface welled into her eyes and she looked at him strangely.

"Rough?" she whispered slowly. "I wonder if you know what roughness means—I wonder if you could hurt me if you tried!" Then her face contracted suddenly and her hands went out to him in shuddering appeal. "Keep me from remembering!" she cried wildly. "Help me to blot out the past. I can't tell even you. I want to forget—everything—everything but your love. Oh, my desert healer, you heal others, heal me too! Make me strong again—strong and fit to share your life, to be your helper. Don't let me think! Oh, Gervas, don't—let—me—think!"

The look he had dreaded to see again was back in her eyes and her whole body was shaking as she clung to him with all her shyness forgotten in the greater mental distress that made her seek his help and consolation. With almost womanly tenderness he soothed her, holding her till the nervous trembling passed and she lay still in his arms.

"It's over," he said at last, "over and done with. It's a new life we've begun together, dearest. A new life that will bring you health and strength and, God helping me, a greater joy than we have ever known. The desert will heal you, Marny, as it healed me years ago. Shut your mind to the past. Think only of the future—and of our happiness."

A bitter sob escaped her. "We haven't any right to be

happy," she moaned. He did not answer but she felt him stiffen suddenly and her eyes leaped to his with a new fear dawning in them. "Gervas," she gasped, "what will you do—if he won't divorce me? Oh, you don't know him as I do, you don't know of what he is capable! He would do it just to feel that his power was over me still, just to keep me bound, just to hurt us. Gervas, if I can never be free, if I can never be your wife—what then?"

A shadow passed over his face as he looked down at her.

"Will the price of our happiness be too big for you to pay, Marny—or is it me that you doubt?" he asked slowly.

"Gervas—"

But his kisses stopped her frantic protestations and there was only love and pity in his eyes as he gathered her closer.

"You will always be my wife—as you are my wife to me now. Nothing can alter that. Nothing shall ever come between us. God knows how you've suffered, and He can judge me for what I have done when the time comes. But while I live you're mine and no power on earth shall take you from me." His deep voice was vibrant with passion and for a moment the fierce pressure of his arms was pain. Then as if ashamed of his own display of feeling he put her from him. "I'm a brute," he exclaimed remorsefully. "Come and eat, you pale child. I hadn't the heart to wake you before, you were sleeping so soundly."

Shyness fell on her again as he led her into the adjoining room. And throughout the meal that followed she was very silent, eating mechanically what was put before her and studiously avoiding his eyes as from time to time she glanced with furtive curiosity about the big tent.

His heart ached for her as he watched her with an intentness he was careful to conceal. He was longing to help her, longing to make easier the difficult situation which he knew she was only now realizing in its entirety, fearful of augmenting her constraint by any word or gesture that should emphasize the new relationship between them. Love made it easy for him to guess her thoughts. With fine intuition he understood perfectly the struggle that complete realization must have awakened in her mind. Though she loved him, though she had given herself to him, still he knew that she must be shrinking sensitively from the consequences of her own act. His arms had been a refuge she had turned to in her need, but they were the arms of the man who loved her, and here in his tent she must be facing the hard fact of her obligation, facing the payment of her freedom—a payment that only love could make endurable.

More than ever did his own love clamor for utterance but he gripped himself resolutely, playing the part of impassive host with almost cold courtesy while he attended to her wants and keeping the conversation strictly to trivialities. And trivial conversation was not easy. They knew so little the one of the other. He had as yet no knowledge of her tastes, no knowledge of her interests. In spite of the love that had swept them both off their feet they were, to all intents and purposes, strangers to each other, and further hindered by her shy reserve, a common meeting ground was difficult to find.

But when the short twilight had faded and the lamps were lighted in the tent, when Hosein had come and gone for the last time, leaving them alone, he found it impossible to maintain the detached attitude he had adopted, impossible to avoid reference to certain subjects that must of necessity be discussed between them.

The sense of their aloneness, the intimacy of the moment, was stirring him deeply and the sight of her lying amongst the heaped up cushions of the divan, lovelier than he had ever seen her, infinitely pathetic as she seemed in her utter dependence on him, was an appeal that was too strong to be resisted. His heart was beating furiously as he went to her.

And affected no less than he, her breath came fast and her shy eyes met his for only a moment as she moved to make place for him. Sitting down beside her he caught her slim hands up to his lips. Then, still holding them in his firm grasp, he crashed through the faint barrier that had risen between them and spoke with unreserved frankness of the future and the life that they would share together. And afterwards, because he believed that only by mutual confidence and trust could their love be perfected, he broke the silence of years and told her the story of his life, the tragedy that had wrecked his early manhood and driven him to a self-imposed exile, and of the consolation he had found in the work that had become so dear to him. And his own confidence ended, he drew from her bit by bit the history of her girlhood and pitiful marriage. But of what she had suffered at the hands of the brute to whom her brother had sold her she would say nothing.

(Continued on page 132)

A
LOVE
Story

*by our old
friend*

FRANK R.
ADAMS

The
LUCK
That
Failed

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

THE blessed, blessed relief of not having the youngsters to take care of for one whole day.

Carmelita Bellegarde, combination nursemaid, governess and slave to the Scott-Murphy children called down a blessing upon their aunt, Mrs. Lydia Scott-Murphy, who believed that the bringing up of children should not be relegated to servants and was giving a twenty-four hour demonstration of what motherly care could do for them.

Carmelita wished her luck—fervently—but she had no illusions. The twins and Mary Louise would be back in her care, for good, by morning. There was not much hope that Aunt Lydia would ever care to repeat the experiment. No one who was not paid for it generously would ever deliberately seek the society of the spoiled little Scott-Murphys a second time.

Therefore it behooved Carmelita to make the most of her freedom. Even Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Murphy were away for the day, visiting friends at Del Mar. There wasn't a thing on the program except to have a good time.

The trouble was that, at Coronado, there isn't much to do unless you are one of the swells, and even then you have to know the right crowd. From the veranda of the hotel Carmelita surveyed the beach. It was all nice and glisteny in the morning sun. Old Mother Pacific had scrubbed it clean with an overnight storm. Even yet the rollers were pretty high. But they were subsiding.

Several riding parties were galloping on the hard sand left by the receding tide, the women all in gleaming white, the men with white breeches too, but dark coats usually—with a few colored ones.

In front of the hotel on the curved driveway were several insolent beasts of high powered cars waiting indolently for

passengers more indolent than themselves who were chatting on the veranda steps preparing for the tremendous fatigue of being driven somewhere for luncheon.

Carmelita sighed rebelliously. She could not take part in the expensive pleasure of either the riders or the drivers. It took money, clothes and social position to make one eligible for either group. Oh well, it didn't matter! Carmelita had made her own bed when she had struck out for herself. She was doing the work of an inferior; she would have to accept whatever disadvantage the caste system thrust upon her.

Still, she wanted to amuse herself. She was as pretty as most of the girls in the white breeches astride the galloping horses, prettier than any of the ladies in sports costumes and gay sweaters who loitered on the veranda. There ought to be something interesting going on that even a nursemaid could participate in unobtrusively. She wasn't wearing a uniform and there was no brand of service on her forehead.

And she was in a receptive mood.

Carmelita sauntered down the steps doing a careful imitation



of the dollar duchesses who did nothing else all day: She pretended that she felt very supercilious and if one of the other nursemaids who worked for families staying at the hotel had been in the path she would doubtless have stepped on her without noticing that something crunched under her heel.

She strolled with studied, loitering steps along the beach walk past the garages to the bathhouse. There she stood for a moment in the pose of a lady wondering whether to go for a plunge in the pool or just to rest.

Why not?

She had been there before with the children and she liked swimming. It was a democratic institution.

And she had a bathing suit that had never been worn yet. Darn good reason why not, too. It was one that her loving aunt had sent her from Deauville and while it was the most conservative pattern that could be obtained at the French resort it was still two laps and a couple of jumps ahead of anything that was being displayed in the land of the (except for a few amendments) free. Certainly it had not been appropriate in the least for a nursemaid who cared to retain her job.

But today was different.

Carmelita went back to her room and got the little waterproof bag that contained the garment which she had privately named "The Disgrace of Deauville" and a modest bathrobe.

The bathrobe was a happy thought. Because when she got the economical costume on she had a panic. There is no use trying to describe how she looked in it except to say that it was dull black but that the effect was not in the least somber because there were so many places where it wasn't.

Carmelita, who had adopted Puritan standards because she was brought up in America far from her French and Spanish relatives, thought she appeared immodest. As a matter of fact she didn't. Probably it was because she was so young yet and so unspoiled. There were beginning curves in her figure but scarcely noticeable ones and her face wasn't an experienced face at all. Nothing was written on it yet but gentleness and naive charm. There wasn't even very much beauty there, mostly alertness and sympathy, rather like a friendly pup whose expression says "What'll we do now?" If you looked at her attentively for some little time she "got you," as the saying is, but there was nothing flamboyant about her allure, nothing to arrest the gaze of a roving eye.

Carmelita had gotten clear out of her dressing room before she got her final attack of stage fright and decided that she could never in all the world take off her bathrobe and dive into the pool before all the crowd that was assembled. It was the morning bathing hour and there were a good many there including nonparticipating spectators.

Still, she had shown herself and it looked silly to go back. Happy thought! The ocean was just outside. She had noticed that no one was going in on the beach owing to the surf but she was a good swimmer and had no fear. No one would see her at all outside, or, if a few did, they would be so far away that they would not notice her costume.

She was in luck. There was only one lone, solitary beach rider in sight and he or she was quite a way off. Carmelita practically had the Pacific to herself.

From the shelter of the bathrobe out to deep water was only a ten second interval. Once submerged and swimming she murmured a blessing on the head of the French designer who had conceived the streamlines of her *maillot*. It surely was fun to have one's movements in the water absolutely unhampered by clothes. It was next to being a mermaid. Carmelita, luxuriating in her freedom and confident of her strength as a swimmer, headed out to sea.

Because she was swimming on her back with her eyes on the tossing sky and her ears under water she neither saw nor heard what transpired on the beach she had just left.

The lone horseman coming up toward the hotel from the south had seen her plunge in, apparently struggle with the waves for a while and then disappear. He arrived on thundering hoofs and stopped where her bathrobe marked the spot she had gone in.

He shaded his eyes with his hands but the head he had at first seen bobbing around through the surf was no longer in view. He thought he saw a submerged something out there but he wasn't sure.

To the mind of the horseman this was no occasion for discussing pros and cons. The situation required action and he came from a country where action largely takes the place of words.

"In you go, Paint," he said to his horse, heading the latter straight for Honolulu and making him wade out despite a quite

natural equine aversion to wet feet. "Don't stop to tell me you don't savvy salt water. Neither do I. Let's git."

The break of the waves was already slapping the horse in the belly and he didn't like it one little bit. But he had a foolish idea that the man astride of his back was greater than the Pacific and would doubtless guide him safely out on the other side. So he went in deeper and deeper and finally began to swim.

"Good boy, Paint," his master encouraged. "You'll be sproutin' fins and flippers yet. That party ought to be right about—here she is."

Carmelita coming up from a swim under water found her surprised self almost alongside a swimming horse, probably the last thing she had expected to collide with out in that particular ocean.

More breath-taking even than the discovery of the horse in her bathtub was the next thing that happened, which was that the man in the saddle flopped off into the water beside her, grabbed her unceremoniously under his arm and hanging on to his mount's tail in some mysterious way guided him to the shore.

It was a very mad mermaid whom the gallant horseman planted upright on her own feet there on the beach. She was so mad that she forgot for the moment how very scanty her glued-on rompers were and she stamped her foot like the spoiled child that she looked.

"What do you mean by yanking me out of the ocean like that?" she demanded.

By this time her distinctly disheveled rescuer had begun to realize that perhaps he had made an error. Carmelita was not even puffing and she was not water-logged as a drowned person should be.

"Why?" she asked again.

He grinned. "Well, they wasn't anyone in sight but you so I rode out to ask the way to Hotel del Coronado."

As the hotel was in unmistakably plain sight and as no other building could ever be confused with its rambling mid-Cleveland elegance the girl did not deign to answer.

"I didn't aim to give offense, ma'am. It just happens that me—I mean I—and my pony here ain't none too familiar with the customs on the ocean and we thought when you went down and didn't come up you was drowned."

"Didn't you guess I was swimming under water?" Carmelita had picked up her bathrobe by this time and had thrown it over her shoulders.

"No, ma'am," the man assured her, "we didn't know a body could do that."

"Can't you swim under water yourself?"

"No, ma'am, none whatever. Not under nor over. The facilities ain't remarkable out where I come from, down Little Pecos Valley way, and I ain't never learned to swim. I wasn't just positive Paint—that's the cayuse—had any education along that line either until after we got quite a ways out."

"You can't swim?" Carmelita echoed, incredulous, "and yet you went out in a sea like that? Absurd!"

"Yes, ma'am. I kinda thought so myself. If you're all right I'll be goin' on. Thank you kindly for telling me where the hotel is."

She hadn't told him that, hadn't told him anything in fact, but she felt too ridiculous to call him back and say that she had been unspeakably ungracious to a person who had taken incalculable risks in venturing out into the heavy surf and treacherous undertow without the slightest knowledge of swimming, merely to rescue a perfect stranger.

Before she could conquer her pride he had mounted damply and loped away at the easy gait of a range rider.

He looked well in the saddle although his English cut riding clothes were an anachronism on him. And his voice had been pleasant even if choice of language symbols was a little uncouth.

Yes, she rather liked him now that it was too late.

II

SHE recollected him pleasantly all through luncheon, which she ate as usual in the children's dining room quite sequestered from the gay crowd in the enormous main hall. His advent had put quite a little edge in the day, enough to last her for a dull week to follow.

Carmelita rather imagined that she had exhausted the possibilities of Coronado for adventure but after luncheon she put on her best afternoon dress anyway. It could not easily be distinguished from the best afternoon dresses of most of the guests. To tell the truth it had been Mrs. Scott-Murphy's best afternoon costume until the week previous, when Mrs. Rear-admiral Blennon,



"Why, it's Carmelita!" said Mr. Scott-Murphy, who had a slightly roving eye. "My dear girl, walk down the avenue a ways and we'll go for a ride." "I have an engagement," Carmelita lied.

whom Mrs. Scott-Murphy couldn't see with binoculars, had appeared in one like it before Mrs. Scott-Murphy had sprung hers. Then her mistress had given hers to Carmelita with the stipulated condition that she should wear it as often as possible when off duty.

Which was no hardship because it was a lovely thing in rust color with a severely simple knot of old gold ribbons at the left shoulder. Carmelita had a stunning hat that went with it which she had made herself. It was large, black, and had a veil hanging from its left brim. The entire effect was that of a lovely English girl who has let a French modiste bring out her best points.

Carmelita knew from consulting, first her mirror and then the glances of one or two people whom she passed, that she had achieved an effect. It seemed too bad to be all dressed up with nothing particular in prospect but after all it was something to be dressed up. She went outdoors to show herself off.

On the hotel driveway were parked many, many cars.

Carmelita looked them all over as if searching for her own personal equipage. It was fun to imagine what it would be like to sit back amid that luxurious upholstery and order about the smartly liveried chauffeurs.

The car she liked the very most was an open one with a deep maroon body and a powerful black snout that looked as if it might be friendly. There was nothing supercilious about that car and yet it had swank. It acted as if its owner loved it and, in return, it loved back.

She wondered who did own it and raised her eyes from her inspection of the running gear. There was no one in the tonneau but in the driver's seat sat her rescuer of the morning. He was wearing a blue suit now and a cap, but in those clothes, too, he seemed to hint at chaps and a sombrero.

He smiled as she caught his eye. He looked as if he hoped she would speak.

So she did.

"Good afternoon," she said.

"Good afternoon, ma'am."

"I was so surprised and embarrassed this morning," she continued graciously, "that I'm afraid I was not very polite. I didn't even thank you for risking your life to save mine. I do wish to thank you now."

"It wasn't anything, ma'am. When I went after you I didn't know you were so—so beautiful or I wouldn't have had the nerve to do it but as a matter of fact I sort of half had the idea that if I saved somebody's life they might be willing to talk to me. You see I've been awful lonesome since I came down San Diego way."

"Don't you know anybody?"

"Not really," he confessed. "Not the right sort of people. I'm all jake with the race track gang that hangs out at the Grant Hotel in town—that's where I'm stopping—but I'm a rank



"Why," Carmelita asked, "is everybody so glum?" said Dan. "We're among the few who are not going

outsider with all this Army and Navy gang and the society swells that lives here. I bought me the right kind of clothes—even the dude riding pants you saw this morning—but that ain't all that's the matter with me, I guess."

Carmelita felt that the interview had gone far enough. "You are waiting for someone?" she suggested, starting away



CHARLES MITCHELL

"They bet on Surfboat,"
to tear up their tickets."

"Not now, ma'am, not since you came out."

"You were waiting for me?"

"Yes." Right straight from the shoulder, too. "I tried to keep myself from being a darn fool but it wasn't any use. I had to come over and see if you didn't come out again. So I did."

"But what for?"

"Well, until I saw you I was hopin' I'd have the nerve to ask you to go for a ride with me but now I don't dast."

He grinned at her shyly as he put his invitation in the only way that she could possibly have considered it. The onus of regarding it as an invitation at all was strictly up to her.

Finally she grinned back.

"I'll go with you." She climbed in beside him.

"Gosh a'mighty!"

Carmelita grew all warm inside. It was nice to have such genuine surprised homage from a man whose masculinity and method satisfied her ideals more fully than did those of the winter resort idlers whose weaknesses she had viewed long and microscopically from the undercrust.

There was a good deal of traffic.

"I wonder where everybody is going?" Carmelita asked.

"To Tia Juana," her driver replied, stealing a place in ahead of a big limousine. "It's almost time for the first race. Would you like to go?"

Would she? Of course. Carmelita had never been across the California border into Mexico and had never in all her life seen a horse race. Here were two adventures held temptingly before her. But she must not be too eager, must appear to be blasé.

"It's about the only thing to do, isn't it?" She managed the air of indifference perfectly.

He sighed. No use to tell her that he had not dared to hope that she would give him that much of her time.

The afternoon was an act right out of a musical comedy. The sun was bright and happy, the slumbering hills in the background were distant scenery and everybody had on spick and span clothes and smiled. Later there was an orchestra.

Carmelita was full of sparkle. There had not been anyone in her life for a long time with whom she had cared to exchange ideas. She had to be careful not to tell him anything about herself and the conditions under which she was living, but Carmelita knew other things, had traveled a good deal and had read much. On mundane subjects her mind was a considerably greater reservoir than that of her companion. On the other hand he had a novel point of view and a shrewd estimate of character and conditions that demonstrated an innate cleverness and education of another sort.

As a matter of fact he had graduated from a Western university.

"I know the rules of grammar and everything. I got in the habit of talking Western from associating with the ridin' crews at the motion picture studios. That's about the only place there are any real cowboys any more. I could ride and rope a little myself and when the slump in cattle prices came after the war I came out to Los Angeles (Continued on page 110)

BIG MOMENTS



A MAN may walk along the swarming streets for years and never arrest a passing glance—then one day comes his crowded hour. He is lifted from the drab level and in an instant a thousand fascinated eyes are focused on him. Traffic halts. Hurrying throngs forget the affairs of importance that are impelling them onward. They pause and yield themselves whole-heartedly to the enjoyment of the moment. Smiles spread for a block. Heavy burdens lift from tired shoulders. Joy prevails!

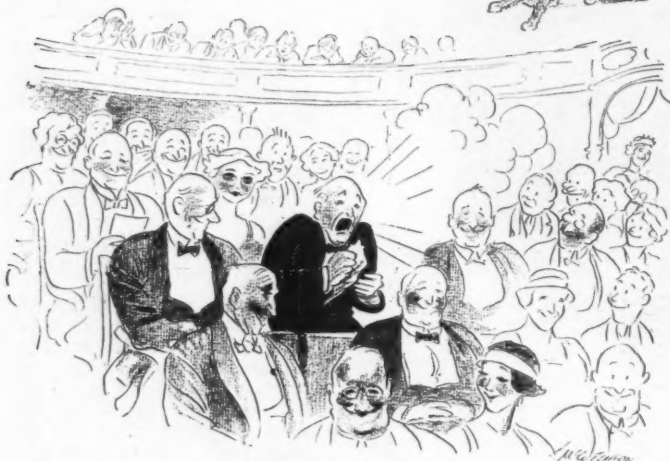
A moment later the crowds take up their measured tread, traffic starts afresh and the afterglow of a genial smile lights up a thousand faces.

BEAUTY in distress! What chivalrous emotions are stirred! And yet there are times when an unfeeling world looks on, wreathed in smiles, with never a helping hand extended. Take, for example, a lady leading two pups. A crowded sidewalk, the roar of motors, the shrilling notes of traffic whistles, a thousand and one distracting sights and sounds. Inviting doorways to explore, strangers to sniff,



all directions calling at once and awaking the age-old instincts of the wild, a pair of tangled leashes and there you have the groundwork for comedy and tragedy. Crisis!

The world would be brighter if every street had its beautiful young lady leading two puppies. When one tired of looking at the dogs, he could regard the young lady, for she would be in no strategic position to notice, much less to repel.



PACKED theater! A tense moment when every eye is glued to the stage. Dead silence—the coughing and throat clearing stilled for the time. Every thought in all the house concentrated on that gripping climax of the play.

Suddenly there is a quick spasmodic movement in the audience, a frantic clutch for a handkerchief. Too late! a gasping sputter and then a blast, shattering the silence—a gentleman down in the eighth row has sneezed.

Modern hygienic teachings warn us of the dangers lurking in the unmuffled sneeze, but one does not think of that until later. The instincts of true politeness require that one overlook a gentleman's embarrassing mishap, but that also occurs to one later.

Presently we take up the interrupted thread of the play, one smile to the good.

GRIEF is not commonly considered a subject for amusement. Tears are sobering things. Distress disturbs, and yet there are times when even these may have their silver lining.

It is spring. The windows are open, the curtains lazily flapping. In the farmyard sounds the hen's maternal cluck, a distant anvil rings, there is a sprightly sound of hammering, the strokes rising in rhythmic cadence as the nail is driven home. Children's voices come from every vacant lot. The cloud of winter is passing and hearts are happier for no particular reason. In other words, Spring.

Little "Wobbie" tags along, hated by his elder brother who has been delegated to guard and protect him from harm and danger. Spring is calling, temptations rear up on all sides, elder brother is full of vitamins. He hearkens to the call and little Wobbie is left high and dry, and very mad. People pause and another smile leaves its impress upon the ages.

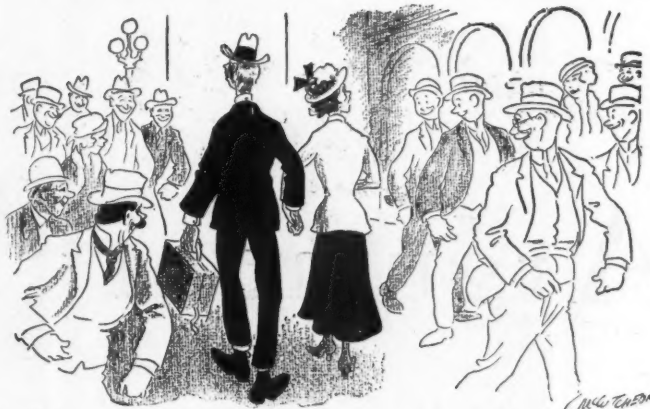


WORDS AND PICTURES BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

SOMETIMES they appear—a refreshing breath from the simpler places. The blight of sophistication has not yet settled down upon them. Hand in hand, absorbed and unconscious, they lay their frank affections before a mocking world. They haven't learned that sentiment shown in public becomes the cue for empty laughter.

But real affection has great dignity, no matter where or how revealed. So that when clinging souls unashamed walk down the busy streets, worldly faces soften beneath the paint and there are wistful aches in abused and battered hearts.

They leave a glow like sunshine in the wake of a thousand smiles.



THE lecturer, doing 120 dates in 120 days, arose to go through his oft told tales with a brave attempt at spontaneity. The last jump had been a hard one, a stuffy day coach, a change of trains at three A. M. and a grand total of four hours' sleep. There wasn't a spark left in him. Even his shirt front, unsuccessfully doing service for even another night, was wilted and gaping.

The speaker's depression was soon communicated to the audience. He could not make his jokes crack. The



old sure fire ones were missing on all cylinders. The audience stared in stony silence.

Suddenly the frozen faces melted. "At last I'm getting 'em over," thought the lecturer. His spirits rose. New reserves of vitality responded to the call. Confidence returned. The smiles spread, laughter and snickering brightened the hall, the funereal gloom of a moment before was magically transformed. That night he wrote home that the lecture was a huge success: "Started off slow, but I got 'em at last."

DEMOCRACY, a noble institution more frequently preached than practiced. In the rounded phrases of the spellbinder, it is pictured as the ark of freedom, the palladium of our liberties, whatever that means, and the golden bond that unites peoples in liberty, equality and fraternity. Stirring words!

Everybody starts out in life with a full complement of democratic principles. Up to three, every child, rich or poor, is by nature democratic. He knows no class distinction, the friendly advance of the stranger is taken at its face value, he trades smile for smile and is happy.

In his truly democratic soul, he harbors no base suspicions. He expands joyously to every friendly breeze, no matter from what lowly quarter. He is the real democrat. By five he has slowly edged, or been pushed, away from that delightful no-man's land where caste and class consciousness are unknown, and a few years later he begins to wonder if democracy isn't just something to talk about in political campaigns.



ORIGINALITY, confidence and self-reliance! Splendid qualities! Without these the world would stagnate, progress would falter, humanity would lean.

Take the sign painter, for instance. Serene in his self-confidence, he is giving his originality a pleasant ride. His beautiful sign contains an unsuspected flaw. There is one consonant overweight.

A man has paused with a sudden look of interest. A crowd gathers. Smiles bloom but the painter paints serenely on. He is used to admiring people. They are no treat to him, but he adds a few extra flourishes as a slight concession to the vulgar herd.

If some kind hearted soul, eager to do good, should tell him he is making a fatal error, the painter would turn around and set down his paint pot, run a withering glance up and down the well meaning stranger, take out his pipe, spit and then inquire in a scathing voice, "Say, who asked you to butt in here?"

By GOUVERNEUR
MORRIS

A very serious comedy

Argument

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



THIS world is full of works that have to be done. Some men are born to find diamonds, some to cut diamonds and some to wear them; and some men are born to keep bees or raise hogs. Domes have to be gilded, and cesspools have to be cleaned. And there's never any end to anything. And there won't be ever until the world falls into the sun.

Just so long as the world keeps its distance from the sun it will need blankets. If there weren't any sheep there wouldn't be any blankets, and there soon wouldn't be any sheep if there weren't men and dogs to take care of them. Herding sheep is

one of the world's works that has to be done. It has its good sides and its bad sides. And it's mostly done by men who can't get along with other men, or put up with their laws and their talk—talk, talk, talk, all day talk—and who get shoved out of the cities and towns into the open.

It must have been the Indian in Joe that didn't like talk. He never saw but one girl that he wanted to have around all the time. She was a poor relation of the Camposantos. Nobody wanted her except Joe. He spoke to the priest about her, and the priest said she was no good to anybody, and if he wanted to marry her nobody would stand in the way. So they were



"After that," said Mescal, "I get to feeling pretty lonely and so I come to you and we join flocks."

married. He never knew whether she wanted to go with him or not. He didn't know how to ask her and she couldn't have answered him if he had. She'd had scarlet fever when she was little and it had left her deaf and dumb.

He wasn't always glad that he'd taken her to live with him, but when she died and was gone for good he knew that he'd rather have had her back with him than not. She was company; not too much company like most people, but just enough.

He didn't mind good talk. He didn't mind being told things that he didn't know. He had a book of knowledge in six volumes, and he read it over and over until he knew everything that was in it. It was the only thing he ever had that he set a big value on; but when he knew everything that was in it, its value was gone and he threw it away. What's the use of pointing and saying "There's the beans?" Pointing is enough. People are always telling you things that you know already; like "it's a warm day" or "it's a cold day." Before he was driven to sheep herding he'd known people, men and women, who'd spend a good ten or twelve hours a day wasting words, and be hard at it the next morning. Most of the people he knew were like that. So he pulled out. And he never went near a town except when he had to buy supplies.

Nobody would be so foolish as to say that Joe was a good citizen. He seldom knew who was President, or why. He wasn't clean. He hardly ever changed his clothes, except during the rainy season when they got too wet for comfort. And he wouldn't have known what to do with a toothbrush. But good citizen or not, he did his little share in the world's work—the work that simply *has* to be done—and he did it well and honestly. He neither praised himself for doing this nor pitied himself for having to do it.

The only home that he knew was a little van on wheels. It had a window and a stovepipe. A gray horse pulled it from range to range. And the sheep, dirty gray with adobe dust, went ahead of it, and behind it, and on either side, almost as far as the eye could see. A formidable cloud of dust moved above them and followed them from pasture to pasture. Bolo, a gray dog descended from wolves, marshaled the sheep and gave them their orders. He was very old and wise and silent.

Wars lasting many years have been fought for smaller territories than that over which Joe and Bolo ranged with their sheep. Kingdoms, empires and republics with fewer acres to their names have affected the whole history of civilization.

Like so much of California it was a region strong in soil and

weak in water. Rain fell upon it occasionally during four months of the year. These rains forced the wild grasses and flowers into a fantastic growth and profusion. And their sudden and complete cessation forced these same vegetables into a premature period of ripening and rest. Ponds evaporated to nothing. Rivers turned into sand and pebbles and dust. Here and there at wide intervals water from underground sources managed to exist as water until the replenishing rains came back again.

From the first of July until November the whole region was the color of very old dry hay, upon which the sunshine lay very thick and hot, and over which, every afternoon, a drying wind blew strongly.

There were many mountains and hills. And many of them were densely covered with chaparral. Chaparral is a miniature forest. It has about the same ratio to a squirrel that a regular forest has to a man. It is composed, and very densely, of twisted and tormented trees, some of which are very very old and all of which are very hard and tough. By midsummer it is a dead forest, brown and gray, and thick with dust. The roots of the chaparral trees are very fine grained and heavy. They burn like coal, and they come in handy when a sheep herder runs out of kerosene.

Deer, coyotes, bears and even lions have made roads and runways through the chaparral. So have sheep and cattle. It is a network of such roads and runways, twisting, turning, crossing and recrossing. Nearly all the bears and lions had long since passed out of the region over which Joe and Bolo herded their sheep, but like the ancient Romans the roads which they made have survived them.

But these roads are more like tunnels than roads. To follow those which the cattle have made, a man must be forever ducking his head. To follow the deer roads and the bear roads he must

double over and bend his knees. Only Bolo could follow the sheep into the chaparral and drive them out.

There was little for the sheep to eat in the chaparral and less for them to drink, but it had a perverse attraction for them. They soon, however, became confused even among the runways which they themselves had made, and gave themselves up for lost. Then they would find their tongues and bleat terribly for help and guidance, especially if night were falling.

Once every year Joe camped for some weeks near the spot where he had buried his wife. The cairn of limestone boulders and the wooden cross which marked her grave and prevented the coyotes from exhuming her body gave him pleasure. He was proud of it. It is not given to every man to build up with his own hands a pile of stones which will last indefinitely.

In this monument to the deaf and dumb woman, and in this protective covering for her humble body, the one creative impulse of his life had had its fulfillment.

The grave was almost a personality to him. In its neighborhood he enjoyed a sense of companionship. It was not the complete companionship which some men enjoy; not too much companionship; but enough.

II

SOMETIMES far off Joe and Bolo saw vast clouds of dust moving slowly in this direction or that. And they knew that these clouds of dust concealed other flocks of sheep, other sheep herders and other dogs.

Sometimes a man would emerge from one of these dust clouds and come toward them. It might take him an hour or even two hours to get to them. When they first saw him he might be five or six miles away; and many people would not have been able to see him at all. But Joe and Bolo had eyes like telescopes, and the moment the speck of a man emerged from his cloud of dust and began to move toward them Joe would think to himself: "That is Henry. He is out of tobacco." Or, "That is little Pico," or, "That is Alvarez. He still limps."

Without exception the veins and arteries of these sheep herders carried the blood of more than one race. Henry was more

Portuguese than Indian. Little Pico and Alvarez were more Indian than Spanish. They were silent and simple men. Their wills seldom entertained more than one purpose at a time. Henry, for instance, would come for the purpose of buying a little tobacco. When he had secured the tobacco another purpose would possess him to get back to his sheep.

Joe himself seldom paid visits to the other sheep herders. He was a forward-looking man and nearly always had everything that he needed packed away in his little gypsy wagon. He vastly preferred his own dust to that of others.

But there was one sheep herder whom Joe had seen perhaps a dozen times in as many years and for whom he had formed an attachment. And he never saw a cloud of dust without hoping that Mescal would presently emerge from it and come to ask him for something or other. And sometimes without any cloud of dust to remind him that such a man existed, some thought or other of Mescal would slip into his head, all by itself and without any invitation. How many sheep was Mescal herding? Had Mescal managed to cut the fox tail out of his dog's foot, or had the fox tail or some part of it (Continued on page 120)



At the grave Joe enjoyed a sense of companionship. Not too much companionship; but enough.



A LMA RUBENS, Paul Panzer and Lionel Barrymore in a dramatic and superbly acted scene from the powerful film play, "The Enemies of Women," written by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and presented by the Cosmopolitan Corporation.



JENISE CORDAY is one of the light-footed, light-hearted, youthful and winsome beauties that make the musical comedy success, "Sally, Irene and Mary."



EUGENIA REPELSKY, *one-time of the Imperial Opera Company of Moscow, does Russian dancing that is really Russian with the "Greenwich Village Follies."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANKULAN MURRAY



ANN MASON, who plays her first stellar part—and plays it with brilliant success—in that strange melodrama, "The Last Warning."

68

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE STUDIO

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By RUTH BURR SANBORN

*Showing that it is the quiet and persistent bird—
as well as the early one—that gets the worm*

The Younger Mr. BURRAGE

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

AT FIVE o'clock on the twenty-ninth of June, Philip Fairbain Burrage stepped down from the taxi that had brought him to the Burrage home on Eaton Avenue. The paying of the fare and the removal from the taxi of certain articles too precious to be entrusted to the expressman marked definitely the end of his college career and the beginning of something new.

Philip Fairbain looked exactly what he was—an awfully nice boy. He had awfully nice blue eyes that stared people up and down without making them uncomfortable, and an awfully nice squarish chin, and a nice slow smile that was rather worth waiting for. During his four years at the university he had distinguished himself academically in no way save by the narrowness of the margin by which he had passed his examinations.

On the football field he had distinguished himself by his ability to get in the way of the other team. Philip Fairbain did not play brilliantly, but he played hard and steadily and with enormous earnestness. That was the way Philip did things.

The strange thing about Philip Fairbain was that he was always getting his own way without seeming to do so at all. He never announced beforehand what he was going to do; he never annoyed people by arguing about how he was going to do it. But somehow, while the rival interest was planning how to spend the prize money when it came in, Philip was walking unobtrusively away with the prize in his pocket all the time.

"Thanks," said Philip to the driver. Then he thrust his head for a moment back inside the taxi. "Come, Plute," he said.

Plute came. Plute was the kind of dog that is more hound than anything else. His tail hung down straight behind, his head hung down before; he had about him the air of hanging down all over. When he raised his head, which was seldom, he displayed a large, rather whitish face with a tendency to pepper and saltiness round the muzzle. In the past one of his eyes had met with reverses, which gave it the appearance of being made of not very good green glass.

The Burrage home was a solid, reputable brick house, suited to the family of a solid, reputable business man of Mr. Burrage's connections. It had about it a capable, rather successful look not unlike that of Mr. Burrage himself.

In the hall Philip Fairbain and his father met. To Philip, Mr. Burrage appeared even more capable and more successful than he had during the Easter holidays. Mr. Burrage had an uncompromising face that ended in a particularly uncompromising chin.

"How do you do?" said Philip.

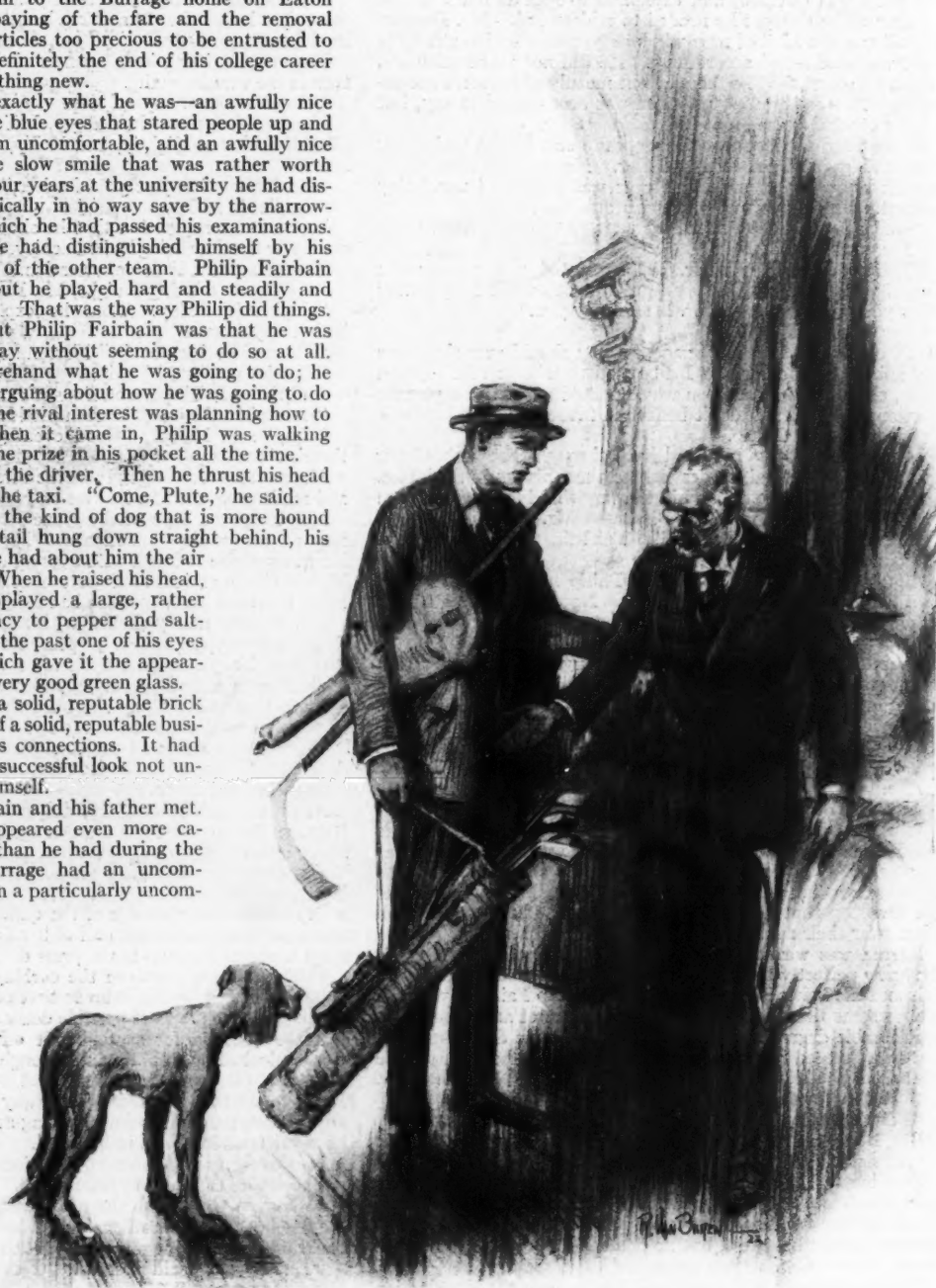
Mr. Burrage did not reply in kind. His cordiality, if he had meant any, was checked at its source by the sudden sight of Plute.

"What," he demanded, "is that?"

"A dog," said Philip Fairbain mildly.

"A dog!" shouted Mr. Burrage, his voice rising to its customary office pitch. "That thing! What you bringing it in here for?"

"It's my dog," Philip explained.



"What," Mr. Burrage demanded, "is that?" "A dog," said Philip Fairbain mildly.

"Your dog!" his father echoed with a fine sarcasm. "And where did you think you were going to put it?"

"In my room," said Philip.

At the sheer enormity of the outrage Mr. Burrage was for a moment silent, and Philip and Plute began to climb the stairs.

"Philip!" said Mr. Burrage.

"I'm afraid I'll have to take him up just for now," said Philip in a tone of gentle apology. "I couldn't leave him down here, could I?"

And Philip Fairbairn Burrage and his dog disappeared round the bend at the top of the stairs.

June thirtieth was among the most important days of Philip's life. In the morning he began his business career; in the evening he met Noreen Gordon.

At nine o'clock Mr. Burrage took Philip into the mahogany and leather office from which the famous Burrage Real Estate Company was directed, and explained to him as much of the business as he thought he needed to understand. Mr. Burrage himself was the kind of man who always made up his mind the right way and acted accordingly. He did not make mistakes. It was no secret that he thought but meanly of his son's attainments. Football was all right, he was accustomed to say, but it was not what he had sent Phil to college for.

Philip Fairbairn stood on the opposite side of the mahogany desk and gazed back at his father. No worries clouded his smooth brow; in his wide blue eyes was a kind of wondering interest. Philip's very calmness irritated his father.

"Well," he said, "so you're sure you want to work here?"

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

"Thirty dollars, then," Mr. Burrage stated, with the air of a sovereign delivering his ultimatum. "That's what I'd pay any other young man, and that's what I'll pay you."

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

"Of course," said Mr. Burrage, "if you should ever show any real ability for the business I'd be glad to take you in. If you don't, there's no more reason why I should make you a partner than anybody else. I don't believe in favoritism."

"No, sir," said Philip.

He rose and thrust his hand back through the shock of fair hair that was several shades lighter than his sunburned face. Something in the gesture and in the way that his tall young son towered over him inexpressibly irritated Mr. Burrage.

He rang a bell and had Philip Fairbairn taken away to be instructed in his new duties.

Almost exactly twelve hours later Philip met Noreen Gordon at a Linwood Country Club dance. Noreen Gordon was the season's sensation. She was reputed to be enormously clever. She was rich; she was traveled; she was beautiful. She wore strange lovely clothes and followed strange mad impulses that caught the imagination of the young people who made up the society of wealthy suburban Linwood. It was characteristic of Noreen Gordon that she had let her bobbed hair grow a little before anyone else had thought of it, and when all the other girls in her set struggled with dangling ends, she had no short ends to dangle. Noreen Gordon was that rare thing known inclusively as different.

Philip Fairbairn Burrage caught his first glimpse of her as she stood in one corner of the club house piazza walled round by her adorers. All the young men in Linwood were in love with Noreen Gordon. From the vantage point of his height and the one low step that led into the hunt room, Philip could look down over their adoring heads and see her plainly.

Noreen was wearing black. She was fond of black because she knew perfectly that it emphasized the red-gold in her tawny hair and the lights in her brown eyes. Philip Fairbairn watched her for some time with a considerable degree of attention and a considerable degree of pleasure. Then he came down from the low step that led into the hunt room and joined her group. He addressed himself to two men on the outskirts whom he knew.

"I want to meet her," he said.

"I don't blame you," said Kenard Warren moodily.

But Don McKeen was more obliging.

"All right," he said. "I guess I can manage it for you."

Don managed it. It was all the same to Don however many new men Noreen met; he knew that he had no chance anyway. It was rumored that just now the prospects of Mr. Hopkinson Bowers showed brightest, but no one could really tell, of course, where Noreen Gordon was concerned.

"I want to dance with you," said Philip when the introduction had been made.

He was dazzled by the glory of Miss Gordon, but he did not

forget what he had come for. In Philip's simple creed there was no guile; when he saw what he wanted he asked for it.

The group round Miss Gordon laughed, some of the men a bit too loudly.

"That's what we all want," someone said.

Noreen laughed too—lightly.

"Can't," she said. "I haven't any dances left."

"Extras?" asked Philip.

"Nothing," said Noreen Gordon. "They're all divided round in little pieces. And I hate being cut in on all the time."

"That's too bad," said Philip sympathetically.

For the greater part of the evening Philip Fairbairn Burrage stood in the doorway and watched Noreen Gordon drift past in the arms of those more fortunate than he. He liked to watch Noreen and he watched her. He watched her thoroughly. Members of the Linwood Country Club exchanged amused glances over the new victim of Noreen's charms.

After a time Philip missed her, and because he very much wanted to look at her some more he set out to find her. At last he did.

Noreen was sitting in one corner of the divan that stood at a turn in the winding stairs.

"May I sit here?" said Philip.

Noreen Gordon was half angry, half amused. She raised her shoulders ever so slightly, and Philip, taking it for permission, sat.

"Mr. Bowers has just gone for ices," Noreen told him.

"Yes," said Philip.

He made no suggestion that he should go away. He simply sat. For the time being he had achieved exactly what he wanted. Noreen made a little conversation.

"Aren't you dancing tonight, Mr. Burrage?" she asked.

"No," said Philip. Then he explained. "You said you hadn't any dances."

"There are other people," Noreen suggested.

"Not for me," said Philip.

And then Mr. Hopkinson Bowers came up with the ices.

"Here's Mr. Bowers," Noreen prodded Philip Fairbairn gently.

"Yes," said Philip. "Good evening, Mr. Bowers. I think there's room for all of us."

He moved over obligingly in the direction of Noreen Gordon, and made room for Mr. Bowers on his other side.

Noreen looked once at the grave face of Philip Fairbairn, and once at the purple countenance of Mr. Bowers, and smothered her quick desire to laugh with a spoonful of pistachio and cherry. Noreen Gordon might be clever and beautiful and rich in her own right, but more than that she had a sense of humor.

Mr. Bowers nearly choked with mingled pistachio and rage. Then he drew up a chair on the other side of Miss Noreen Gordon and took his place there with what dignity he could muster, while Noreen smiled provokingly into the middle distance.

From that point Philip Fairbairn did not take an active part in the conversation, but he was satisfied.

When Mr. Robinson came to claim Miss Gordon for the next dance, Philip rose with Mr. Bowers and bowed her gravely away. Then he went home.

At the end of his second five dollar day in the employ of G. H. Burrage, Philip saw Miss Gordon again. He was waiting at a street crossing when she drove up, dazzling in a long low-slung brown car of unmistakable manufacture. Noreen herself wore brown to match her car, with a touch of brightness in her floating scarf and the burnt orange of the quill in her saucy hat. There was arrogance in the very curl of her fingers as she put out her hand to signal her stop in the press of traffic.

Philip Fairbairn stood on the curbing and adored. With one hand he gripped his hat brim so that he might be able to snatch off his hat with the least possible delay when she should see him. But the occasion for snatching it off did not arise. Noreen Gordon looked over Philip and through him and round him, but no gleam of recognition brightened her eyes. And presently Philip found that she had driven away and that he was standing absurdly on the street corner, gaping at the place where she had been, with his hat brim in his hand.

It was partly this incident that decided him in what he had not been sure that he was going to do. He went home and called Miss Noreen Gordon on the telephone. She was in.

"It's hot," he said when at last he had the connection. "I could take you to ride at eight o'clock if you could go."

"Thank you," said Noreen. "I couldn't. I'm going to be busy."

There was a note of crisp finality in her voice. Philip Fairbairn ignored it.



Suddenly they came upon something not usually included in an exhibition of the Nichols estate. It was Noreen.

"I could take you at quarter past eight," he said, "if you could go then."

"I couldn't," Noreen repeated.

"I could take you——" began Philip.

Over the wire there came first a little bang, then a click, then silence. The little bang was Miss Noreen Gordon stamping her foot; the click was Miss Noreen Gordon hanging up the receiver. She was suddenly, unreasonably angry. She could not herself have told exactly why, and that very thing increased her wrath.

Then the telephone rang again.

"Hello," said Philip Fairbain, "I guess they cut us off. I was going to say that I could take you at half-past eight if you could go then."

As suddenly and unreasonably as she had been angry, Noreen was enormously amused. For an instant she struggled with her merriment; then she laughed frankly into the telephone.

"Well," she said, "you certainly have got a line."

"Yes," said Philip. "It's a bad line; cut our connection. Could you go at half-past eight?"

"Yes," said Noreen.

She was much more surprised than Philip to hear herself saying so. After all Philip had no way of knowing that Noreen had already refused five invitations for the evening in order that she might stay quietly at home and decide once for all whether she would or would not marry Mr. Hopkinson Bowers.

At eight-thirty they rode. Philip, weaving his way through the traffic on his way to the river drive, was conscious only of the warmth of rushing air and the nearness of Noreen Gordon. Noreen was wondering if, after all, she might decide that question while she rode.

Then something happened. Over the side of the car by Philip's left elbow something rose—something large and rather whitish with a not very good green eye on the nearer side.



For the greater part of the evening Philip Fairbain watched Noreen Gordon—thoroughly.

Noreen Gordon, who had no nerves, gave an honest start. "What is it?" she demanded. "It's a dog," Philip explained. Noreen recovered herself. She leaned forward and examined Plute's elevated countenance.

"Oh, yes," she said, "that's it! I knew it reminded me of something, and I couldn't think what."

Philip said nothing.

"Perhaps you'd better put him off now," Noreen suggested.

"I can't," said Philip. "He's my dog. He likes to ride on the step."

"How very interesting," Noreen murmured. "Who gave him to you?"

"I bought him," said Philip.

"No! Really?" she tormented him. "Aren't you extravagant!"

Philip had grown rather red under his tan, but he knew better than to try to defend himself. He was silent.

"I think you'd better put him off now," she suggested again.

"I can't," said Philip. "He couldn't keep up."

"Then you had better," said Noreen. "I'm so afraid he'll fall."

Philip Fairbain took his attention from the wheel long enough to glance briefly at Miss Gordon. His worst suspicions were confirmed.

"You're not really afraid he'll fall," he charged her gravely. "You don't want to be seen riding in a car that has him on the outside of it."

"You're so clever!" Noreen murmured.

There was a considerable silence. Then:

"I'll tell you what we could do," said Philip Fairbain. "We could take him inside."

Miss Gordon made a delicate gesture of distaste. "Whatever you do," she said, "don't let that beast in here."

"Well—all right," said Philip. "I'll leave him outside if you'd rather."

For a long moment Noreen Gordon could not decide whether to be very angry or very much amused. She was distinctly not accustomed to this treatment. At last she laughed.

"Well," she said, "you certainly have got a brand new line all your own."

"I haven't any line," said Philip.

"And that," said Noreen, "is part of it."

Philip pondered for some time over what she meant by this.

As a whole, however, Philip found the ride entirely satisfactory. For the time being he had exactly what he wanted. He was content to urge his car onward through the warm June twilight and know that she was there beside him, to feel the touch of her shoulder as she swayed toward him on the turns, to steal a glance at her now and then and see the bewildering color of her hair. He was quite content to let Noreen do most of the talking. If Noreen said that he had a line, he was content to have one.

II

TAKING everything together it was rather a long summer for Philip Fairbain. There was little tennis and less golf, and no long vacations in the woods, and no deep sea fishing off the coast of Maine. It was increasingly borne in on Philip that he had never had to work before.

Nevertheless he pegged away at his thirty dollar job with a kind of resolute enthusiasm. He went at selling houses hard and earnestly as he had gone at football, and he told the whole truth about the property which he handled with a completeness that would have shocked his more conservative father.

From the beginning his sales were rather good. There was something about Philip's slow smile and the directness of his look that made everyone want to own a house. The fact that Mr. Burrage was not impressed by the things that his son sold was chiefly because he had known in advance that his son would not sell anything.

On the whole it was not a dull summer, either for Philip or for any of the other young men in Linwood; for Noreen Gordon was at least spasmodically in town. Noreen was not summering at any of the resorts where it had been her custom to summer in former years, and though she was forever dashing off for brilliant parties at shore or lake or mountains, she was as forever dashing back again to enliven Linwood. The fact was that Noreen had become interested in architecture and landscape gardening, and had thrown herself into the study of these subjects with the enthusiasm which she always lavished on her whims. She was

taking two courses in the summer school, she told everyone, and simply couldn't be away from the city for long at a time.

Noreen attended lectures with gusto; she filled little leather volumes with hastily scribbled notes; she peeped and botanized all over greater Boston. Sometimes she let Philip drive her about the city while she scrutinized its architecture and wrote down her impressions of it on bits of paper which she presently lost.

Philip always remembered as one of their best times together the Saturday afternoon when they went out to look at the old Nichols place. He had showed it to her a little timidly as a curiosity, and she had been pleased beyond his wildest dreams. The old Nichols mansion had been built and the Nichols grounds laid out some forty years before by Augustine Antony Nichols. Augustine Nichols had had a very great deal of money, and had believed in getting his money's worth. When he had laid out his estate he had undoubtedly done so. No one could have got any more on any estate. Since his death some years before it had been in the hands of G. H. Burrage. As yet no one had bought it.

Philip took Noreen up a long winding drive edged with strange vegetation, and round the back of the house to the porte-cochère at the side. There was revealed gradually to Noreen's startled eyes an immensity of great tawdry wooden building, originally painted one of the more offensive shades of mustard yellow, and ornamented with a wealth of pie-crust trimming round the eaves.

"Mid-Victorian," Noreen murmured.

They went inside first, through the great echoing rooms with their black marble fireplaces and their jingling chandeliers and their floors laid down in patterns like so many patchwork quilts.

Noreen was delighted. She had never before seen anything so consistently dreadful, and she hurried on ahead of Philip from room to room, keeping up a fire of exclamation and comment as she went.

"Oh just see!" she cried. "See that mantelpiece—hand carved all over—with Venetian scenes. Look—there's a gondola. And think of the good crystal they wasted on that electric light thing. It would have made a string of glass beads for everyone in the city. Isn't the whole thing a crime?"

"Yes," said Philip.

He was less interested in the crime committed twenty years earlier by Augustine Nichols than he was in the poise and swing of Noreen's slender figure in its white sport suit.

They opened the front door.

"It would have a knocker, wouldn't it?" Noreen laughed. "Lion couchant."

Then she gasped. She had not really seen the front of the estate before, and the full effect burst upon her at once.

"Oh—oh—oh!" she cried. "A brick terrace and two steps down into a French parterre—in front of *this* house. And—oh Phil!—do I see a sunken Italian garden in the distance?"

"Yes," said Philip.

He followed her down the two brick steps and along one of the formal paths of the French parterre. The geometrical regularity of the garden as a whole and the neat way in which the squares and triangles and rectangles and trapezoids of the beds were fitted together was quite unspoiled by neglect.

"It makes you wonder what it was that you used to know about the square of the hypotenuse, doesn't it?" Noreen laughed.

"Yes," said Philip obligingly.

We are sorry to have to say, however, that this was not strictly true. What he was really wondering at the time was whether Miss Gordon would let him take her somewhere for tea.

At the lower end of the garden two sentinels clipped from box stood beside the path.

"Topiary work," Noreen murmured again.

A little farther on a granite dove drank perpetually from a granite bowl.

Then they went down more steps and into the Italian garden—a maze of graveled paths and strange plants and strange stiff seats with a great deal of carving. In the center was a spraying fountain. Philip turned the water on and it sprayed. Noreen laughed out in delight.

"I'm going to come and sketch this place some day," she said, "for a horrible example in my gardening class."

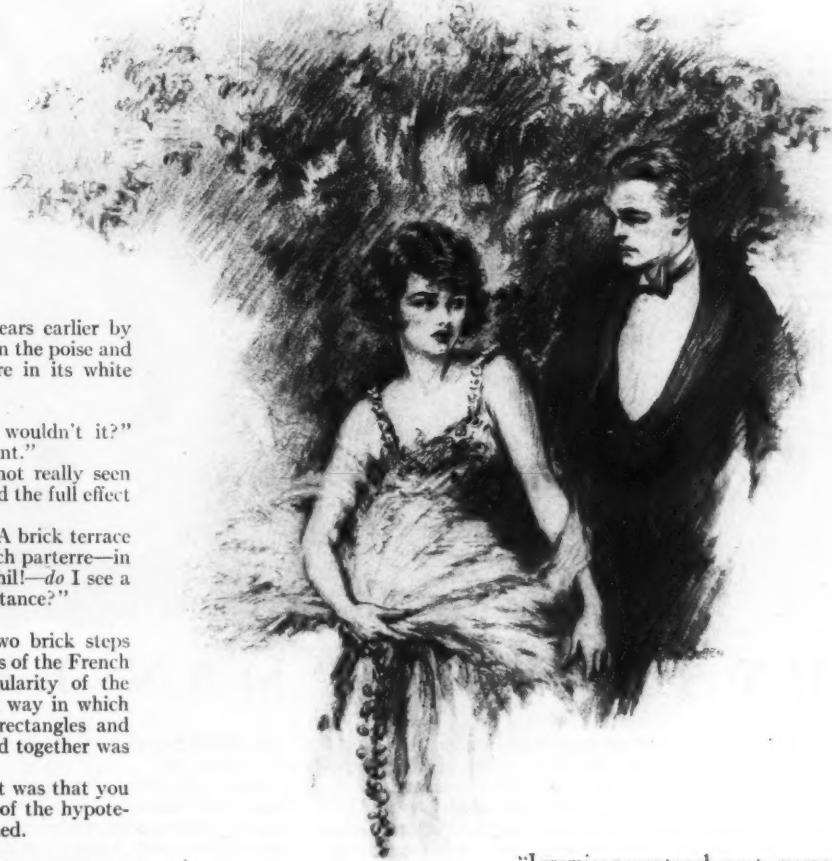
Philip and Noreen sat beside the spraying fountain on a cold stone seat and looked about them. On one side Diana ran fleetly through the greenwood, with her marble hair flying in the wind and her marble petticoat flapping round her knees; on the other a noble buck, unconscious of his danger, stood gazing into the distance and chewing his marble cud. Just opposite two fat cupids sat on a kind of perch and fitted their arrows to their bows.

"Kind of a hunting scene," said Philip.

This remark was among the most successful that he had ever made to Noreen Gordon. It was on the strength of it that he had courage to ask her to go to tea.

It may have been partly because of it too that she accepted. At any rate she was very nice to him, and his afternoon was a success.

But fortune and Noreen Gordon were not always kind to Philip that summer. Indeed, Noreen treated him at all times with the utmost caprice. Sometimes she was gracious; sometimes she was almost rude. Sometimes (Continued on page 135)



"I promise never to ask you to marry me," said Philip. "Thanks," said Noreen. "That's very reassuring."

WHY IS *THAT* MAN LEAVING? B.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHY IS *YOUR* MAN LEAVING Y

IT IS a thing which every married woman ought to look out for. If what causes it is allowed to go on, because undiscovered—presto! love will fly, and what is more serious, the man will use his own means to loosen his bonds. For it must never be forgotten that the most honorable man *to men*, and to general principles, has quite a different code for his conscience when dealing with women.

I have explained the reason of this peculiarity frequently in my books and articles, but to make what I am going to write about understood I must explain it again. There is no use in dealing only with *results*; the sensible thing is to search for the

cause, if we want to take a just view upon any subject under discussion.

Every principle and point of view obtaining in the present time is the result of ideas in the past having been impressed upon the subconscious mind of man through the ages, so that these ideas become instincts at last, and the conscious mind does not reason about them but just accepts them. Thus in the beginning man did not consider woman as an equal; she was almost a beast of burden and a chattel, like everything else which was weaker than himself. Then when the time came for him to have to consider her more, she still was in entire

G? By James Montgomery Flagg



G YOU? By ELINOR GLYN

subjection to him as either wife or daughter. He could order and had to be obeyed merely because he was a *man*—not because he had a character which commands obedience. He could do as he pleased and had not to give an account of his actions or suffer restraint in any way. Then gradually woman emerged and tried to assert herself—and man found that it saved fuss to lie to her. He felt no dishonor about this because in no way did he consider her an equal—honor was for his dealings with men.

To lie to a woman to make things go smoothly and save himself trouble was no more to him than humoring a tricky horse, because in that way he got more out of the creature than by

thrashing it to bits—all this not because man is a cruel brute but simply because of the result of primitive conditions.

Then civilization advanced, and the laws of chivalry grew to be a force. But by that time the idea that it was quite natural to lie to woman, in man had become an *instinct*.

It takes many generations of deliberate training to produce, or eradicate, an instinct, however much the conscious reason may go against it.

Thus in the present day man's subconscious mind still feels there is not the same dishonor in lying to a woman as in lying to a man. Even though if he were asked (Continued on page 128)



This is a photograph of
an authentic poison ring
of the Middle Ages.

A. That Carval put sugar in the ring, just as he claimed, and:

- 1. That Kildare and he both died of heart failure.*
- 2. That Kildare died of heart failure, but that there was still some poison lingering in the bottom of the ring, which killed Carval.*
- 3. That both died of the poison lingering in the ring.*
- 4. That Kildare discovered what Carval had put in the ring and replaced it with real poison from which both of them died.*

B. That Carval put potassium cyanide in the ring, and:

- 5. That Kildare died of it, while Carval died of heart failure.*
- 6. That both died of the potassium cyanide.*
- 7. That Kildare died of the potassium cyanide, but that Carval died of the poison lingering in the bottom of the ring.*
- 8. That Kildare died of heart failure before the poison touched his lips and that Carval was the only one who in fact took it, thus paying the penalty for his treachery.*

MR. TRAIN, who wrote the story, prefers No. 2.

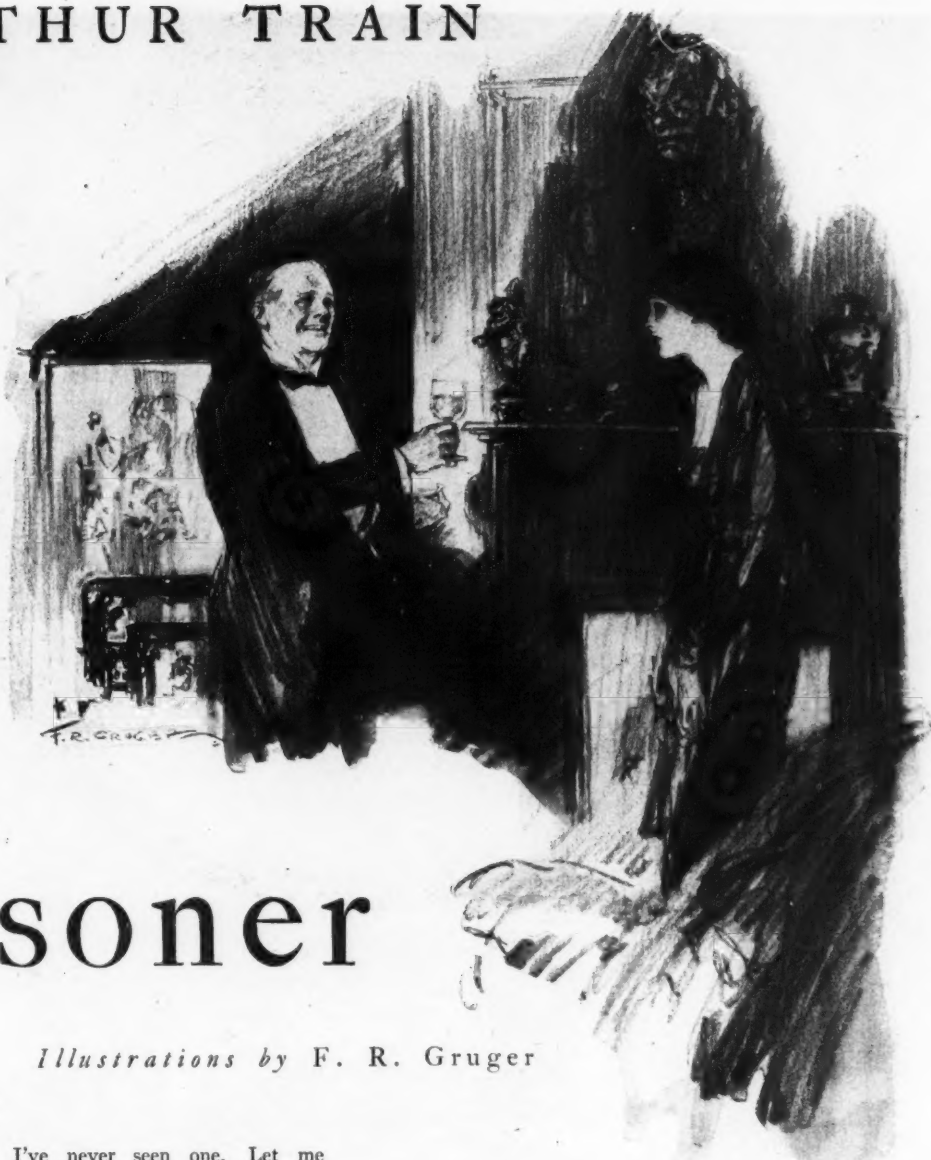
The Editor of *COSMOPOLITAN* prefers No. 7.

Read the story; then decide which you prefer.

By ARTHUR TRAIN

The Poisoner

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger



"A POISON RING? I've never seen one. Let me look at it."

Kyran Kildare slipped the ring from his thin finger, so little characteristic of a sculptor, and held it out under the yellow lamplight towards his friend Carval, at whose house he had been dining.

"Yes, that is what it is—a poison ring. Made by Benvenuto Cellini for one of the Medici—probably Cosimo himself. Look at that intaglio! Isn't it exquisite?" His narrow, sensitive face was aglow.

Oswald Carval took the ring and examined it with interest, agreeing mentally that the sculptor's delight in it was fully justified. He did not share all of Kildare's enthusiasms by any means, but this exquisitely chased and chiseled thing was something quite out of the ordinary.

"H'm!" he mused. "I wonder did they actually carry poison around in those things!"

As an analytical chemist he was professionally interested in poisons.

"Do you see that tiny excrescence below the medallion? Press it!" said Kildare.

But Carval's thick fingers were too clumsy; and the sculptor took back the ring and with his thumb nail easily released the spring. The beryl on which the intaglio was cut flew back, revealing a hollow receptacle beneath, perhaps a quarter of an inch in diameter and depth.

"You'd make a poor poisoner!" he laughed.

"Think so?" grinned Carval. "Where did you get it?"

"Just luck! They're hard to get. A queer old uncle of mine, who lives in Florence, bought it of a bankrupt *marchese*—one of

"If I wasn't telling the truth," exclaimed Carval, "do you think I'd dare do this?"

the 'new poor,' you know—and let me have it for the same price. There's no question as to its genuineness. It's a family heirloom."

"They had powerful poisons!" said Carval. "It's strange we don't know more about them. I suppose one reason is that in those days chemistry—or alchemy as they called it—was popularly regarded as akin to necromancy—the Black Art—and as having something distinctly devilish about it."

"Well, isn't there?" inquired Kildare. "Your chemist is the only real sorcerer!"

"Quite the contrary," returned Carval with a faint smile on his florid face. "My profession is most banal. The age of poison is over; the age of the antiseptic is here. Bicarbonate of soda—not bichloride of mercury!"

"What is that?"

"Bichloride of mercury? Well, that and potassium cyanide are about the only modern poisons that ring could hold effectively. Dilute either in water and put a drop on the end of a dog's tongue and he'll never wag his tail again!"

"Poor dog!" Kildare shuddered, and a shadow passed over his face—a face almost as finely chiseled as those of the Pallas Athene on the intaglio. "Do you suppose they knew about potassium cyanide in those days?"

"Very likely. That may be what your ring contained."

Kildare, the "Wild Irishman" as his Bohemian friends called



"So Nicoletta is false to me! Ha!" I fill the goblets with red wine and, turning aside, empty the

him, lifted his chin with a peculiar gesture, as if by so doing he could get an angle of vision by which he might look down the vista of the ages.

"I wonder!" he sighed. "I know a chap who always carries a little phial of some such stuff around with him so that in the event of accident or fire he can escape a death of agony."

"A very dangerous expedient!" replied the chemist. "There are moments when most men, if the means were readily at hand, might be tempted to take their lives without any real justification."

"Well, why shouldn't they?" demanded Kildare. "Their lives are their own. Like as not I may take it into my head to cheat the hangman myself some day."

"Don't talk nonsense!" warned his friend.

"I mean it!" retorted the sculptor.

"Anyhow, I advise you to be careful how you monkey with

that thing," said Carval. "The inside of it looks clean enough, but that ring may have been tucked away in a chest somewhere for the last five hundred years. Poisons are very persistent. They lose nothing of their potency through age."

Kildare looked into the ring.

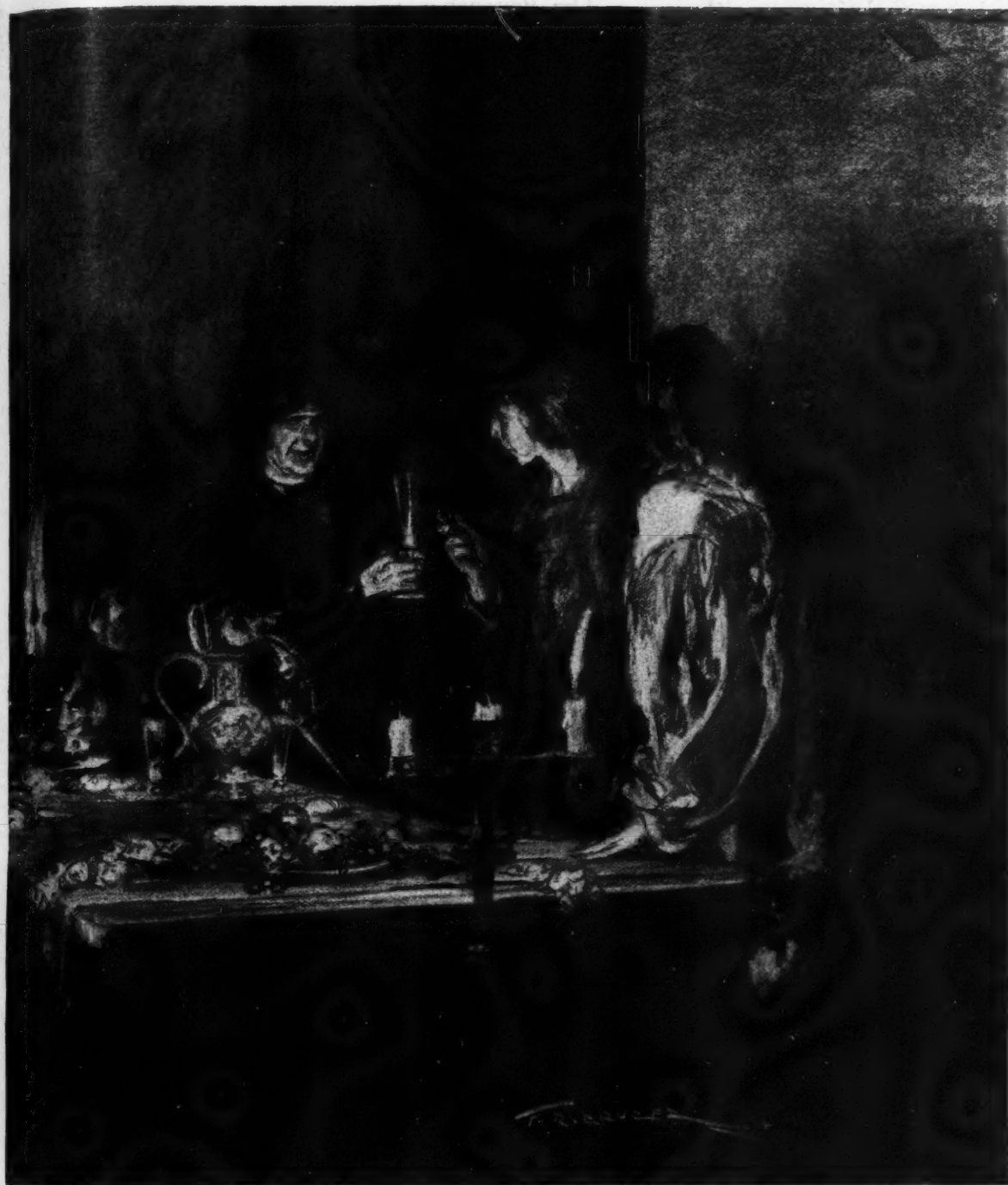
"By George! Do you mean that if by remote chance this cavity still contained some tiny speck of what do you call it—one so small you couldn't see it even—that it could still do the trick?"

"Yes," answered Carval. "I know of a case where that actually happened—in Atlanta, Georgia!"

Kildare slid the ring on his finger, lighted a cigarette and leaned back, his long legs crossed upon a carved teakwood taboret.

"Funny mind you've got to remember that sort of thing! Fancy—Atlanta, Georgia!"

"My memory for fact is good enough." Carval did not seem



contents of this ring into the one destined for you. 'Let us drink to the fair Nicoletta,' I cry."

to resent the slur upon its selective aspect. "As for poisons persisting, there's nothing peculiar in that. Nothing in nature is destructible. You merely shatter the arrangement of molecules which form a new combination."

Kildare nodded.

"Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away?"

"Exactly. An atom of cyanide is now and ever will be—an atom of cyanide. You can't annihilate it. Nothing in nature is ever lost—not even a light ray."

"Who then can doubt immortality!" murmured Kildare. "If the flash of the seagull's wing, the song of the nightingale, the lover's whisper, the first gleam of the evening star are never lost, but live forever! Rather beautiful, that!"

Carval eyed him tolerantly. Visionaries and poets were not in his line.

"Unfortunately immortality is not confined merely to the beautiful," he remarked.

Kildare's face darkened.

"Doubtless true!" he admitted. "I suppose the poison of slander is as persistent as that of your cyanide."

"From what I know of the Cinquecento it was as popular as any other," said Carval drily.

Kildare turned the ring slowly around on his finger.

"The Golden Age for all that! Even if they had the vices of their virtues. They knew how to live. At white heat—the only way. Nothing's worth while that's not done with passion. After all, you can forgive anything done in hot blood, can't you? Of course there were a lot of treacherous folk too, smiling villains. But most of 'em, if they were going to run you through, shouted first 'On guard!'"

"The poisoner didn't," retorted the chemist grimly.

"No," assented Kildare. "But even so, poisoning was a well recognized means to an end. By St. Gregory! To have that ring on my finger, and to know that it has held death for so many gallant men and beautiful women, makes me feel like one of the Sforzas or Borgias myself!"

He sprang from his chair and stood on the hearthrug in front of his phlegmatic friend.

"Can't you imagine our dining here together like this six hundred years ago in Florence? You have come at my invitation with a few of our friends to taste some rare old Falernian or to plan for some amorous adventure. There is Annibal Caro, Baccio Bandinelli, the Marquis del Vasto, Luigi Pulci, Giulio Romano, perhaps Arturo Traiano, the Pope's chamberlain, or even Orazio Baglioni himself—a gay and distinguished company. Your pages loiter outside. Within, a wandering bard has just sung a ballad for us, and you have thrown him a piece of gold. My servant enters bearing a great golden flagon—one of Cellini's masterpieces—places it upon the table among the garlands and sweetmeats, and bowing, retires. Can't you see him?"

He waved his hand towards the door.

"'Good my lord,'" quoth I, 'and how doth your lordship with the fair Lucrezia?'

"'Lucrezia!' say you. 'Nay, I have no longer interest in the wench. I have a new mistress—Nicoletta, the daughter of Strozzi the Armorer.'

"Like the sting of an adder the name plunges through my heart. So Nicoletta is false to me! Ha! From the flagon I fill the goblets brimming with red wine and, turning quickly aside, open my ring—this very ring!—and empty its contents into the one destined for you.

"'Good my lord,' I cry, 'let us drink to the fair Nicoletta!'

"Unsuspecting, you lift the goblet to your lips.

"'To Nicoletta!' they all shout.

"Suddenly you turn pale, the goblet crashes to the floor, you clutch wildly at the table. The Baglioni catches you in his arms. But already you are dead!"

Kildare acted out the imaginary scene with all the ardor of his volatile temperament. Those unaware that he was the only child of an Italian mother and an Irish father sometimes thought him queer—at times almost irrational—for his moods followed one another quickly, plunging from reckless gaiety to deep depression.

Carval's pale gray eyes regarded him calmly.

"And then," he grunted, "my good friend, Arturo Traiano, the chamberlain to His Holiness, promptly runs you through with his snickersnee!"

Kildare did not seem to hear him. He was standing with one hand upon his forehead and with the other, upon which shone the ring, extended towards the lamp.

"Tomorrow," he cried, "I shall do a bust of Benvenuto! My *magnum opus*! The ring will be my inspiration. It will be the talisman opening the gate to the Cinquecento. I shall live at the court of Cosimo and move among the noble ladies, the gallants, courtiers, pages, men at arms, priests, foreign envoys and artists that filled his palace!" He turned suddenly to Carval. "But as it is, the talisman is incomplete. You must give me some poison, some of that potassium cyanide, to put in it. Unless the ring is exactly as it was in the days of Benvenuto it will have no potency."

Carval allowed the smoke of his cigarette to wreath itself slowly from his nostrils.

"Nonsense!" he answered presently. "What a crazy idea!"

"I am quite in earnest," declared Kildare excitedly. "A businessman like you doesn't understand. It might mean all the difference between success and failure. No doubt you have some of the stuff right here in your laboratory."

His glance shifted to a door at the end of the room. Carval shrugged his shoulders.

"Haven't you?" persisted Kildare.

"Perhaps."

"Then give it to me!"

"My dear fellow, the law doesn't permit it."

"But I ask it as a favor."

He was pleading now—half beside himself, it seemed to Carval.

"No—no! It's quite impossible!"

"I beg of you!"

For perhaps half a minute Carval did not reply. His stolid rather beefy countenance gave no inkling of his thoughts.

Kildare crossed over and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"If you are my friend!" he said with emotion. "As a friend I ask it!"

Carval took several puffs from his cigarette.

"Oh well!" he replied finally. "If it means as much to you as all that!"

He arose with his customary deliberation and walked slowly to the door leading to his laboratory.

Kildare's glance followed the thickset figure until it disappeared. A good friend, Carval! A conscientious chap, too. His eyes wandered round the room. But what appalling taste! However, what could you expect from a chemist—a manufacturing chemist at that? Carval's only lengthy vacation had been a trip to China, and he had filled his drawing room with what he regarded as artistic trophies of his visit—deformed bronze idols, hideous grinning masks, grotesque images of wild animals, terrifying implements of torture and of war, massive tables and cabinets of teak, horrible black and yellow screens. But what particularly tortured Kildare was the fact that the room in which these treasures had been so methodically arranged had white woodwork picked out in gold, a pink satin wall covering and a brown Brussels carpet. Nevertheless, Kildare was fond of this practical friend of his and admired the traits in the other which he did not himself possess. Presently he sat down again and once more examined the beauties of the ring.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the door, in his white tiled laboratory the practical friend was standing before a row of jars upon a glass shelf.

"If that is what he wants—" he muttered to himself.

He took down one of the jars.

A few minutes later Carval came back holding in his palm a paper on which was a tiny pile of white powder.

"There!" he said, as one might to a child. "I'll let you have this upon one condition—that you will never let anyone know I gave it to you. It would make me liable to criminal prosecution."

"I promise," agreed Kildare. "Now put it in the ring."

He pressed the spring and the intaglio flew back, revealing the pyramidal hollow beneath. Then he held it out, still upon his finger. Carval shook his head.

"Is it as dangerous as all that?" asked Kildare.

"One never knows!" replied Carval ominously. "Give me the ring."

He made a cone of the paper and with the utmost caution poured its contents into the receptacle. They were both astonished at the amount it held. Evidently the bottom was deeper than appeared. When it was all in Carval moistened it slightly with a medicine dropper in order that it might cake, and snapped back the intaglio.

"There you are!" he said. "There's enough stuff in there to kill a thousand dogs—or men."

Kildare put it back eagerly on his finger.

"I can't thank you enough!" he cried. "I don't blame you for thinking me an idiot—but honestly, it will make all the difference. Now I shall really feel as if the shade of Benvenuto were at my elbow. You shall see something worthy of the period of—poison! And now, old man, I must hurry along. I think I'll drop in on Margaret for a moment before going home. Shall I give her your regards?"

"By all means," answered Carval, placing the paper in the grate, where it writhed for a moment before bursting into flame. He knew that Miss Welford was to be out that evening, but he saw no object in letting Kildare know that he knew. "I hope you're satisfied. Remember now—one drop of that stuff! Well, if you must be off. Good night."

II

KILDARE, disappointed in his attempt to call upon Miss Welford, returned dejectedly to his studio on Washington Square. He had been keen to show Margaret the ring and to tell her of his plan to do the bust of Cellini, yet it was characteristic of him that he preferred to take a chance on finding her out than call her up and make an appointment by telephone. Kildare did not like telephones; and he abominated electricity, alarm clocks and stiff shirts. His apparent disregard of many conventions, however, was due less to opposition to them than to the fact that his mind was apt to be on something else. He was impulsive, temperamental and wholly irresponsible about his engagements, all of which, he maintained, should be taken as made with a mental reservation.

His friends, who were many, forgave these eccentricities on account of his gentleness, loyalty and high spirits, for he always made a "party" of anything that might be toward, irrespective of who composed the gathering, exhausting himself in story telling, games and all sorts of horseplay. In consequence he was in universal demand, which interfered sadly with his work.



"I turns around," Mrs. O'Connell told Margaret. "and sees him lying there on the floor dead."

He had a small income, enough to live on, and that was all he wanted. He drank a little, though not immoderately, but because his sensitive temperament reacted quickly to alcohol he got credit for drinking more than he really did. He had some talent but was easily discouraged, and as he inevitably insisted on doing everything differently from the way agreed

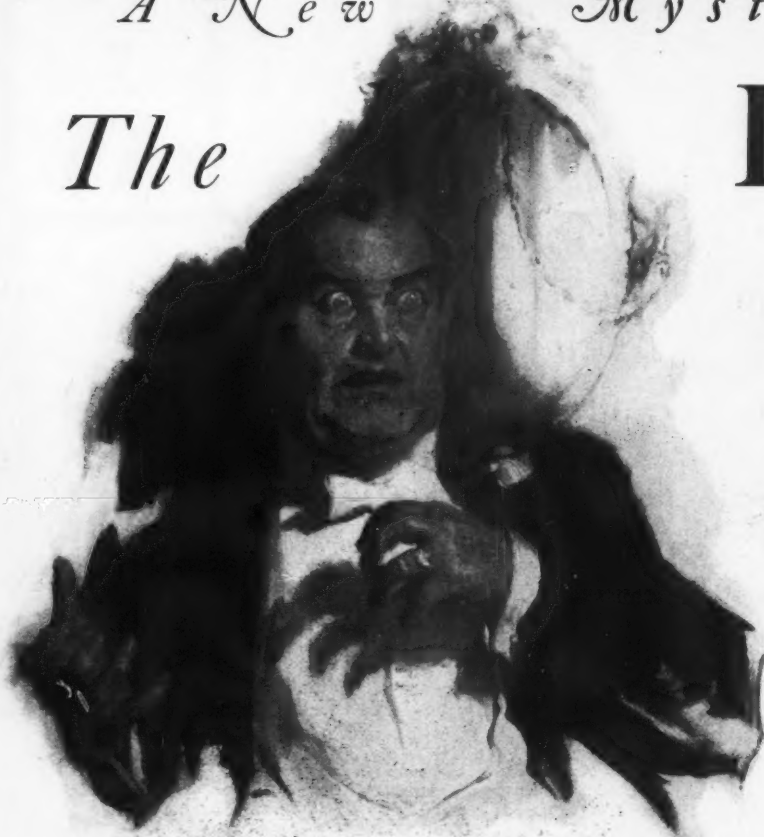
upon, and frequently in an outburst of temper destroyed work which had taken months of his own and his sitter's time, got few orders.

A charming crank! One of those vague irresponsibles you stumble upon in a Dublin pothouse or at tea at Lady Gregory's; a mediaeval spirit in a Sinn Fein body; (Continued on page 156)

The

Lone

RETU



Morpheus

stood transfixed, stunned eyes seeking the doorway.

A Résumé of Part One:

THE story takes place in the New York of today. It concerns:

MICHAEL LANYARD, THE LONE WOLF, once prince of European jewel thieves, now a member of the British Secret Service on leave of absence.

EVE DE MONTALAIS, whom he loves as he has never loved before—a woman of beauty, of charm, of wealth.

MORPHEW, powerful New York bootlegger and director of criminals.

PAGAN, a satellite of Morpheus's.

MALLISON, gentleman crook and member of Morpheus's crew.

LIANE DELORME, demi-mondaine and one-time underworld acquaintance of the Lone Wolf.

MRS. FOLLIOTT MCFEE, who is piquant and inordinately rich, whose nickname is FOLLY and who lives up to it.

Between Michael Lanyard and Eve de Montalais there exists a singularly deep understanding. He has just declared his love for her; "yet I may not," he says, "ask you to become my wife." Pressed for a reason, "Wherever I go," he tells her, "I am a marked man. Hunted. Society never has patience with the penitent." He cannot ask Eve to share such a life. In the back of his mind, too, lies the reason that he is now poor, Eve rich.

Eve will not accept his reasoning. As they talk (at the Ritz) enters a curiously forbidding personality, who seems from a near by table covertly to be watching them. They have seen this man before. Eve shivers. Lanyard confesses to an instinctive foreboding that their paths will somehow cross.

That night, parting from Eve, he kisses her for the first time. Thereafter Lanyard knows that despite all difficulties he must make his new life as a criminal who has reformed such that he can marry Eve without bringing on her disgrace and hardship.

Returning homeward down Fifth Avenue pondering this problem, he unexpectedly runs into Liane Delorme, whom he

Illustrations by

had last seen in Paris years before. She greets him with effusive affection and insists on his accompanying her to the Clique Club. She knows a great deal about his new life, and does not take his reform too seriously. And at the Club—a post-Prohibition drinking and gambling affair—as they talk, Morpheus and his crew come in—the sinister personality Eve and Lanyard had seen at the Ritz. Folly is among them, wearing immensely valuable emeralds.

After introductions and a little this and that, Lanyard and Morpheus are left alone. At once, indirectly, Morpheus puts to Lanyard a proposal: that Lanyard shall take up his old thieving trade, Morpheus protecting him from the police in return for a large share of each haul.

Lanyard's eyes are ugly with anger. "At the first sign," he counters, "of any disposition on your part to meddle further in my affairs, I will seek you out and break this stick, or a stouter one, over your back." He turns to walk out of the room. The door is locked.

"It may interest you to know," then says Morpheus quietly, "that I am the proprietor of this joint. You've got to come to me. If you don't, I'll prove you committed every burglary of any size in this town; and if that isn't enough, I'll plant others on you. You'll come across to me or go up the River for life."

"I would as willingly," answers Lanyard, gripping his stick, "go up for manslaughter."

At that moment the door is flung open, there is a din of voices, and a waiter appears. "Monsieur Morpheus," he stutters, "the police! A raid! A raid!"

Part Two: CHAPTER IV

WITH an incoherent bellow of rage and astonishment Morpheus reared up out of his chair, overturning it. But that was all; instantaneously something like a paralysis of consternation transfixed him, so that he stood with huge hands fluttering feebly and knees quaking under his great weight, the light dimming behind the bleached flesh of his face, jaw sagging and stunned eyes seeking the doorway.

Through this, a froth of noise upon the uproar from below, came sounds of scuffling and voices angry and remonstrant. In the corridor a confused movement was visible, a knot of figures fell apart, Liane Delorme broke through and, ghastly with pallor beneath her war paint, strode breathlessly into the room, one strong sweep of her perfectly modeled arm brushing aside the jabbering Theodore.

Mallison followed her closely, like a fearful child tagging at its mother's skirts, with the slinking tread and something of the witless look of a cowed animal peering through the sleek surface of his comeliness. And that this look little belied his state of mind was shown by the nervous shy he gave when Lanyard, satisfied there was nothing to be gained by more delay, made for the door.

el By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Wolf TURNS

by W. D. Stevens

The corridor was choked with people, flustered waiters mixed in with guests whom the alarm had routed out of the other private rooms, all aimlessly milling about and questioning one another with vacant eyes and babbling tongues. Nobody offered to stay Lanyard; on the other hand nobody offered to get out of his way. Pagan passed him, plying busy elbows, his habitual leer erased. Of Mrs. McFee one saw nothing.

Halfway to the head of the staircase the jam on the narrow landing grew too dense to be penetrated other than by main strength and ill will; and, crowded against the banisters, Lanyard waited a general movement that would permit him to proceed.

Looking down over the handrail, he commanded a view of the first landing, the stage of a more lively scene as guests and employees of the "club" stampeding for the stairs were checked, hustled and bully-ragged by a squad of police, readily to be picked out by their flat-topped blue caps, and a number of plain-clothes men, quite as conspicuously badged by those weatherworn derbies lacking which self-respecting police detectives consider themselves no sportsmen in their attitude toward lawbreakers.

Hectoring cries of authority, plain profanity of an unimaginative citizenry and yammering of hysterical women manufactured a clamor that drowned out all lesser noises till somebody near Lanyard used stentorian lungs to suggest the roof as a possible way of escape; upon which advice the whole body of people surged toward the third flight of stairs.

In that moment, while clinging to the banister rail to keep from being swept along, Lanyard heard his name shrilled in a pathetic voice and saw Mrs. McFee struggling in the rush, the violet eyes darkly dilate with dismay, the mouth of a child tremulous with appeal. Immediately Lanyard threw himself toward her. Tripped and jostled till her strength failed, his arms alone saved the young woman from going down under those panic feet. Then putting his shoulders to the press, he dragged her out of the worst of it and into the semi-shelter of a jog in the wall, in front of which he planted himself as a screen.

"Now we're all right," he said cheerfully. "Take it easy and don't worry."

"But I can't help worrying!" the small person objected, clutching the lapels of his dress coat with importunate hands. "How can I, if I'm going to be arrested and put in jail and brought up in a police court with all these awful people? The shame of it! the disgrace!"

"If you'll trust to me," Lanyard suggested, "I think I can promise you none of those calamities will happen."

"But how can you—"

"I'm sure I know a way . . ."

As he spoke, with no warning whatsoever the house from cellar to roof was drenched with darkness absolute.



Liane Delorme

ghostly with pallor beneath her war paint, strode into the room.

This thing befell with stupefying dramatic force. Where there had been deafening hubbub and confusion to confound the readiest, a lull of a long moment succeeded, during which every voice was hushed and nobody stirred. In this breathing spell Lanyard found time to divine what had happened: that some creature of Morpheus's, acting possibly on inspiration but more probably in conformance with a plan preconceived against such an emergency, had disconnected the master switch of the electric wiring system for the house. Then Folly McFee whimpered in new fright and caught him closer to her; and in another breath the turmoil revived in redoubled volume.

Lanyard lifted his hands to the woman's and gently disengaged them.

"There, Mrs. McFee! don't be alarmed. They've simply shut off the lights to give the people the police are after a chance to escape. If you will only calm yourself and have a little faith in me, I'll get you out of this in a jiffy, and no harm done."

"But my wrap! I can't go without my wrap—I'd catch my death! And my hand bag, too—I left it on the table—"

"I'll find them for you; it won't delay us a minute . . ."

Lanyard swept the darkness roundabout with an extended hand, which came into contact with nothing; then, satisfied

that the landing was now practically clear, drew the woman out of her corner and coolly wound an arm around her.

"I'll be better able to avoid losing you this way," he explained. "Hope you don't mind."

"No-o," said the small voice. "I think—I believe I rather like it."

In witness whereof, she snuggled . . .

For all that unmitigated murk Lanyard experienced no difficulty in finding the way back to the right door.

"Hello?" he called, pausing on its threshold. "I've got Mrs. McFee here, safe and sound. Somebody make a light; I noticed candles on the mantelpiece . . ."

Nothing answered him. But this he had discounted. Releasing the woman and bidding her stop where she was, he struck a match whose flare revealed a room deserted.

Folly McFee gave a gasp of astonishment: "Where are they?"

"In sound American slangage," Lanyard replied, crossing to the fireplace and applying the flame to the wicks of molded and tinted candles that decorated its mantel, "our friends have flown the coop. You see, Morpheus told me just now that he's the proprietor of these premises; so I'm inclined to suspect the lights were put out to permit him to make a clean getaway . . . But here's your wrap." He draped the sable robe around the woman's shoulders. "And your bag," he added, finding the same where Folly had left it.

"But I don't understand!" she protested, lifting a bewildered small face to the light.

"I never imagined you would, Mrs. McFee," Lanyard laughed,

catching up one of the candlesticks and turning to the door. "If you had understood, I fancy, you would never have come here tonight—or any night—that is, unless it's a fad of yours to live up to your nickname . . ."

The words failed on his lips as he pulled up just short of the door, finding this blocked by a long, lanky shape of humanity lounging with one lazy shoulder against the frame; the derby of tradition on the back of his head, hands buried in the pockets of an unbuttoned overcoat—one of them, Lanyard hadn't any doubt whatever, holding an automatic pistol ready.

"The devil!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"Devil yourself, Monseer Lanyard," a nasal drawl returned. "Funny! I was thinking only a day or so ago it was about time for you and me to be bumping into each other again. And now, lo and behold you!"

"It can't be!" Lanyard cried incredulously, stepping nearer and holding the candle high.

"Wrong again—it can," drawled the humorous voice. "It is!"

The candlelight ruddled the lineaments of a North American Indian in the skin of a paleface: narrowed eyes beneath a lofty brow, a thin nose with a prominent bridge, lantern jaws and high cheek bones, a wide slit of a firm-lipped mouth.

"Crane!" Lanyard cried in unfeigned pleasure.

"Never forget anything, do you?" Mr. Crane complained in mock bitterness. "Here I was counting on being able to put something over on you because you hadn't seen me for five or six years—nineteen-seventeen, wasn't it?—and you'd ought to've forgotten my map entirely . . . Swell chance!" He surrendered to Lanyard's friendly grasp a bony hand of tremendous strength. "Well!" he grouched on, "I guess here's where I miss another opportunity to put you out of harm's way—in the hoosegow—because you wouldn't be so gosh-awful glad to see me if you'd been doing anything naughty."

"My dear man!" Lanyard informed him, "if every American detective discovered even a tenth of your deductive intelligence, the crime wave wouldn't be a ripple . . . That aside, I'm more delighted to see you than I can tell."

"I bet you are," Crane assented with ironic intent. "And I'll risk another safe bet, too: the sooner you see the last of me for tonight, the more delighted you'll be."

"Why waste time trying to deceive you? I don't deny it."

"Then I reckon it'll make you and your lady happy if I fix it up pronto for you to get away without being mugged and finger printed and all? Well—I'm a sworn servant of the law, and by



Permit me, Mrs. McFee—Mr. Crane . . .”

“Mrs. Folliott McFee?” Crane queried quickly, with a glint of interest, and engulfed in his grasp her absurdly insignificant hand. “How do you do, ma’am—pleased to meet you.”

“It’s awfully sweet of you,” Folly replied with trusting eyes and that hint—no more—of an infantile lisp which she had found so serviceable in dealing with certain types of men. “I’m sure I’d be frightened silly if it wasn’t for you and Mr. Lanyard.”

“Nothing for you to be scared about,” Crane reassured her. “It’s the outfit that runs this joint we’re after tonight, not the general public, that great body”—his tone took on the authentic twang of a public orator—“of simple minded, plain living, law-deriding hooch hounds that forms the sturdy backbone of this glorious nation . . . Listen to ‘em yap!” He grinned broadly, cocking an appreciative ear to the clamor. “No, ma’am—even if you and Monseer Lanyard hadn’t run into me, the worst that could have happened to you would’ve been to have your names and addresses taken so as you could be called as witnesses in case we caught anybody. Which,” Crane added with conviction, “I

“To be frank,” admitted Pagan. “I had the Lone Wolf in mind. The fellow is here now and up to his old tricks again.”

all accounts you’re a desperate bad character; but come along . . . Only you got to promise you won’t tell on me.”

Crane sighed heavily and straightened up, but Lanyard dropped a detaining hand on his arm.

“A moment, my friend, by your leave. My personal gratitude I hope to prove when you have more time. But Mrs. McFee, too, would like to thank you . . .

don’t much think we will, not tonight, not since they put the lights out on us. That’s a brand new dodge, and a hot one. After this gets out, I reckon we’ll have to carry our own lighting plant along with us for night work, like they do in the movies.”

He was piloting Mrs. McFee down the corridor while thus discoursing, in the wake of the candle. Now at the head of the stairs, he nodded to a patrolman stationed there, and the three were permitted to descend.



The raiding party had by this time found other candles and brought a few electric torches into play, by whose meager illumination the business of winnowing out the goats from the sheep was proceeding in the rooms which had been reserved for dancing. But of this Lanyard and Folly McFee caught only the barest of glimpses in passing; for Crane was obviously in haste to discharge his friendly duty and be rid of them, and passed them with all possible expedition through the house. But at the front door he held them for a moment.

"There's more or less of a mob outside," he stated; "but I guess you won't have much trouble finding a taxi. That is, unless Mrs. McFee came in her own car. . . ." But it appeared that Folly hadn't. "Then I guess it's good night, folks! Only, I'd like one word with you first, Lanyard, if Mrs. McFee won't mind . . ."

Drawing Lanyard aside, Crane dropped his voice: "Still with the B. S. S.? Doing anything special over here?"

"No—in fact, nothing. Leave of absence."

"I see. Where are you stopping?" Crane noted the address on the back of an envelope. "I'll look you up as soon's I get time. Like to have a chin about this and that."

"Do, my friend, and don't delay too long."

Passed by Crane through the police lines but pursued by jeers and catcalls of the crowd which had collected, Lanyard and Folly hurried round the corner into Sixth Avenue, and there by good fortune picked up a cab almost at once. This they would hardly have needed but for the drizzle, which had set in again; Folly McFee, it appeared, lived in the lower Fifties, just east of Park Avenue. Learning which, Lanyard hushed a sigh of content; the shorter the drive, the better. This latter part of his evening exhilarated him not at all, and though the woman at his side was charming enough in her fashion, nothing would please him more than to see the last of her and be free to trot home to his dreams of Eve. In fact, he found himself surprisingly sleepy, considering the hour which, according to a street clock on Fifth Avenue, still lacked a few minutes of two—so swift had been the transaction of events since his meeting with Liane Delorme.

A plaintive sigh from the other corner of the seat recalled him. "You are tired, madame?" he inquired of the small figure huddled in that magnificent panoply of fur.

Passing lights fitfully revealed a petulant face to match Folly's tone: "More disgusted than tired. I'm so awfully grateful, and you've been such a perfect brick to me, Mr. Lanyard, it makes me sick to have you think me a little fool."

"But I assure you, I do not think anything of the sort."

"You forget what you said back there in the Clique Club about it's being a fad of mine to live up to my name."

"That would be unforgivable were it open to the construction you put on it, madame. What I said was—"

"I know perfectly well what you said, at least what you meant: that I ought to have known better than to be there at all. But I don't see why."

"I should like very much to tell you, if I might without seeming to presume . . ."

"But I want you to tell me, Mr. Lanyard; I don't want to do things that make people think it's a fad of mine—"

"Surely you will be generous enough to forget those stupid words. Otherwise I shall never forgive myself."

"I will . . . on one condition." A suggestion of the impish spirit of an hour ago revived in Folly's smile. "And that is, that you explain what you meant—right away."

"But it's so late, madame; and we are already at your home."

The cab was in fact halting in front of one of those demure bijou residences into which modern architectural ingenuity has, in the more fashionable quarters of New York, remodeled so many of the brownstone and brick abominations of decades dead and gone.

"Late?" Folly McFee expostulated, opening wide eyes. "Why, it's only two—the shank of the evening! Plenty of time to come in and have a drink and a cigarette and tell me how to save myself from the pitfalls of life in a great city."

And Lanyard, helping the woman to alight, with a bow and a smile covered yet another sigh of sentimental desolation. There was no refusal possible without rudeness . . .

By the time he had paid off the taxi Folly had used a latchkey and was unfastening the throat of her wrap in the little entrance hall.

"Do leave your coat and hat here, Mr. Lanyard—and make believe you're not bored to tears with the prospect of spending half an hour alone with a pretty woman who thinks you're rather nice."

"You do me injustice," he returned gravely. "This pensive silence which you misconstrue is solely due to wonder what your family will think . . ."

"The Saints be praised!" cried Folly McFee, rolling up devout eyes, "I haven't a suspicion of family, more than a maiden aunt who insists on living with me for the looks of the thing. But if it's information you're fishing for, it's only fair to tell you I'm a lone, lorn widdy woman, and have been for years. So you needn't be hoping for a jealous husband to pop in unexpectedly and protect you from my wiles."

She danced to the back of the hall, bidding him follow with a beckoning head and a bewitching smile.

The room was a study and lounge in which easy chairs faced the embers of an open fire and windows heavily draped contributed to a cozy and informal atmosphere.

Here, measurably less bored than he thought he ought to be, Lanyard accepted a cigarette and a highball compounded with such Scotch as he had not tasted since leaving England, and made himself comfortable on one side of the fireplace while on the other Folly curled herself up interestingly with her feet beneath her.

"And now," she announced with a speciously naïve look, "I'm waiting to be told why I'm aptly nicknamed."

Smiling, Lanyard put his glass aside. "Perhaps one reason is because you recklessly invite into your home at ungodly hours a man about whom you know nothing whatever."

"I know enough from the way you've behaved tonight. Besides, anything I want to know about you I can find out from Liane any time I care to ask." Folly made a provoking face. "You'll have to do better than that!"

Lanyard shrugged. "I see there's no fobbing you off . . . Is it permitted to be plain-spoken?"

"Please. Even if it hurts, I'm sure I'll find it refreshing. . . ." With malice Folly amended: "Coming from a man." She pursued with all the gravity of a sagacious infant: "You know, Mr. Lanyard, it's all tosh, this effort you men are forever making to persuade the world you're the straightforward sex. Maybe you are among yourselves, but with women—!"

Her eyes called Heaven to witness to the subtlety of masculine methods with women.

"I agree entirely, madame. But do you claim more for your own sex?"

"Oh, there's never any doubt about a woman's mind! She may not always say what she means—sometimes she doesn't just know how—but one always knows what she means."

"One always knows she means business . . ."

"Precisely." Folly giggled joyously. "You know, Mr. Lanyard, you're too delightful. I'm afraid you're a dangerous man."

Lanyard bowed his appreciation of this flattery. "You begin to believe, perhaps, you may have been a trifle injudicious in asking me in . . ."

The young woman agitated a dissenting head till its bobbed brassy tresses fluffed out like an aureole.

"Not the least bit!" she declared. "You could be dangerous and not half try; but so long as you persist in being a gentleman, why should I fear? Here am I using all my girlish arts to make you flirt—and all you can think of is how quickly you can read me the lecture I need and escape. Ain't that the truth?" She relished in elfin mischief Lanyard's momentary loss of countenance, then abruptly made a prim mouth and sat with modest eyes downcast to folded hands. "Well," she sighed, "go on . . ."

"No," Lanyard demurred; "I don't think I shall, if you don't mind. I begin to see my mistake; you can be trusted very well to take care of yourself."

"But if I insist? It isn't good manners to start something without finishing it."

"A man might better rush down a steep place into the sea than take a dare to advise any woman . . . But evidently I may as well resign myself to being thrown out instead of taking my leave in orderly fashion."

"Anything, so long as you get away sometime soon!" Folly lisped, without looking up: "I understand!"

"To begin with, then: You are an extremely attractive young woman."

"Yes, I know. But is this part of the lecture? or have I at last succeeded in rousing you?"

But Lanyard wouldn't be diverted. "And apparently," he persisted, "too well supplied with money to know a real care."

"Simple sloughs of the wretched stuff," Folly admitted frankly.

"That sable coat you wore tonight can't have cost less than twenty thousand dollars."

"How little men know! It cost thirty."



"I could see the lights going full blast," Crane told Lanyard, "so I just naturally walked in and found you a total loss."

"The jewels you're wearing would ransom a profiteer's wife . . ."

"Why not? I'm a profiteer's widow."

"Those emeralds alone must be worth a hundred thousand . . ."

"You do know emeralds, don't you, Mr. Lanyard?"

"Altogether, taken as you stand, you'd probably assay a quarter of a million. Yet you complacently riot about town and without a moment's hesitation trust yourself in resorts like the Clique Club, rendezvous of the rarest set of rogues New York can boast—and your host its self-confessed proprietor!"

"Oh! everybody knows Morphy's the King of the Bootleggers; but nobody except revenue officials considers a bootlegger a criminal nowadays."

"Possibly not. Still, I fancy, society is less kindly disposed

toward professional blackmailers, notorious demi-mondaines and jewel thieves of international ill fame."

"Mr. Lanyard! you don't mean to say——" Folly McFee sat up and made shocked eyes.

"I am one whose lot it has been to see a vast deal of this world, madame. I give you my word I recognized representatives of all those classes at the Clique tonight."

The woman illustrated a little thrill of delicious dread. "Of course, as to blackmailers, I've nothing to fear——"

"Pardon—but can you be sure? In the absence of any fair excuse for bleeding their victims, blackmailers have been known to manufacture evidence. And it's always, with them, the open season for high-spirited young women of fortune with a taste for entertaining indiscretions."

The violet eyes widened and darkened. "Mr. Lanyard! you don't mean—you don't think——"

"Tell me this, Mrs. McFee: How did you make the acquaintance of Mr. Morphew?"

"Why, through Madame Delorme——"

"And Liane?"

"Mally introduced us."

"And Mr. Mallison?"

"Oh, I don't know! I really don't remember where I met Mally. Somewhere at a dance. He's the perfectest dancer in town."

"They are, as a rule."

"They?"

"Permit one more impertinent question: Does Mr. Mallison make love to you?"

"Why, of course! It's the only conversation he has."

"And you encourage him?"

"Now, it's no use your trying to make me believe Mally's a blackmailer. He hasn't got enough brains—or anything else."

"Perhaps not. But others have, with whom he herds. For example, Mr. Morphew."

"Morphy!" Folly laughed the notion to scorn. "The King of the Bootleggers makes too much money—he doesn't need to levy blackmail."

"It may be merely a hobby of his," Lanyard submitted reasonably; "or perhaps he's keeping his hand in in order to have a good trade to fall back on if ever anything happens to upset the Eighteenth Amendment."

"You aren't serious, Mr. Lanyard?"

"Madame—I know."

"How can you?"

"Your American courts permit a witness to refuse to answer leading questions on the ground that his testimony might tend to incriminate or degrade."

"You mean Morphy's trying to blackmail you? What a wicked life you must have led."

"I don't deny that; but rest assured, I admit it only to convince you I am not guessing. You will do well, believe me, madame, to avoid hereafter Mr. Morphew and all his crew."

"Mally and Peter Pagan and Liane Delorme? And they've been such fun! What's the matter with Liane?"

"Madame Delorme," Lanyard said slowly and with meaning, "I have known many years. Her friendship I value highly. I should be very sad to do anything to deserve her enmity."

"You are provoking!" Folly declared. "Forever tantalizing one with hints. I presume you mean me to understand she's the 'notorious demi-mondaine' you had in mind."

"Has Liane told you nothing about herself?"

"Oh, heaps! but——"

"Then I beg you to excuse me from saying anything that might, possibly through my ignorance of the true facts, conflict with her confidences."

"Beast!" said Folly McFee with feeling, and made a face of

pique at him. "I suppose it's no use trying to pump you about that international jewel thief you mentioned."

"None whatever, madame."

"Of course you mean the Lone Wolf."

"But why that one?"

"Peter Pagan was talking about him at the Ritz tonight—told us there was a rumor the Lone Wolf had convalesced from his reformation and was operating again, right here in New York."

"I have no doubt," Lanyard agreed with entire tranquillity, "there is such a rumor . . . And now that I have duly functioned in my paternal rôle, my dear young woman"—he rose—"now I have told you all I know——"

"Anybody that believes that!"

"I fancy you will be relieved if I bid you good night."

"I think you're perfectly damn horrid," said Folly McFee, rising and extending her hand. "First you spoil my evening, then you run away!"

"You will forgive me one spoiled evening, I know, if anything I may have said preserves to you the beauty of your to-morrows."

"I wcn't forgive you for running away from me," the young woman promised darkly, holding fast to his hand and unleashing 80 c. p. eyes to do their most devastating work. "You can be rather a dear when you choose; but I don't think it's a bit fair of you to rob me of four friends and not replace them with one!"

"But I trust very truly——" Lanyard began.

A peremptory buzz of the door bell interrupted.

CHAPTER V

FOLLY McFEE whipped her hand away with a jerk; her round eyes consulted Lanyard's; in that furtive tone which we seem instinctively to adopt in times of apprehension, irrespective of the possibility of being overheard—"What can that mean," she demanded—"at this hour of morning? Who can it be?"

"One or more of our fancy friends, undoubtedly," Lanyard replied with comforting absence of agitation, "calling to inquire if you got safely home—with, I'll wager, some transparent excuse for having left you to shift for yourself during the raid."

"But," the woman expostulated with a frown, "I don't want to see them . . . And all the servants are in bed . . ."

"Then I'm afraid there's no way out of it," Lanyard moved toward the hall door as the bell sounded another and even more imperative stridulation. "Let me——"

"No," Folly decided, darting ahead, "I'll let them in. But I do wish I didn't have to."

"Then remember," Lanyard enjoined, "better not give them any reason to suspect I have warned you . . ."



"I'll bet," said Crane, "the sooner you see the last of me tonight, the more delighted you'll be."

"I understand." She paused an instant, nodding back to him. "I'll do my best. But promise me one thing: you won't leave me alone with them."

He promised, a gay flirt of that fair head thanked him, Folly vanished. And in another moment Lanyard heard her give little cries of elation whose ring was as true as one could wish: "Liane! Peter! How sweet of you both!" And the listener gave a nod of thoughtful approbation.

The dry accents of Mr. Pagan replied: "I told Liane you were all right, but she wouldn't hear of going home without stopping to make sure . . ."

"Oh, I'm all right, of course! Mr. Lanyard brought me home. Thanks to him we didn't have the least trouble. But do come in, both of you, and tell him how you got out of it."

Liane was heard to consent, stipulating, however, that they would stop only a moment; and the three entered the study to find Lanyard at a wide window in the rear wall, thoughtfully peering out through its tear-blinded black panes.

"Ah! ah! my friend," Liane saluted him in lively imitation of the tone one might employ to a child caught in mild mischief; and wagged a forefinger of reproof. "What are you up to there?"

"Trying to make out whether or not it's raining again," Lanyard explained serenely, dropping the sumptuous draperies his hands parted.

"You might have waited to ask us."

"Judging by the state of mind you and Monsieur Pagan were betraying when I saw you last," Lanyard retorted, "it seemed fair to doubt whether you'd pay much attention to a drop or two of rain." He comprehended Pagan in a lightly mocking bow. "You might tell us—we've been no end mystified—"

"I know," Mr. Pagan interrupted brightly. "You want the answer to that historical riddle: Where was Morphew when the lights went out?"

"Not where he was, monsieur, but where he went—and not alone—and with such amazing expedition."

"We didn't know what to think," Folly declared. "You vanished from that room like tumblers in a pantomime!"

"It was very simple," Pagan elucidated glibly. "Everybody seemed to be making for the roof, so we followed the crowd."

"Presuming, of course," Liane amended, "you would, as well."

"You see," commented Lanyard, nodding to Folly, "how simply some things may be explained!" And thereby earned and enjoyed a resentful look from Pagan. "And did you actually get away across the roofs?"

"Unhappily, no. Those wretched police were up there too," said Liane with disgust. "So we had to go back and line up with the rest and give our names and addresses."

"Monsieur Morphew too?" Lanyard's tone was skeptical. "And that so charming Monsieur Mallison?"

"All of us," Pagan snapped in a strange fit of bad temper. "That's what delayed us so."

"Frankly, monsieur, you surprise me!"

"How so?"

"Why, if I were in Monsieur Morphew's shoes—"

"You'd rattle," Pagan asserted.

"What a literal mind you have, my friend! Well! but if I were, like that good soul, proprietor of an institution so open to police attentions, I would be at pains to provide myself with more than one secret avenue of escape—when the lights go out."

"You've got to make allowances for Morph," Pagan stated blandly. "He hasn't had your early advantages."

At this juncture, apparently possessed by the belief that some sharp distraction was indicated if open hostilities were to be averted, Liane pounced upon Lanyard's barely tasted highball.



"Why waste time trying to deceive you?" Lanyard answered.

"What do I see? And this hour I have been dying of thirst!" She gulped with gusto, making eyes at Lanyard over the rim of the glass. "Yours, my friend? Never mind—Folly will fetch you another."

"Do with a drink myself," Pagan volunteered. "No—don't you budge, Mrs. McFee—I know the way."

He ducked briskly out into the hall and was presently heard in the dining room making melody with glasses and siphons and ice.

Having drained her glass, Liane set it aside, crossed to Lanyard and petted his cheek with the authentic professional touch. "You mustn't mind Peter, *mon coco*," she cooed affectionately in French. "He presumes, perhaps, but then he's a privileged type."

"Mind him?" Lanyard questioned in a tone that implied he found the thought weird. "Vermin, my dear Liane, were ever my pet aversion. If you set any value on this insect, be good enough to keep him out from under my feet."

"Every time you do that," Folly (Continued on page 104)



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BERTON BRALEY

*Who writes short stories in humorous verse that
are equally appreciated by Broadway
and Main Street*

By BERTON BRALEY

When Good Fellows Get Together

Illustrations by
Wallace Morgan

"I'm going to Europe," said Silas T. Green,
"Where one can be free, if you get what I mean:
Where people aren't meek as a passell of rabbits
And don't let the laws fix their personal habits.
For here's my position,
I view Prohibition
As nothing but Puritan flibberty-gibberty.
I'm going where Volstead Laws cease to annoy,
And where I can plainly and calmly enjoy
A generous measure of Personal Liberty!"

Thus spake Silas Green. And his comrades agreed
That Silas had uttered a mouthful, indeed.
They said, "Why, this country's been put on the blink
By bigots who won't let a gentleman drink,
While bootleggers thrive selling terrible stuff:



You can't get away from here quickly enough.
Drink hearty, old scout,
As you travel about:
You're a lucky old bird and a fortunate cuss,
So now and then toss off a highball for us."

[2]

Thus Silas departed
In fashion light-hearted,
And landing in London he sought the Savoy.
And there, in the bar, started in to enjoy
The freedom he wished. Silas Green was no stew.
He put away maybe a highball or two,
Then sat at his table and sized up the crowd.
He heard conversation exceedingly loud
And, seeking its source,
He noticed, perforce,
A number of men whom he'd met with before
In days when our country had barrooms galore.
They'd grown a lot flabbier,
Pastier, shakier,
Their clothes were much shabbier,
Hands a bit quakier,
But otherwise they were the same bunch of stews.
The same gang of barflies that sopped up the booze
In days when John Barleycorn still held his reign,
Those bright, happy days that the Wets would
regain!

A few of them recognized Silas T. Green
And dragged him among them and called him "Old
Bean,"
And pawed him all over in fashion symbolic
Of undying friendship, and showed alcoholic
And sloppy affection. So Silas bought Scotch
And helped them get drunker—then pulled out his
watch
And mumbled "appointment" and got out of there.
"Give me air!" muttered Silas. "Good Lord,
gimme air!"

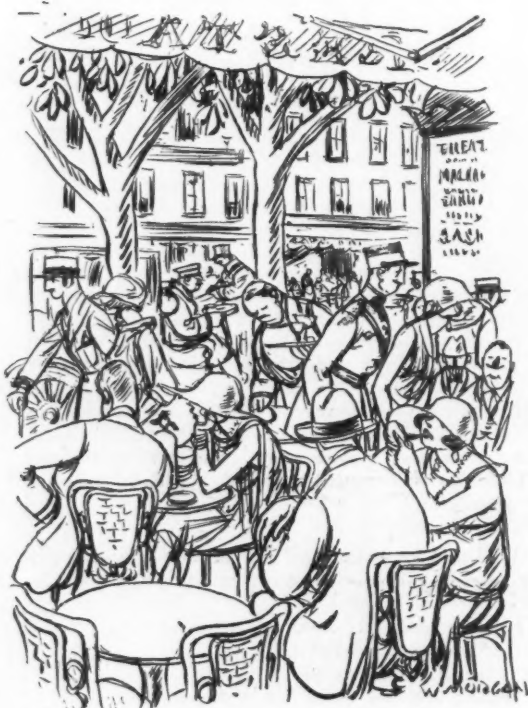
He walked and he walked till he reached the east side
Where most of the poor folks of London abide:
Wherever he passed
The bars ran, full blast,
And horrible hags
In filth and in rags
Came reeling and wavering out in the night,



While men, faces haggard
With alcohol, staggered
Along in the gutter—a gay, merry sight.
And Silas T. Green
With grave thoughtful mien
Climbed up on a bus and went back to the Strand.
He thought to himself, "From the sights I have scanned,
I know that tomorrow the courts will be full
Of sons and of daughters of hearty John Bull,
Arrested for drunkenness, bestial and sodden;
And there will be children, starved, stunted, down-
trodden.
And men who have beaten and battered their wives
—Still, Personal Liberty clearly survives!
I'll have to admit that this isn't so pleasant,
I've seen quite enough of old London, at present;
I'll take a run over to Paris, I think,
The French are a people Who Know How To
Drink!"

[3]

So Silas crossed over
The channel from Dover



(It's kind of the English to furnish that rhyme)
And all in good time
He landed in Paris, the blithe and the gay,
"Where everyone drinks in a moderate way,"
Or so people said.
And Silas had read
What a temperate folk were the people of France,
The land of light wines and of lighter romance.
At first he was charmed and delighted to find
The thousands who sipped a light wine while they
dined,
Or loafed over cordials of every variety
In praiseworthy comfort and perfect sobriety.
"How cozy and pleasant, how simply delectable!
These people make drinking a pleasure
respectable."
Our hero declared. "Here's a form of diversion
On which the most bigoted can't cast aspersion;
Yes, these are the people whom tourists describe
As thoroughly knowing the way to imbibe."

So Silas T. Green
Felt pleased and serene
With that part of Paris which, so far, he'd seen.
But like every tourist,
Yes, even the purest,
He wanted to witness the Life of Montmartre
Supposedly gayest of spots on the chart.
And so he set out where the bright lights were
winking
In many a famous and brilliant café.
To see how the French, with their Moderate Drinking,
Performed when they chanced to be specially gay.
He did all the joints
At the various points
His friends recommended, and found, with dismay,
A crowd which progressively
Drank most excessively,
And though drunken foreigners predominated,
The natives, too, proved to be inebriated.
And under the clamor,
The jazz and the glamour
Which costly surroundings attempted to throw,
Beneath all the show
Of perfumes and jewels and servile suavity,
Silas T. Green sensed the ancient depravity.
The union of drink with commercialized vice,
Which, Silas conceded, was not very nice!

We need not detail
Exactly the trail
That Silas Green followed through Paris that night,
Except to expound
That Silas T. found
The French people often get pie-eyed, all right.

For cognac is potent, and little cafés
Are everywhere anyone happens to gaze,
And "Well," remarked Silas T. Green, "it's the bunk
When people say Frenchmen don't ever get drunk!"

[4]

Still, Silas went on with his quest very grittily,
Visited Germany, ran down to Italy,
Seeking with fervor that much discussed land,
Or nation, or race, which might quite understand
The Right Way to Drink. But wherever he went
He never found people entirely content
With merely enough
Of John Barleycorn's stuff—
Too Much pleased them better; he frequently viewed
The Latin or Teuton undoubtedly stewed,
There always were places where patrons were busy
In making themselves very cheerfully dizzy,
And others who'd sunk in
A deep stupor drunken.
So, though he'd heard travelers sagely affirm many
Times that they Knew How to Drink there in Germany,
Or heard that Italians were known as a tribe,
That understood just the Right Way to Imbibe,
He found on a closer, more accurate view
Wherever there's Drink there is drunkenness too!

So Silas sailed home
O'er the salt ocean foam
And it's worthy of note that the bar of the ship
Never saw Silas Green during all of his trip,
And it's also a fact quite beyond all dispute
That most of the others drank vichy, en route.

[5]

Oh the grin on the mien
Of Silas T. Green
When the Statue of Liberty gleamed in the skies!
"Oh Lady," he cried, "you're a sight for sore eyes!
You're the right kind of Liberty, Lady, for me,
For I've had enough of the kind that's abroad;
That Personal Liberty proved but to be
A jade and a wanton, a boozy old fraud.
My gosh, you look stately and pure and serene,
I take off my hat!" observed Silas T. Green.
That night in the club when his friends gathered round,
He said to them "Boys, I have much to expound,
But if you imagine I'll knock Prohibition
And praise Europe's moist alcoholic condition
You've got a new guess—for I've changed my position!
I guess I'd forgotten,"
Remarked Silas T.,
"How thoroughly rotten
A gin mill can be;
I failed to remember how, once on a time,
The corner saloon brought corruption and crime,



And all I recalled were the pleasanter things,
The warm friendly feeling that alcohol brings,
The glow of elation
A cocktail supplies,
The comfy sensation
A gin rickey buys;
I swore and I grumbled because these were lost,
But I had forgotten how much they can cost
In manhood that's shattered,
In womanhood soiled,
In evils wide scattered,
In domiciles spoiled;
All these I'd forgotten, but Europe recalled
These facts to my mind with a shock that appalled.
Yes, bootlegging's bad enough, it is a curse,
But I'll tell the world that the barrooms are worse.
At first it was fun, without breaking the law,
To drink what I wanted, whenever I chose,
But after a while, well, the things that I saw
That trail alcohol any place that it goes,
They stuck in my craw,
And they just made me sick—
And so, boys, I beat it for home, mighty quick.
I learned—it's a fact which a man cannot blink—
There isn't a nation that Knows How to Drink!
I went over Wet, but I'm back here a Dry,
For after the sights that offended my eye
This Personal Liberty bunk doesn't go,
I watched it abroad and believe me, I know!

"A visit to Europe, I'll hand you my hunch,
Would make Prohibitionists out of this bunch.
To Andrew J. Volstead I make my salaam—
You think that I'm preaching? You bet that I am!"



By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

The Perkinses' Career



Illustrations

ONLY a few people knew that Mrs. William Pennington had gone so far as to file a petition for divorce against her husband. Those few people thought that she withdrew the petition because of ambition. For of course a divorce action, following William Pennington's nomination for the governorship, would have absolutely killed his chances of election.

But you can't fool servants. Your family, your friends, your acquaintances: these you may deceive as to your domestic felicity. But the cook, the butler, the housemaids, the chauffeur—they know.

The Penningtons are indisputably happy. And if it be asked how, having made a botch of it the first time, the Penningtons made a success of it the second, this is the answer: one obligation creates another, and the fulfilling of one's duty may sometimes bring reward.

In September, 1882, the Jane Louise sailed from Bucksport, Maine, for the Behring Sea. From the docks and banks people waved good by. The curtained windows of some houses told of women brave enough to stand a three years' separation from

their husbands, but not so courageous that they could expose their tear-stained cheeks to the sympathetic gaze of their neighbors. Across the river, from the ramparts of the old fort that commanded the reaches of the stream, Frank Perkins watched the Jane Louise sail down to the sea.

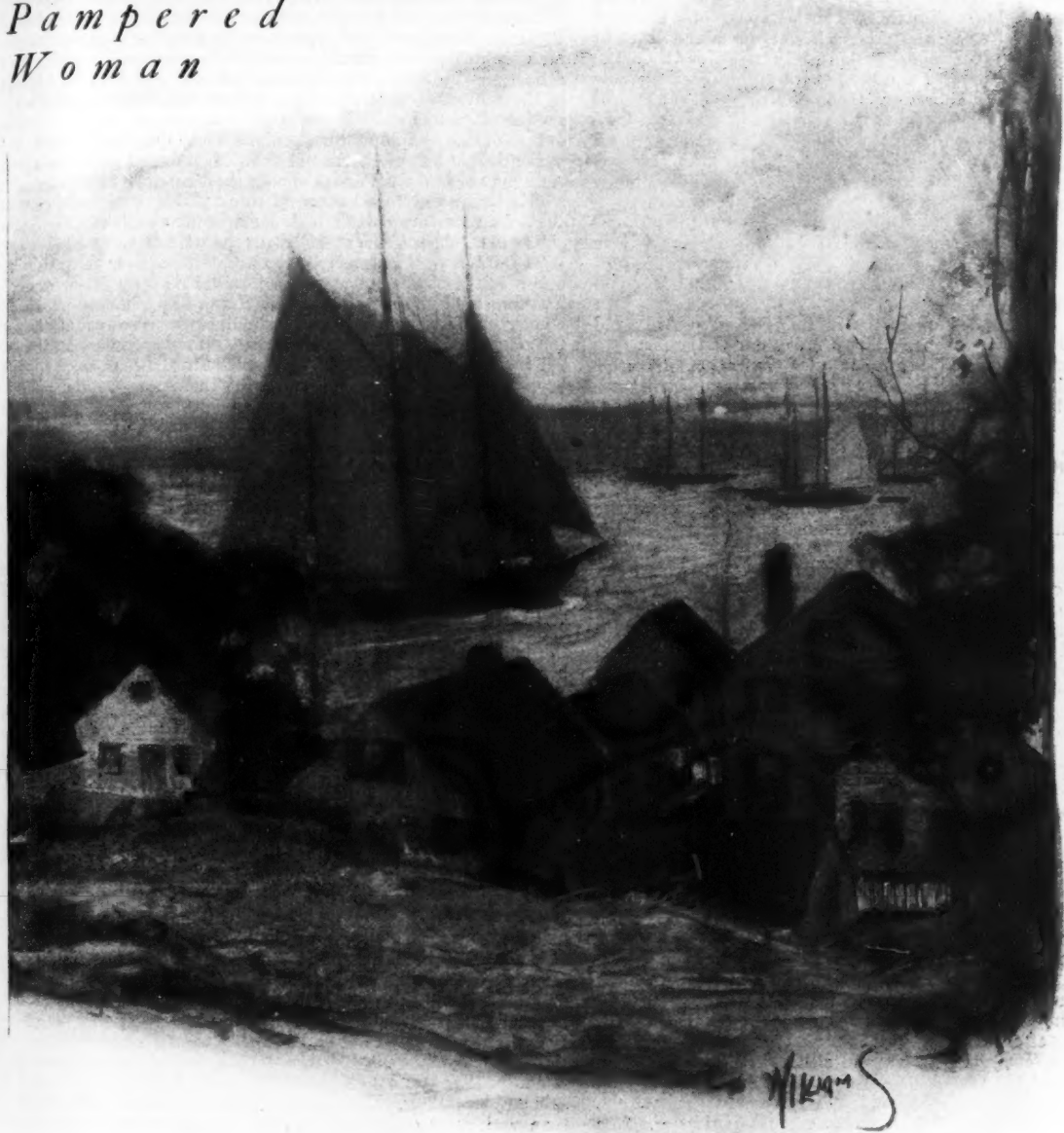
A smarter craft had never left Bucksport. The tide was with her, and with all her canvas set the schooner heeled before a land breeze that, by its piney odor, must have swept across Moosehead and the woods between.

A beautiful sight; a gallant sight; a sight that thrilled—and almost broke—the heart.

For until last week Frank Perkins had expected to sail on the Jane Louise. Like most of Bucksport's adventurous youth, he followed the sea. He knew the Banks. He knew the far ports of China. He had been on the Shenandoah when she raced the Roanoke around the Horn. He knew the Western Ocean and the distant Marquesas; Good Hope and Hatteras were familiar, even friendly names to him.

His father had died with "Albemarle" Cushing; his uncle had manned one of the guns that whipped the Alabama; his grandfather had served with Decatur; and it was a proud family

E r A Story of a Pampered Woman



by C. D. Williams

legend that when the Bon Homme Richard lowered away a long-boat to carry Paul Jones to his landing on the British coast, a Perkins had pulled an oar.

In the veins of the boy who through misty eyes gazed at the gallant Jane Louise were at least four generations of seafaring blood. His career thus far had proved his heritage, for at nineteen he could have been second officer of the schooner that now scudded down the wide reaches of the Penobscot.

Captain Ira Hooper had pleaded with him only yesterday to rescind his decision not to go on the whaling cruise to the Northern Pacific.

"Taint fair to yourself, Frank," said the Captain. "You're only nineteen. We'll be back before your twenty-second birthday. Your share ought to run close to seven thousand dollars, if we have any luck. That'd set you up for life, my boy."

Young Perkins shook his head. "I know, Cap'n," he said. "I figured that all out, but I've been figurin' something else, too. A man owes something to his wife."

"That's jest it," argued the Captain. "You ain't married

yet. Wait till you come back. Loretta is the right stock; she'll wait fer ye."

The young man smiled. "I ain't worryin' none about Loretta not waitin'," he replied. "But—where's she going to wait?"

"Ain't she all right with her aunt?" demanded the Captain.

Perkins shook his head. "She ain't rightly her aunt, only by marriage, and Loretta ain't any too welcome. But don't get the idea that Loretta's been carryin' on or anything like that. She *wants* me to sail with you, Cap'n, but I figure it ain't fair. I know how it is with sailors, and how it is with their wives. They don't get to see each other sometimes for years. That'd kill Loretta."

Captain Hooper stared at the youth. He didn't argue any more. When a young man thinks that his absence will kill his prospective bride, he is past all argument. The Captain understood; he had felt that way himself some twenty-five years ago.

And so the Jane Louise sailed away . . . But the mist had gone from young Perkins's eyes before the towering foremast had disappeared behind a bluff of the river. For he was genuinely and completely in love with Loretta Blaisdell. Small, blonde

and winsome, she carried with her an air of delicacy that did not indicate weakness of body, but rather spoke of refinement of soul. She had come from Massachusetts upon the death of her parents only a year ago. Perkins, returning from a voyage to the Banks, had met her and been swept off his feet. She was only seventeen, yet neither of them, in that time and community, was thought too young for marriage.

During the lovely summer months they had gone rowing upon the river, driven as far as Bangor behind the fast mare that was the pride of Perkins's heart, picnicked on the islands, walked along the grassy lanes in the twilight; they had done all those simple things which young folks are wont to do. Not until Loretta's lips had willingly met his own did young Perkins give any serious thought to the future. Then it came over him suddenly that he could not bear to leave Loretta, that she could not bear to have him go.

He had given little care to the future. He was sturdy and capable. His advancement had been rapid, due to the fact that he had spent much time in the study of navigation. Save for his years, he was capable of taking a ship from Maine to Hong-kong and back again. He had always assumed that he would follow the sea until he was old enough to retire and build for himself one of those magnificent tree-shaded homes on Main Street to which all sailors seem to turn.

At first he had looked forward to the day, not so very far away, when he would be skipper of a big ship and would take Loretta with him in the captain's cabin to the far ports of the sea.

But before that time could come there must be separation. Captain Hooper's offer to take him whaling to the Behring Sea, to be gone three years, was a magnificent offer, and his heart leaped in gratitude when the Captain made it. A moment later he realized that he could not accept. He knew that it would not be fair to Loretta. Although she was the sturdy daughter of a sturdy strain, there was something in her eyes that seemed to warn him that she lived more exquisitely in her nerves, in her brain, in her heart, than the other girls he knew. There was something in the way she looked at him that told him, unsophisticated and unsoiled though he was, that when she had completely surrendered herself to him she could not live without her conqueror. And his clean boy's heart ached even at the thought of leaving her. Not that he was not of a man's stature in his soul as well as his body. He could endure separation, because it was man's part to do his work even though it took him away.

But Loretta . . . He gave up the sea which he loved, because he loved Loretta more.

In October they were married. Frank knew quite a lot about carpentry. In his few years at sea he had been frugal. He was able to purchase a third interest in a wheelwright's business. Popular, industrious, "able," in a modest way he prospered. Three years after their marriage a son was born.

They christened him Frank, and although the age of steam had come and the age of the sail was going, Perkins stayed up late the night of the christening talking to his wife about the great ship that Frank, Junior, would some day skipper. The adoring Loretta's eyes were wet as she listened. She knew how dear had been his career to her husband, and the fact that he never whimpered made her love him the more. Yet Perkins had no regrets. Loretta was more charming as a wife than she had been as a sweetheart; she was more adorable as a mother than she had been as a wife.

Then, in 1888, an amazing offer was made to Frank Perkins. A former shipmate had emigrated to the Argentine. A great many years older than Frank, he had seen the possibilities of the South American country. A letter came from him, telling of the fortune in cattle and lands that in ten years he had amassed. In American money he was worth at least three hundred thousand dollars. What he needed, however, according to his letter, was a man in whose ability and integrity he could trust. Frank Perkins was the man. He would give him a salary of three thousand dollars a year to start, a house for himself and his little family, transportation to the ranch and a very definite promise of a partnership within five years.

But the offer must be accepted immediately, and the Perkinses must sail at once. For the rancher must leave on a trip to Europe within two months. If Perkins, to whom he made the first offer, could not accept, he must give the chance to another man.

Loretta and Frank stayed up until dawn, reading and rereading the letter. The salary offered was fully twice what Frank was making as a wheelwright. The future was far beyond anything he could hope for in Bucksport. And there was no need of their

separating. The rancher knew of their marriage, of the existence of little Frank. All the old spirit of adventure was aroused in Perkins. Together he and Loretta wrote the letter of acceptance. He even, in his excitement, put on his hat and coat and heavy rubber boots to venture out into the darkness and drop the letter in the post office at once. That is how delighted and thrilled they were.

But during the hours of the night while they had talked, a blizzard, that historic storm still known as the blizzard of 'eighty-eight, had begun. As Perkins opened the front door, a smothering whirl of snow enveloped them. It took all his strength to close the door. He turned back to Loretta, smiling whimsically.

"I guess," he told her, "this letter can wait till morning."

"I think it can, Frank," she replied.

But in the morning a matter more vital than the letter made him forget all about it. For little Frank had the croup. The home remedies that Loretta applied did not seem to avail against the progress of the disease. The roads were almost impassable, yet Frank, equipped with a huge shovel, broke a path from their house, well out upon the outskirts of Bucksport, to the main road, and fought his way through the storm to the home of Doctor Taylor, whom he brought back with him. Not even a sleigh that tipped over twice could deter the doctor from his errand of aid.

But in the wake of the great blizzard came a disease that people said had its inception in far-off Russia; they called it "la grippe," and after the attack of croup had subsided little Frank yielded to the new plague. The letter to the Argentine was forgotten, while day and night they battled for the youngster's life. And then the fight became more desperate, for the plague from Russia gave way to pneumonia.

Six weeks they waged the unequal battle. It was a week after the pathetic little funeral that Loretta, putting away Frank's heavy winter coat, now that May was almost here, found the letter addressed to the Argentine. She sighed as she tore it up. It was too late to mail it now.

The wheelwright shop continued to give a living to the Perkinses. But Frank was one of those souls who are born for big things and who, if they miss their destiny, cannot achieve greatly in the little things. The sea; the plains of the Argentine; in either of these he would have been successful. Not that he was unsuccessful in Bucksport, but his success was measured modestly. He was respected and liked, and a good workman. But he was no petty trader. Where another man would have carried a line of carriage supplies and harness, Perkins could not. His partner had died and he had used all his savings to buy the business from the widow. But when he owned the whole business, it brought him in little more than a third had brought him.

It was the trader's day, and he was no trader. To do things on a big scale; to raise things in a large way: this was his rôle, yet he was not, it seemed, destined to fill it.

In 'ninety-two Beryl was born. Loretta named her. She insisted that the baby was entitled to a name that somehow suggested romance. She was not fair like her mother, but dark, with olive skin and black hair. Her eyes lost their infantile blueness earlier than with most children's and had a queer greenish tint that reminded Loretta of the aquamarines that formed the necklace that Frank had given her on their wedding. The eyes seemed to change color in the light as does a beryl, and so her mother named her.

But the strain of their first-born had taken toll of Loretta's health, and the new baby was forced also to pay the price of those weeks of alternating hope and despair and final bitter anguish. From her birth Beryl was "delicate."

There was an exotic air about the child. The delicacy of her mother's mind and soul was translated to the daughter in terms of the flesh. For there was nothing of the fragile in the temperament of Beryl. Although the Perkinses did not know it, her dominant trait was a pertinacious selfishness. It was not, however, noticeable even to those outside her family. For from babyhood she was so beautiful in a wild gypsy sort of way, and so filled with fascinations, that it was the natural thing, it seemed, for her to command and the rest of the world to obey.

The Perkinses proudly marveled at her. Where other children were shy and ill at ease in the presence of "company," Beryl, as an infant, was supremely self-possessed. She had none of the little embarrassments of childhood. And yet there was about her none of the forwardness of the average precocious child. She simply seemed to take everything as her due; and she took a great deal.

For in her fourth year, recovering slowly from some infantile malady, her mother took her to the White Mountains. Such a

journey was an unheard-of expense. All told, it cost her father in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars. That sum of money was exactly the amount needed to purchase for the shop some new machinery on which the wheelwright's eye had been eagerly fixed for several months.

Until the fourteenth year the delicacy of Beryl's health impelled similar expenses that, while they did not impoverish her father, prevented him from applying the money to his business.

In her fifteenth year Beryl, who until now had been rather undersized, although exquisitely formed, shot up into a tall, awkward, gawky-seeming girl. Even her features seemed to have grown out of proportion. With this sudden growth came a languidness that not even her previous delicacy of health had ever suggested, and that seemed to dominate her active spirits. The suggestion of the family doctor that a Maine winter might prove too severe for his daughter alarmed Perkins. Beryl spent the next eight months at a boarding school in Philadelphia.

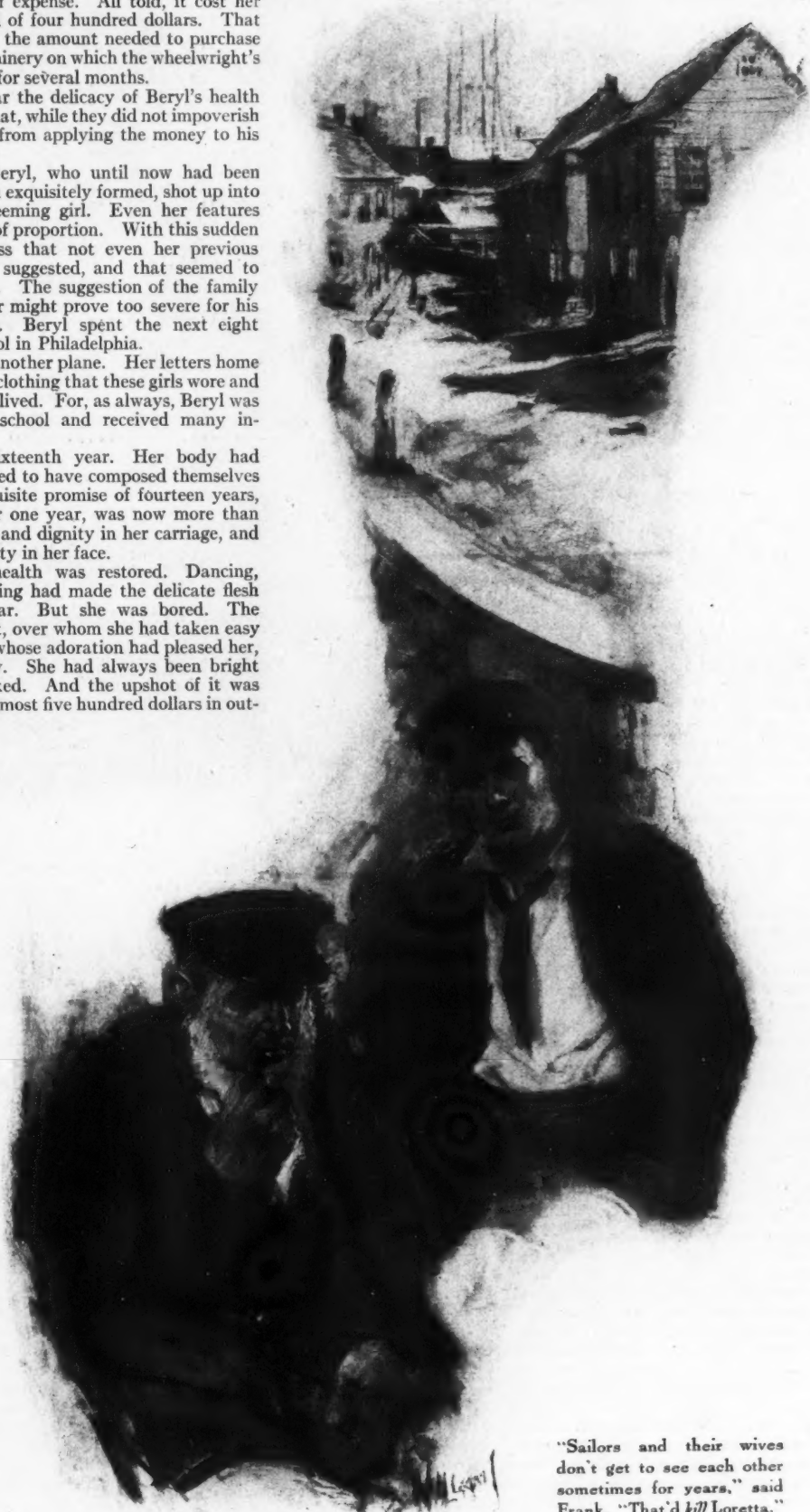
Here she met girls from another plane. Her letters home were filled with tales of the clothing that these girls wore and of the homes in which they lived. For, as always, Beryl was popular in the boarding school and received many invitations.

She returned in her sixteenth year. Her body had rounded; her features seemed to have composed themselves into agreement. The exquisite promise of fourteen years, which had been denied for one year, was now more than fulfilled. There was grace and dignity in her carriage, and there was a wonderful beauty in her face.

But best of all, her health was restored. Dancing, basket ball, tennis and riding had made the delicate flesh become hard and muscular. But she was bored. The boys and girls of Bucksport, over whom she had taken easy leadership in the past and whose adoration had pleased her, bored her insufferably now. She had always been bright and merry. Now she sulked. And the upshot of it was that Frank Perkins spent almost five hundred dollars in outfitting Beryl for a six weeks' stay with school friends of hers in the Adirondacks.

It was not without something of a wrench that Perkins parted with this money. He and Loretta talked it over well into the night; but Beryl was the apple of their eye; she could do no wrong; vaguely her parents dreamed great dreams for her. And while there was no trace of snobbery in their souls, they were thrilled when Beryl sent them a newspaper clipping in which a society editor mentioned her as one of the guests of the Landon house party in the Adirondacks.

Beryl went back to school in the fall. Although her health seemed absolutely assured, there was not even argument about her going away, despite the expenses. She spent her winters at the school and the major part of her vacations visiting friends until her eighteenth year,



"Sailors and their wives don't get to see each other sometimes for years," said Frank. "That'd kill Loretta."

when she graduated. Then she came home.

She had not mentioned, in any of her recent letters, her plans for the summer. Nor did she, during the first week at home, refer at all to any matters outside of the homely things of Bucksport. But at the end of the week, at the supper table, she exploded the bomb.

"Daddy," she said, "I want to go to Europe."

Perkins wiped coffee from his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he guffawed loudly.

"You don't say, Beryl! Say, I want to go to Europe, too. Maybe one of your rich friends will take us all." He looked at his wife. "How about it, Loretta?"

But Loretta had seen the steely glare in her daughter's eyes. Those eyes seemed able to change from hardest green to softest blue. But now they were their greenest and hardest. Loretta smiled deprecatingly.

"It would be nice, Frank," she said.

Something in the quaver of her voice informed her husband that here was no wild jest, but absolute seriousness. He stared at his daughter, and suddenly felt uncomfortable, as he always did when Beryl's eyes were green.

"Well, Beryl," he said uncertainly, "I've always heard Europe was a fine place. I ain't ever been there, though I've been pretty nigh everywhere else."

Silence descended upon the three. Beryl stared at her plate, eating mechanically. Between father and mother passed timorous, questioning glances. The atmosphere became filled with strain, and finally Perkins spoke.

"What's the idea, Beryl?" he asked her.

His daughter looked at him. Her eyes were hot. "Is there anything strange in my wishing to go to Europe?" she demanded angrily. "Nearly all the girls in my class have been there."

"I know," said her father, "but they got more money than I have."

"Money!" exclaimed Beryl contemptuously. "It won't cost any more—hardly any more—to keep me in Europe three years than it would to keep me in school."

Perkins stared at her. "But you're through school, Beryl. We hadn't calc'lated on keeping you anywhere but with us until Mr. Right came along and—" His smile faded before her fiery contempt.

"Do you think 'Mr. Right,' as you call him, will be found among the yokels of this town?" she asked.

Her mother lifted her faded blue eyes. In a pathetic way, Loretta Perkins was still pretty. Perhaps the delicacy of her nature lent beauty to her face that was lined with worry, to her body that had become angular through almost thirty years of performing household tasks. To Frank Perkins she was still the arch young thing of his boyhood. Even to strangers she could never be completely commonplace. Now her blue eyes were alight with rebuke.

"I married a Bucksport boy, Beryl," she said.

For a moment the daughter's face was stormy; then suddenly it twitched in penitential grief. "I didn't mean it," she cried. "Not that way. Daddy is just the finest—he isn't a yokel, he couldn't be." She pushed back her chair and rose from the table,



"Scuse me, Beryl," said Perkins. "It's your own business. Whatever you do, Loretta

standing erect before them. Her shoulders were thrown back and her hands outstretched appealingly. "You think I want to go to Europe to play. I want to go there to work."

In the corner of the room was a piano. For the Perkins's home was so modest that dining room and parlor were one. Beryl walked to the piano. She sat down before it. Her fingers touched the keys; her head was thrown back. From her lips came words that were foreign, their meaning indistinguishable to her mother and father, but the fire and passion and beauty of the voice that uttered them told their own story.

The Perkinses had a phonograph. They had heard great singers in their humble home. They heard one now. When she had finished, her mother and father were staring at each other, holding their breath. Beryl wheeled on the piano stool. She laughed triumphantly.

"Do you understand what I mean?" she asked.

Her father's breath whistled through his lips. "Why, Beryl, why didn't you ever tell us?"

"I never knew it until last month," she answered.

"But you don't have to study or work," said her mother.

The girl laughed tolerantly. "I'm awful, daddy and mother. I can't do a single thing. But I have the foundation of a voice. A great voice, if you'll only let me go abroad to work—it will cost money, I know it. But do you know what opera singers earn? It'll be a loan, daddy; I'll be earning hundreds of dollars a week in a few years. I'll give it all back and more too."

Perkins arose and walked toward his daughter. "Don't you never talk about giving money to your mother nor me," he said gently. "All we got is yours, Beryl."

So Beryl Perkins went abroad. Not without misgivings did her parents watch the Mediterranean liner sail away from its dock in East Boston. She was young and beautiful, and capricious. And they were parents, middle-aged, creators of an offspring who seemed destined to adorn other planes. Yet they



and me are with you." Suddenly Beryl saw herself as she had never been visible to her own eyes before.

forced back their tears. Their great love and their great pride in her forbade them to let her know how deeply they would miss her. Nor did she even suspect that the raising of a thousand dollars in cash was not easily accomplished; that certain securities which frugality had enabled them to purchase were sacrificed at a loss. Beryl sailed away; she did not know these things. And if she had known them, she would have looked upon them as sacrifices rightly performed for her.

She was a person to whom self-expression was as necessary as breathing or eating. It was not enough to pour out her soul in song. She must pour it out in letters. Her parents attributed her frequent lengthy accounts of her doings to her love for them. But they were really due to her desire to find an outlet for her emotions.

Yet she did love them dearly, although she did not know it yet. Children never know how much they love their parents until, usually, it is too late to show it.

Her success was certain from the start. She had a glorious soprano that amazed Signor Battelli the first time she sang for him at his studio in Milan. He was a wrinkled old Italian, and he knew many things beside the technic of singing. He knew the art of acting. So he knew immediately that here was a pupil who would be one of those rare personages in opera, a prima donna who would be a great actress as well as singer.

He kept Beryl with him for two years, learning the great rôles. In the third year he got her an engagement in a fifth rate opera in a small Italian city. There she learned to feel her audience. Battelli got her a part early in 1914 at Monte Carlo. An American impresario heard her. He engaged her for the following season to sing minor rôles in New York.

Just before the war broke out she returned to America. An expert publicity man had filled the newspapers with accounts of her beauty, her charm, her marvelous singing and histrionic

ability. Her parents met her in New York and were overwhelmed at her reception by the great of the artistic world. Alone with them at last, she smiled. She had been making increasingly heavy demands upon them for money.

"I've just about put you two poor dears in the poorhouse, haven't I?" she asked.

They were in her bedroom in a fashionable hotel, and her father was conscious of his ill-fitting clothes. "That's all right, Beryl," he said.

"It isn't all right," she told him. "My contract calls for three hundred dollars a week, beginning in October, and I'll begin paying you back then. Meanwhile I'll need a couple of thousand dollars to see me through."

"It'll be pretty hard to raise, Beryl," said Perkins uneasily. "Oh, but I must have it!" she told him. "I'll pay you back, father."

"It ain't that," he said. "Though of course your expenses have been pretty steep, and while it makes me sick to think of lending money to my daughter, I have to think of your mother, too," he sighed. "I'll get the money, Beryl."

But the trip back to Bucksport was clouded by the shadow of finance. The war had begun while Beryl was coming home, and money was hard to raise just now. Perkins found it necessary to mortgage the little home in Bucksport to raise the two thousand dollars that Beryl needed.

And on the eve of her Metropolitan debut, Beryl married William Pennington. And the papers that carried the announcement of her sudden marriage to the eminent and extremely wealthy attorney also told of her cancellation of her contract and her definite abandonment of her career.

A famous opera coach, to whom Beryl had been recommended by Battelli, gave a dinner in her apartment in the Metropolitan Opera Building to her new pupil. Among the guests, carefully selected from the high lights of the (Continued on page 124)



MONTAGUE GLASS

*Creator of Potash and Perlmutter and
contributor to the world's humor
and good fellowship*

Stories That Have Made Me Laugh

By MONTAGUE GLASS

FISHBEIN & BLINTZ, the well known pants manufacturers, were playing a game of golf at the Swamp Ridge Country Club in Westchester County the other day. At the first tee Fishbein drove into the rough while Blintz landed on the fairway. For more than five minutes he watched Fishbein make futile attempts to dislodge his ball and at last he was successful.

"Nu, Fishbein," Blintz inquired. "How many did you do that in?"

"Three," Fishbein replied laconically.

"Three!" Blintz exclaimed. "Why, you miserable crook, I seen you hitting at that ball fifty or sixty times. I don't know how many it was—even a hundred maybe."

"When was this?" Fishbein asked innocently.

"When you was in the rough just now," Blintz said.

"Oh! That time!" Fishbein cried. "That was when I was killing a snake."

JULIUS also told a story about the Eden Musee which up to ten years ago was still standing on the north side of Twenty-third Street near Sixth Avenue, New York. As further guarantee of the story's maturity, it has to do with a crystal maze, a form of amusement almost as extinct as ping-pong. It seems that a visitor from out of town had spent over half an hour trying to find his way out of the crystal maze, which, as its name implies, is a labyrinth of mirrors, and at last he sank down quite exhausted on the floor.



"By gorry!" he said, looking around him at about a hundred different reflections of himself. "If I only knew which one of yez was me, I'd break your neck for ever getting me into this place, so I would."

ONCE more the Scotch are advertising their own thrift. This one was taken from the columns of the Glasgow Herald. Why, the conundrum runs, have the Scotch such an excellent sense of humor?

Answer: Because it's a gift.

A HANSOM cab has at last been placed in the South Kensington Museum to be exhibited beside such obsolete vehicles as the glass coach and the sedan chair. With its disappearance have vanished all the old stories about (a) the cabman who received the exact fare from a stout old lady and asked her to keep out of sight of the horse so that the poor animal shouldn't see what a tremendous load he had been carrying for ninepence; (b) the one about the bottom of the cab falling out and the fare running inside of it all the way from Charing Cross to Euston and then remarking upon his arrival that but for the honor of the thing, he might just as well have walked; and (c) the story of the nervous old lady and the reassuring cabby.

"Does your horse shy at motors?" she asked before stepping into the cab.

"Lor' love ye, lady," the cabman said as he removed the feed bag from his ancient steed, "e didn't even shy at railways when they first came in."



A GENTLEMAN living in Shelburne, Vermont, recently made quite a large sum of money out of the operation of the Volstead Act, and yet he is in no way connected with its enforcement either as bootlegger, officer or otherwise. He was driving his automobile along the State highway not far from the Canadian border when he ran out of gas. It was late at night and he was many miles from the nearest filling station. As he stood pondering the matter a large motor truck approached and he immediately ran into the middle of the road and waved both arms frantically. The driver applied his brakes and brought the truck to a sudden stop, not without difficulty, however, for the truck was heavily loaded with boxes and barrels. Quicker than it takes to tell it, the truck driver jumped down from his seat, handed an envelope to the motorist, hopped back again, and releasing his brakes, was out of sight before the motorist could even say, "What's this?"



A moment later the motorist opened the envelope. It contained a hundred dollar bill.

EVERYBODY knows the story—and I'm not going to tell it again—of the three Scotsmen who happened to take shelter from the rain in a church just when the collection was occurring and one of them pretended to faint while the other two carried him out.

The one I am going to tell, however, refers to the bartender and his friend who went to church one Sunday—and in spite of Mr. Anderson, I know more than one bartender who used to go to church.

This particular bartender thought he was putting a silver quarter in the plate and found just as church let out that he had put in a five dollar gold piece.

"Well, all you have to do is to go round and see the priest," his friend said. "He's a broad-minded man and he'll be glad to give it you back."

"No, no," the bartender replied. "I gave it to the Lord, to hell with it."

THE proprietor of a drug store in Port Jervis says that he was recently approached by a foreman in the Erie shops, named Tuomey.

"My house is that overrun by moths," Tuomey announced, "that my Sunday clothes looks like a porous plaster. What will I do to get rid of them?"

"Try moth balls," the druggist said. "That'll kill 'em."

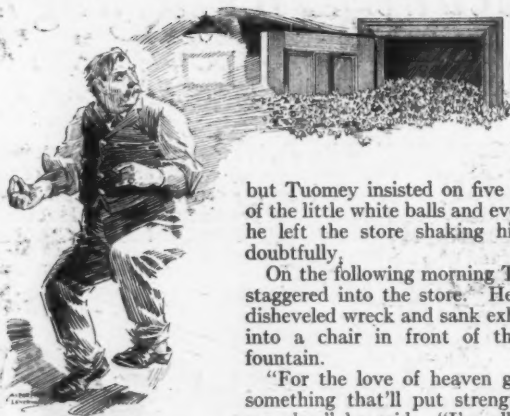
He weighed out a pound package of the little tar camphor balls while Tuomey watched him.

"Will them little things kill them?" Tuomey asked.

"Why certainly," the druggist said.

"But not that many of them won't," Tuomey declared. "You'd better be giving me five times as much."

The druggist said that the pound package would be ample for the purpose,



but Tuomey insisted on five pounds of the little white balls and even then he left the store shaking his head doubtfully.

On the following morning Tuomey staggered into the store. He was a disheveled wreck and sank exhausted into a chair in front of the soda fountain.

"For the love of heaven give me something that'll put strength into me, doc," he said. "I'm all in. I didn't get a wink of sleep yesterday."

"Why, what's the matter?" the druggist asked.

"It's them dom little balls you sold me," Tuomey said. "Sure I pegged away at the moths all night and I didn't hit a cursed wan of them."

THERE was much discussion in an English city recently as to whether the public houses should be allowed to remain open until eleven o'clock instead of half-past ten. One of the town councilors emphatically opposed the change.

"Wot I says is," he announced in the council chamber, "that if a man ain't drunk by 'alf-past ten, he ain't trying."

THE following incident probably occurred in that restaurant which, according to Julius Tannen the monologist, was of such high standing that only the best quality of turnips was used for the horseradish.

A customer was asked by the waiter what dessert he would like, and he replied upon consulting the bill of fare, "Stewed peaches."

After an interval of several minutes the waiter returned from the kitchen without the order.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said to the customer, "but the stewed peaches are pears today, and they've turned."

PINNING a story on to a famous personage of history is a dangerous thing to do. If you say that a certain event happened to Sophocles, somebody is sure to write you that as a matter of fact it was an incident in the life of George M. Cohan. I am told by John Alonzo Williams, the illustrator, that the following story dates back to Napoleonic times. However, it sounds more like our own times in the Argonne sector.

A draft of raw British troops was dispatched to Belgium prior to the Battle of Waterloo. They were fresh from the plough and looked it.

"I don't know how these fellows are going to affect the enemy," Wellington is reported to have said, "but they certainly scare me."

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER, the well known novelist, said that a lady to whom he is related by marriage became much interested in *Twilight Sleep*. She even bought a book about it and found it to be so instructive that she felt obliged to enlighten a lot of other ladies on the porch of a summer hotel. The other ladies knew nothing whatever of *Twilight Sleep* and the longer the subject was explained to them by Max Foster's relation, the less they seemed to understand it.

"In fact," Max said, "they didn't get her at all, because every time she referred to *Twilight Sleep* she called it *Daylight Saving*."

ACCORDING to an old number of *L'Assiette au Beurre* one Paris crook meets another on the rue d'Odessa and says in the course of the conversation:

"I understand you were in the Magasin du Louvre the other day when all the lights went out."

"It was not the Magasin du Louvre," the other crook replies, "it was another big department store."

"Was it quite dark?" the first crook asks.

"You couldn't see your hand before your face," the second answers.

"And did you get anything?" the first inquires.

"Unfortunately not," the second says. "You see, at the time the lights went out I was in the piano department."

WILLIE COLLIER, the actor, once made an Australian tour, and when he was asked upon his return what sort of a town he found Sidney, New South Wales, to be, he said it was like traveling ten thousand miles and arriving in Newark, New Jersey.

Anyone who has seen or read about "The Music Box Revue" in which Mr. Collier last appeared can well imagine that Mr. Collier's services as a comedian are in great demand by the New York managers.

Mr. Collier was therefore somewhat surprised when he was offered an engagement by a New York manager who pays notoriously poor salaries.

"Will you come with me next season, Willie?" the manager asked.

"Why certainly, old man," Collier said. "Where are you going?"

AN IRISHMAN newly arrived in the country was being taken for a walk by his brother. It was around Thanksgiving time and the grocery store windows were decorated with cranberries.

"What are them things?" the immigrant asked.

"They're cranberries," the brother replied.

"Are they good to eat?" the immigrant inquired.

"Are they good to eat!" his brother exclaimed.

"Why, when them cranberries are stewed, they make better apple sauce than prunes."

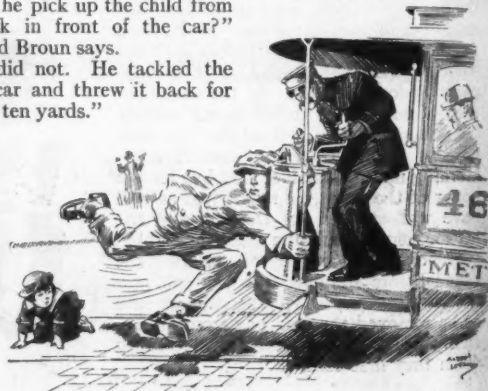
"CURLY CORLISS" is the title of a book published last year. Its hero is captain of the Yale football team, and while walking down the main street of New Haven one day he sees a little crippled newsboy on crutches right in the path of an oncoming trolley car. Before the poor little chap can get clear of the trolley track he slips on the icy pavement and is about to be crushed under the front wheels, when Curly Corliss dashes from the sidewalk. He seizes the newsboy in his arms and jumps to

safety with only a split second to spare.

Heywood Broun, the critic of the New York World, in reviewing this book said that a similar incident occurred when he was an undergraduate at Harvard. The conditions were almost identical except that it was a much larger type of interurban trolley. It was also coming a little faster than it did in New Haven, and there was a small baby that fell right in front of the approaching car, when who should come along—not the captain of the Harvard team, but the substitute end of the second eleven.

"Did he pick up the child from the track in front of the car?" Heywood Broun says.

"He did not. He tackled the trolley car and threw it back for a loss of ten yards."





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The Lone Wolf Returns

(Continued from page 89)

grumbled in English, "you make me sick to think of all the youth I wasted studying what I fondly thought was French!"

Liane turned with a murmur of self-reproach.

"Forgive me, my pretty. Michael and I knew each other so long ago in that dear Paris of before the war, it goes against nature to converse with him in any tongue but French . . . Ah! my old one," she lamented to Lanyard. "Those old days! will we ever know their like again?"

Mistrustful of her drift, Lanyard replied briefly, "God forbid!"

Timely to catch the sense of these latter lines, Pagan returned, his countenance of a clown radiant with good nature restored by the fragrance of the four eight-inch glasses on the tray beneath his nose.

"The dilute laughter of the peasants of Scotland," he announced, presenting the tray to Folly and Liane, "guaranteed to cure every heartache born of pining for a past that, if the truth were known, probably wasn't half so pleasant as the present—Prohibition and everything!" He presented the tray to Lanyard in turn, then, determined at all costs to win the center of the stage, struck an absurd declamatory attitude. "To tonight and tomorrow," he toasted,—"to hell with yesterday! Why waste good time mourning that which is immortal, anyway? All of yesterday that mattered we carry with us, imperishably enshrined in our hearts. After all, what is the present more than the past plus? What man was yesterday, he is today, with something added. Eh, Mr. Lanyard?"

"Or subtracted."

"I disagree"—Pagan made him a formal salute—"with all due respect. Man adds daily to the sum of his experiences, which sum he is; but he can never subtract from that sum one iota of what he has been. The peasant who becomes a financier remains at heart a peasant still."

"A pretty thought," Liane interpolated with earnest interest. "But, to a woman, somewhat unsettling, is it not?"

"To continue: Give the financier who was a peasant respite from his cares, and whither turns his heart? Back to the stage of his young days; if he takes a vacation, he spends it in overalls."

"And yours, one presumes, are devoted to making records for the phonograph?"

"Don't interrupt, Liane . . . Or take, say, a criminal who has abandoned his misguided ways and become a respected member of the community. How will he relax? Eh, Mr. Lanyard?"

"I will not presume to instruct monsieur on a point concerning which he is undoubtedly better informed than I."

Liane exploded a "Ho!" of pure joy, and Pagan shot Lanyard an envenomed glance which he was swift to mask with his well worn smirk. "To be frank," he admitted freely, dropping into a conversational tone, "I had the Lone Wolf in mind. They tell me the fellow is here, in New York, now, and up to his old games again. I confess the thought rides my imagination, the puzzle of it. By all accounts he went straight for years. How, then, came he to backslide? Were the claims of the past too strong? or the demands of the present? Does he thief today deliberately for gain?

or involuntarily at the dictates of some subtle and deathless instinct?"

"But monsieur has so many entertaining theories, surely he will produce one to cover this hypothetical instance."

"I don't know. Nature is too strong for us, she laughs at all our efforts to revise her. We may repress and inhibit our native instincts as much as we will, but in the end, as a rule, they have their way. The Psychical Research Society reported not long ago the case of a man in whom the influence of instincts developed in early professional life were so strong that, buried though his criminal past was under a dozen years of law-abiding life, he reverted to old practices from time to time without knowing what he did; that is to say, in spells of amnesia, during which his first personality, the natural man, broke through the veneer of the secondary or artificial personality with which he had so painstakingly overlaid it. A safe-breaker and jewel thief like this Lone Wolf. Interesting if this were another such case."

"Interesting indeed, monsieur, if conceivable."

"But think a minute, and I believe you'll admit it's readily conceivable. Imagine such a man, with wits and senses all habituated by years of rigorous training to serve his predatory nature. Because he's trying to live an honest life today doesn't mean that those old, ingrained habits have necessarily ceased to function. To the contrary, I imagine, they are always at work. As he goes to and fro and meets men and women who invite him into their homes—in their ignorance of his former identity, of course—inevitably, I maintain, such a man will always be observing and appraising and formulating plans of attack—subconsciously, perhaps, but still and for all that making use of the faculties he trained in other days. I can believe he never visits a home of any consequence without taking away with him a comprehensive scheme for burglarizing it. As you or I might, Mr. Lanyard, if either of us had the education of the Lone Wolf, say in respect of this very house . . . And then some night, when he's least dreaming of anything of the sort, the old Adam reasserts itself, without or with his will and cognizance—"

Perhaps a little frightened by the gleam in Lanyard's eyes and the tension of his lips, Liane bounced up vivaciously.

"Peter!" she cried, "you make me tired, you talk so much. Once you get started you never know when to stop. But now you will stop, I insist that you stop and take me home. It is nearly three, and I am weary to the marrow of my bones."

Lanyard contrived with fair enough grace to decline Pagan's magnanimous offer of a lift in his car; but by the time he found himself on Fifth Avenue again he was half sorry he had. There were no taxicabs cruising for fares at that hour—at least all he spied were tearing along with flags reversed; and his head was at one and the same time buzzing with fumes of whisky and thick with that drowsiness of which he had first become sensible in the cab with Folly McFee. Singularly enough, that cloud had lifted during his stop in her home, whereas since leaving it, ever since

he had drawn his first breath of the dank, chill air of the streets, his wits had been like slugs fumbling blindly in a bed of cotton wool. Now his feet as well were beginning to feel leaden.

Hard to understand how one could have been so affected by the scanty ration of alcohol one had consumed that evening—a solitary glass of champagne at the Clique, a single Scotch and soda two hours later. It might be, of course, that Pagan had mixed too stiff a highball . . .

Odd to find oneself resuming one's homeward walk at almost the very point where that rencontre with Liane had interrupted it. Still more odd, how that affair had resulted; in three brief hours everything had come true that one had foretold in seeking to dissuade Eve from the idea of marriage . . .

In a surge of grim rage Lanyard pledged Morpheus and Pagan ample grounds for repentance should they show any disposition to persist in tampering with his concerns.

Then he found occasion to execrate the weather, too, perceiving that it had been only holding off until, as now, it had him at its mercy. Now all at once it ceased to tease and settled down to rain in earnest.

And still no taxis . . .

Lanyard turned up his overcoat collar and dug both hands into its pockets, clipping his stick under an arm and plodding heavily through the shining puddles, with every labored step growing more conscious of bodily oppression and the lethargy that ruled his mind, feeling more abused in some vague how and aggrieved.

In the many hued lights of the street the back-spatter of raindrops, drilling on the sidewalk churned in rainbow iridescence, a froth of phantom jewels, enchanting, evanescent . . .

Strange that one should never have remarked this effect ere now . . . Stranger still how blindly man is wont to move through the world, benighted to its wonders . . . As now when, lifting dazzled eyes, Lanyard beheld himself a lonely wayfarer in a lane of jewels set in jet and gold . . .

Jewels that outrivalled even those the Sultan of Loot had paraded, and Liane, and that other woman . . . pretty little thing so well named . . . What the deuce was her name? Folly? Folly McFee!

Idiotic to mislay so soon a distinctive name like that . . .

Wading in jewels. Up to one's knees. As Liane waded in them, and Folly, and the Sultan of Loot . . . Between them these three must have had on display that night stones that would fetch four or five hundred thousand . . . flaunting them in the face of a pauper!

A pauper? Well, little better! Penniless, or next door to it. A few more days of running around with Eve . . . who must never guess . . . and he would be stoney. Not pinched for money—broke. The reward of virtue . . .

Lanyard laughed aloud, an ugly laugh. Pagan hadn't been far wrong. Impertinent clown! Not far wrong, at that . . . Anything but easy to forget the cunning one once had gloried in, to remain forever deaf and dumb to the insidious prompting



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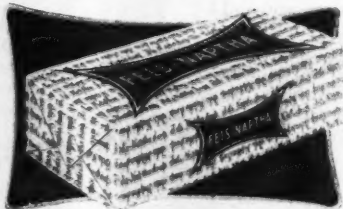
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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

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Philadelphia

of instincts which, as long as the sun shone, seemed to have been utterly stamped out and exterminated, but which, when clouds massed and the wind bared its teeth, had an accursed habit of proving they had been but rebelliously quiescent . . .

Curious, how close to the line that mountebank had hewn in his guesswork at the psychology of the outlaw reclaimed.

There lingered still a picture instantaneously printed upon the sensitive film of consciousness in that moment when Lanyard had stood peering out of the rear window at Folly McFee's: a view of the roof of a one story extension running back from the window, a flat roof decked over to serve as a terrace in warm weather, with, beyond it, thanks to an excavation being dug for a new building on the north side of the block, nothing between the house and the next street but a board fence enclosing the kitchen yard. An open invitation to any who might fancy the jewels of Folly McFee; jewels that, shrewdly marketed, would put a provident man beyond reach of want for the rest of his days . . .

Lanyard growled an oath and gave himself an angry shake. What the devil had got into him tonight that he should consent for a single instant to indulge such a train of thought?

Not that there was danger of his being tempted . . . He gave a thick chuckle of scorn . . . Nevertheless it was annoying to find oneself unable to forget that the temptation was there.

All the fault of that reptile with viperous tongue and machine-made leer, what's-his-name . . . What was his name? Fagin? No—Pagan. Loathsome creature . . .

What an ass one had been to swallow his insolence simply because there were women present, to let such an illogical consideration restrain one from yielding to natural, primitive impulse and, with every provocation, throttling the beast, wringing his scrawny neck . . .

In amaze Lanyard emerged from a seizure of sodden insanity to find himself at halt in front of the Waldorf, standing quite still in the driving rain and glaring at his hands, which were extended with tensed fingers compressing the windpipe of an imaginary victim.

What was he doing? He made an effort to pull himself together, and cast right and left, shame-faced to think that he might have been seen. But there was not another soul in sight on the whole undulant length of the Avenue. Only a taxi shot past, and its driver hooted . . .

He seemed to have mislaid his stick. After a moment of myopic searching he gave it up, pocketed his hands and lunged on . . . Not far to go now; but one made indifferent progress because of the fog. Of course it was fog! What else could make the lights so dim? Like a London fog, a London particular. And getting thicker every minute, blotting out the lights.

In a sudden saffron blaze Lanyard identified the common aspect of the small suite of rooms which he rented furnished. He was in the sitting room, wrestling with his overcoat. Soaked through and dripping, the accursed thing seemed possessed of a devil of perversity which resisted all his efforts to shed it. He gave an infuriated wriggle, heard something rip, and discovered, in some surprise, that he was rid of it. Then with indignation he saw

that the door stood open to the public hall, a staring oblong of black in the lighted walls. Lurching to this, Lanyard flung it shut with a thunderous slam.

The problem of escaping from the intimate embrace of his clothing next engaged his intelligence. His one dress coat was something he couldn't afford to tear off his back. Yet he darkly foresaw difficulties. After a while of pondering, a spirit of low cunning prompted him to try to deceive the thing by making believe he didn't care whether it came off or not . . . And astonishingly it appeared that this stratagem had been successful—he was holding the garment in his hands. With the harsh, unfeeling laugh of a conqueror he cast it from him and shaped a course for his bedchamber. And barely in time; that London fog had stolen in after him somehow, probably through the door he had carelessly left open. Heaven knew how long . . . At its old tricks, dimming down the lights till one could hardly see. Rapidly, too. He succeeded in beating the darkness to his bed, but with nothing to spare; as he sat on its edge, fumbling with his shoes, night overwhelmed the world with a stunning crash . . .

CHAPTER VI

A SPLITTING headache roused Lanyard out of the void; that, with an unfeeling hand shaking his shoulder and a voice dinning his name into his ears.

When he tried to remonstrate his other shoulder was captured by another vise-like grasp, and he was raised to a sitting position on the side of the bed. There, bending forward and clasping his head with both hands lest it rend itself in twain, he regained a measure of lucidity.

Broad daylight was flooding the room. On his throbbing eardrums a voice jarred, hideously cheerful.

"Well—how're you feeling now?"

Without understanding Lanyard blinked into the grinning countenance of Crane.

"Pretty rocky, I'll tell the World, the Tribune and the Herald! Next time you'll know better than to take liberties with lawless liquor—or I miss my guess. Got anything in the place that's good for a wrecked dome?"

Unwisely Lanyard sought to reply with a shake of the head in question. His moans were heart-rending. When he got them under control he heard Crane say: "Well, son! it's a good thing to have a true friend on the job when you're feeling like this. You set there and take it easy while I run down to the drug store and fetch you a pick-me-up."

Crane's footsteps receded through the sitting room and died out beyond a door which was closed with thoughtful care. Pricked by pride, Lanyard put forth a tremendous effort of will and stood up.

Not till then did he realize that he was fully clothed but for his shoes and the dress coat which he had a muggy memory of having discarded in the adjoining room.

When Crane reentered without knocking, Lanyard was splashing in the bath-room. Some minutes later he came out wrapped in a dressing gown and bearing some resemblance to his normal, self-respecting self. Crane was waiting with a tall and foaming glass. A draught long and acrid but grateful. The flavor of aromatic spirits of ammonia replacing that of

aloes in his mouth, Lanyard was able to express his thanks with a smile less wan than might have been expected.

"I think you called yourself a true friend," he said. "That was true talk. Never in my life have I needed one more." Subsiding into a chair, he waved a feeble hand toward another. "Sit down and tell me to what I owe this act of mercy . . ."

"Well, if you want to know, I guess you owe it mainly to forgetting to lock your door when you crashed in last night." Crane sat down and favored Lanyard with a quizzical stare, caressing lean jaws with bony fingers. "I knocked till I was tired, then tried the door, feeling pretty sure you were at home because I could see by the transom you had all the lights going full blast. So I just naturally walked in and found you practically a total loss. You were cold sober when I saw you at two o'clock, but you sure did manage to collect a skinful between then and the time you turned in, whenever that was."

"To the best of my knowledge, not much after three."

"Blessed if I see how you managed it. Mind telling? I don't like to seem nosey, but this record you're claiming for the standing broad jag in one hour flat has got me guessing. Didn't know you went in much for that sort of thing."

"No more do I," Lanyard protested. "That is to say, I never did before and never will again, Heaven helping me to avoid further entanglements with temperance drinks."

"That what you call 'em?"

"I mean, the sort of drinks one's friends serve in these Prohibition times. I hesitate to ask you to believe that the ruin you see before you was wrought by one small glass of champagne at the Clique last night, followed by a single Scotch and soda at Mrs. McFee's."

"From the funny things I've seen boot-liquor do in the last few months," Crane replied, "some of 'em not so darned funny, at that, I'm ready to believe anything you want to blame on it. What bothers me now is you getting such stuff at Mrs. Folliott McFee's. That little lady is well enough fixed to keep her cellar stocked with the best. However," he reconsidered, "I guess she must've got it from her friend Morphew. She's been training considerably with him and his gang of late; and I wouldn't put it past that bird to poison his best friend for a few dollars."

"We see Mr. Morphew with the same eyes, you and I."

Lanyard wanted very much to question Crane for information concerning Mr. Hugh Morphew, but felt much too listless just then. Another time would do as well, when his mental processes had somewhat recuperated.

"So you were at Mrs. McFee's last night, were you?"

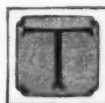
"Naturally I had to see her home," Lanyard replied. "She asked me in to have that drink; and a little later the Delorme woman dropped in with a hyena who calls himself Pagan—dare say you know who I mean"—Crane nodded—"to make sure Mrs. McFee had come to no harm. You see, we were all guests of Morphew's at the Clique when you raided the place. But I presume that's no news . . ."

"You're wrong, then. Morphew and his lot got away clean. We couldn't find hair nor hide of him or any of the parties you've



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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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named. They must have beaten it by some secret passage while the lights were on the blink."

Liane and Pagan, then, had lied about being turned back from the roof. Not that it mattered . . .

"How'd you get on with the pretty McFee?" Crane was pursuing with an interest too elaborately casual.

"Well enough, thanks. She seems a nice little thing if a thought flighty."

"Flighty's the word. I gather you haven't known her long."

"Only met her last night, a few minutes before the raid."

"Nice place she's got . . ."

"Nice enough," Lanyard assented languidly.

"Get much of a show to look around while you were there?"

Lanyard opened his eyes. "You're not asking these questions for conversation's sake."

"You're dead right I'm not," Crane drawled, stroking his jaws. "Guess I may as well break it to you. Mrs. McFee reported this morning her house had been broken into last night, sometime between three o'clock and daylight, her safe opened—little tin box she keeps in her boodwah—and the pick of her jewels looted."

"So!" said Lanyard, "it's to that I owe this honor!"

"You've had such a lot of experience in that line I thought maybe you wouldn't mind giving me a few tips . . ."

Lanyard lounged back in his chair again, smiling tolerantly.

"Why trifle with the truth to spare my feelings?"

"Well!" Crane conceded uncomfortably, "I don't mind telling you, the job had all the earmarks of one of the Lone Wolf's."

"Indeed?"

"The bird that opened that box did it painlessly, like you always used to, going on all I've heard—just talked to the works till the safe lay down and rolled over with all four paws in the air. Of course he didn't leave any finger marks. He got in by way of an extension in the back of the house; there's a French window opens on to it from the study. He didn't even need to jimmy that, though Mrs. McFee and the servants can't explain how it came to be open. In fact the butler swears he latched it himself before he went to bed. Looks like somebody must have fixed it . . ."

"Somebody who, like your obedient servant, had plenty of opportunity."

"You got the idea."

"In short," said Lanyard, "what you are delicately trying to convey is that you'd be obliged if I'd come along quietly."

"No," Crane surprisingly answered; "nothing like that."

"No?" Lanyard persisted, in an unbelieving stare.

"No . . . I'll admit I looked you up here with a divided mind. I couldn't somehow believe it of you. On the other hand, I've been fooled by a lot of human nature in my time. But you put in an alibi, even before you came to, sound enough to satisfy me. Maybe I'm wrong about you, Lanyard, maybe you're as crooked as a revenue inspector; but nothing will ever make me believe you pulled that job and then pickled yourself to celebrate,

or that the Lone Wolf ever went home after cracking a safe and crawled into the hay leaving the door unlocked. Not only that, but just to make sure, in a perfectly friendly way, I frisked your pockets and searched these rooms high and low before I woke you up. You've got a good right to be sore, if it hits you that way; but I figured it was my duty as a friend as well as an officer of the law."

"On the contrary," Lanyard assured him sincerely, "I am appreciative and grateful, glad to be cleared in your sight, even more glad to be cleared in my own."

"In your own?" Crane repeated in perplexity. "What do you think you mean by that?"

"I'm glad I do not have to wonder if possibly I did this thing in my sleep, so to speak."

"Quit your kidding!" Crane got up with a laugh. "I've got to be getting along now; oughtn't to have lost as much time as I have."

"I shall miss your soothing presence. But I am sure you understand that there are times, and this is one of them, when one would rather be alone."

"You said it."

"You will pardon my not rising to see you to the door?"

"Stay right where you are. I'll drop in again, sometime this evening maybe, to see how you are."

"Do. There are many things I want to consult you about when I feel better able."

"Well, if anything gets in my way and I don't show up like I said"—Crane fished out a card from a worn wallet and placed it on the marble mantelpiece of the old-fashioned fireplace—"there's my name and number. Give me a ring any time you feel like it and I'll blow you to a dinner, with maybe something on the side whose kick isn't quite as deadly as a Georgia mule's."

For upwards of an hour after the detective had taken himself off Lanyard lingered on in the easy chair, listlessly reviewing his memories of the previous night, memories comfortingly clear-cut up to a certain stage . . .

After all, he were an ingrate to complain; surely he had no excuse for considering himself in disgrace with fortune, who had come thus far through this conjuncture retaining the confidence of Crane, but best of all his own!

He counted himself happy indeed—for all the malaise from which he still suffered and which only time and heroic measures in the way of exercise would do away with altogether—that Crane's investigation, while he lay senseless, had resolved every question that might otherwise have perturbed his secret mind. It was grateful to be spared the torment that, but for this exoneration, must have been his; the fear that he might himself, without his knowledge, have proved there was support in fact for the theory of criminal psychology which Pagan had advanced, the theory that it was well without the bounds of possibility for a man in his plight, in sore financial straits and subconsciously tempted beyond his strength, to commit a theft while in a phase of auto-hypnosis coupled with amnesia, a condition comparable to somnambulism . . .

Otherwise his affairs, as Lanyard saw them, had come suddenly to a precarious pass.

In spite of the fact that he knew his intelligence would need some time to recover its accustomed competence, he entertained no slightest doubt but that he would be tomorrow, as he was today, convinced that the abstraction of the McFee jewels had been merely the first move in a campaign shrewdly planned to bring him to Morphew's terms.

His defiance of that one had not been tardy of result; the enemy had not only accepted his declaration of war, he had committed the first overt act.

Lanyard's temper hardened. If it was war Morphew wanted, he should have his fill . . .

But if it was to be war, this was no time to waste in inaction; the enemy was already in the field and taking the offensive, while he lay resting.

Rising, Lanyard bestirred himself to set his house in order.

When he had shaved and dressed and dosed himself with stabilizing draughts of black coffee, he began to collect the clothes he had worn overnight, all of which would require the attentions of a valet before they would be again presentable. Rain had defaced the gloss of his topper beyond repair but by the hatter's iron. His trousers were damp and wrinkled bags of black stuff splashed to the knees with mud.

Over these stains Lanyard frowned. Impossible to understand how he had managed to come by the worst of them, even taking into account the condition in which he had traversed Fifth Avenue during the storm. The marks of that thin black ooze which accumulates on asphaltum explained themselves. But there were others inexplicable, and on his patent leather boots as well—smears and cakes of ochre mud which he could hardly have accumulated without wandering into broken ground such as was not to be found on Fifth Avenue at any point within the bounds of his besotted promenade.

But he distinctly recollected noticing an excavation behind the residence of Folly McFee . . .

With a worried shake of his head that cost him several stabs of anguish, Lanyard folded and laid aside the trousers and returned to the sitting room to get his dress coat.

As he took this up something in one of the coat-tail pockets struck against a leg of the center table with a muffled but clashing thump.

By his own account Crane had already rummaged the pockets of the garment, but conceivably the coat-tail pockets he had over looked, who was better acquainted with dress clothes of American tailoring, from which such conveniences are commonly omitted. Lanyard's clothes, however, had been built in London; and to the British tailor coat-tail pockets are as an article of faith.

An exploring hand brought forth a little packet knotted in a handkerchief, out of his own.

Lanyard surmised its contents before he had succeeded in loosing the knots.

With a sense of sickness he stood staring down at the stolen jewels of Folly McFee.

An amazing adventure awaits you in the next instalment—April COSMOPOLITAN



As a protection against March winds the right cream is an absolute necessity

A cream that protects against wind and cold

Everyone knows the coarse, dry texture that is spoken of as "weather-beaten." That is the result of constant and continued exposure.

But even a single day's exposure can cause chapping that is actually painful. Wind whips the moisture out of an unprotected skin—cold roughens it. To prevent these dangers, a cream is needed that will shield the skin. The cream made by a special formula for this purpose is Pond's *Vanishing Cream*.

Try a little of this particular cream side by side with any cold cream and see the marked difference. The cold cream is oily—the Pond's Vanishing Cream has not a drop of oil in it. Instead it is made from another ingredient famous for its softening and soothing qualities and which the skin can absorb instantly. This cream keeps the skin's natural moisture in, and so protects it from

the drying effects of wind and cold. No matter how cold and windy it is, your skin will keep its natural transparency and softness if you always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out.

A very different cream for a thorough cleansing

No one cream can completely care for your skin. To give your skin the thorough cleansing that keeps it fresh and supple a cream made with oil is needed.

The cream with *just the right amount* of oil to reach deep into the pores and remove every trace of dirt and impurity without overloading the skin is Pond's *Cold Cream*. Smooth it into the skin of the face and neck every night before retiring.

Both these creams are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything to promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream
to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
134L Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name

Street

City State

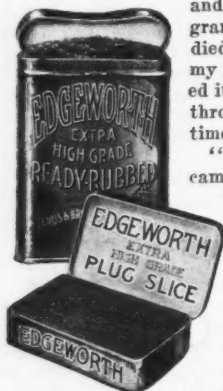
He smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old

**Packed with Edgeworth he
thinks no other pipe can
compare with it**

We have run on the case of three generations of pipe smokers preferring the meerschaum pipe to all other pipes. Not only that, but all three generations smoked the same meerschaum pipe (in turn, may we be allowed to add).

For further details we refer directly to the present owner of the ancient pipe.

"Dear Sirs," he wrote us, "I have a meerschaum pipe originally purchased and smoked by my grandfather. When he died, he willed it to my father, who smoked it continually throughout his life-time.



"When the pipe came to me, I was a little dubious about accepting the family responsibility of keeping up the tradition. I tried several brands of tobacco in the pipe and they all made me sick.

Then someone suggested Edgeworth.

"From that day to this I have smoked no other tobacco—no other pipe.

"Give me the old family meerschaum and a little blue can of Edgeworth and I can get all the enjoyment out of smoking there is any time of day or night.

"Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but that's the way I feel about pipe smoking. And that's the way I intend to feel as long as you continue to make Edgeworth."

Well, we can reassure our correspondent on that point, for we intend to go on making Edgeworth just as long as there are smokers who would give up smoking if they couldn't get Edgeworth.

And we intend to go on making friends for Edgeworth by sending out more free samples.

So if you haven't tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address and we will immediately forward to you generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, it will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly if you should like it.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

The Luck That Failed

(Continued from page 59)

and picked up a job 'picture-punchin'. I learned things about the cattle business off from some of them—those—directors that nobody else knows."

"You're a motion picture actor?" Carmelita asked half apprehensively. The yellow newspapers had unjustly made bugaboos out of the members of the film world and women and children instinctively feared them.

"No, ma'am, not a actor. Never was a actor. I was one of the crowd that comes ridin' in during the last five hundred feet, shootin' off guns and saving the heroine from a fate worse than death. Sometimes I was a plain puncher, sometimes a Northwest Mounted Policeman or a United States Cavalryman. Once I was a knight in armor ridin' a motorcycle and lately I've been several kinds of Arabs sheikin' across the desert. Right now my connection with the industry has been severed for several weeks."

"Discharged?"

"No, ma'am. I quit. Left 'em cold, I did, and I hear that none of the film producers has made a cent since I stepped out. My uncle that I used to work for—he was a cattleman—up and died. There were so many heirs that when his property was divided none of us got much—my share was only about a thousand dollars. A man that's got a thousand dollars is too rich to keep on workin' and too poor to do anything else. I been aimin' to get a ranch of my own one of these days and raise mosquitoes or somethin' there's always a demand for but I'd need four or five thousand even to make the first payment. So I took my thousand and come down here to get a little action for it."

"You've been playing the races?" Carmelita was getting her first contact with an adventurer, a man who risked everything on a chance. Her reaction was part admiration and part fear.

"Yes, ma'am, I played the races and one thing and another. Struck a lucky streak, too. Anything I bet on seems to win. They call me Fool-for-luck Faraday—my name is really Dan Faraday, ma'am."

"And you've bought your ranch?" To Carmelita it was like a fairy tale and she was hastening on to the happy ending.

"No, ma'am, leastwise not yet. I won a lot more jack than I needed for the property I had my eye on at first and I said to myself, why not crowd my luck right to the extreme limit and get a real place about the size of one or two counties? But I'll have all I need by the end of this week and then I'm going to lay off even if I'm still winning. After that you'll find me over yonder—he waved—"somewhere back of them—those—mountains."

They came to the border. The United States customs officer perfunctorily inquired if they had any weapons and the Mexican ditto sold them a ticket to Central America for fifteen cents.

Everybody in Mexico seemed to know Dan Faraday. A crowd of hangers-on at the track collected as soon as he parked his car. But they stood at a respectful distance.

"There's the Casino and Sunset Inn on your right," Carmelita's guide pointed out. "If you'd like anything to drink—"

"I don't drink, but if you—"

"I don't either, ma'am, not during business hours especially. Come on, then, let's see what's on for the first race."

They followed the crowd, which was considerable. It was one of the big days at Tia Juana and the stands were already nearly full of sincere devotees of the sport of kings. Carmelita was surprised to see a great many middle-aged and even old women there unescorted and intensely interested in a study of the racing charts. A band played indifferently.

Faraday bought two programs and handed one to Carmelita. They took seats up high near the roof.

Something of the crowd excitement began to tingle in Carmelita's veins. Pulses were moving at a faster tempo inside the gate than they were outside. There was electricity in the air, there was noise, movement, color, alertness.

Carmelita allowed her eyes to fall on her program.

"How odd!" she exclaimed.

"What's that?" demanded Dan Faraday, aroused from a study of his own chart.

"Here's a horse with my name." She pointed to the entry. "Isn't that a coincidence?"

"Coincidence? It's a tip from heaven," Dan declared solemnly. "Gee, that's a pretty name! It's in the fifth race, too, where I usually make my killing. We'll have to hire a truck to take home our winnings tonight. And nobody ever heard of Carmelita before. She's a dark entry and we ought to get all the best of it in the betting odds."

Carmelita demurred at first but Dan finally persuaded her to make a small bet on the horse he suggested for the first race. He gave her twenty dollars and showed her how to buy tickets at the Pari-Mutuel machine established for the convenience of ladies right in the grandstand. He excused himself for a few minutes while he went to the paddock and placed a bet on the same horse for himself.

Almost as soon as he returned the horses came out and the first race got away. It was awfully short. Carmelita had only just begun to get unbearably excited when it was over.

"Come, cash your tickets," directed Dan, leading the way.

"Did we win?"

"We did."

The cashier gave Carmelita thirty-eight dollars in exchange for her memorandum check. It seemed incredible that twenty dollars could have grown so fast. Carmelita wondered how much Dan had won. She guessed it was much more. She tried to give her winnings to him but he refused.

"No, ma'am, it's yours. You'll have a lot more before the afternoon is over. I staked you, that's all."

Under Dan's direction Carmelita bet her entire roll on his choice for the second race. She won again. The man seemed to have an uncanny accuracy in forecasting what the animals on the track would do. He did not appear to have any particular system either. But by the time the fifth race came along Carmelita had over four hundred dollars in her purse. She was in favor of stopping right there.

"No, nothing like that," Dan insisted. "Why, ma'am, all the rest has just been

"Home, Sweet Home"

IN a dreamy old Long Island town— stands a quaint cottage that has weathered the storms of nearly three centuries—the boyhood home of John Howard Payne. Above the worn millstone step, the shining knocker on the door tells the story of the old house. On it are engraved the immortal words: "Home, Sweet Home."

No word except "Mother" grips the heart as does the word "Home", and the stranger in a strange land finds no real happiness until he makes that land his home—until he is a citizen of the country in which he lives.

There are twenty-four million homes in America—

With the exception of the comparatively few belonging to the native Indian, every American home is the home of foreign born or the descendants of the foreign born.

There are 14,000,000 Foreign Born—

now living in the United States, half of whom have not made this country Home. And by every boat, this number is being added to.

Canada's great chain of United Provinces—

has received, in the past twenty years, more than three million immigrants. With her wonderful resources, Canada is attracting yearly a greater number of immigrants. To help her new comers acquire the standards and the ideals of her noble national ancestry, the hope of the Dominion like that of the United States, is to make her residents, citizens—to make them at Home.

A Clarion Call to Action!

Here's the red-blooded, stirring story of how one Pennsylvania town in one week by the white magic of friendship enriched the community a thousandfold by making its aliens citizens.

Every Resident a Citizen—

was the battle cry, and every man and woman went in heart and soul to make everybody a Homebody.

The town had a population of 32,000. One third was foreign born or born of foreign parentage. 2,500 were aliens. A week was set aside in which to invite this alien 2,500 into partnership, without thought of partisanship. Enthusiasm took the town by storm. "What are you doing to help your neighbor become a citizen?" was the question asked from poster, pamphlet and newspaper.

Never was there Such a Getting Together—

except during the Great War. The mayor, county commissioner, postmaster, judges, newspaper publishers knew no party save the alien parties they wanted to help. The Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, and the pastors of thirty-one churches worked

with one faith. The Rotary Club, Manufacturers' Association, and Real Estate Board were joined by the officers of fourteen Italian and Polish Societies in the One-for-all-and-All-for-One big purpose.

Not only were the advantages of citizenship explained and the advantages of helping to make a richer, better town, but every one desiring to become a citizen had a neighbor to go with him to court—to a court that knew no hour of adjournment, so long as an applicant for citizenship was to be heard.

As a result of the week's campaign about 1,000 of the 2,500 took the initial step towards full citizenship.

What this town did, every city and town can do.

What about your town?

What is it doing to make every resident a citizen—a better neighbor and a happier and more prosperous one? What is it doing to help the foreign born to make the Land and town of his adoption "Home, Sweet Home?"



The world's most famous song was written by John Howard Payne in a burst of homesickness for this—his boyhood home

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has 20 million policy holders in the United States and Canada—one-sixth of the entire population. The twenty millions speak 25 different languages—thousands of them do not speak English—thousands of them are foreign born and not as yet citizens. Thousands whose families are still in Europe have no real homes on this side of the water.

In order to help its immigrant policy holders to become citizens, and to advise them about their immigrant relatives in Europe or on their way here, the Metropolitan maintains a

bureau called the Immigrant Service and Citizenship Bureau.

If policy holders have relatives coming from Europe, they tell their Metropolitan agent—they don't have to leave their jobs to go to the port of entry—Metropolitan will greet the relatives and give what information may be needed.

Many grateful letters are received from reunited families—in numbers of cases the relatives have been saved painful anxiety and needless expense.

In the Pennsylvania town that campaigned to make every Resident a Citizen, the work was organized and

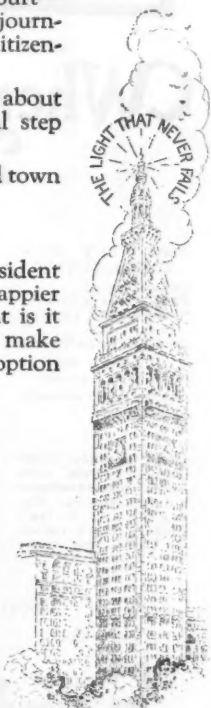
led by the Metropolitan Immigrant Service and Citizenship Bureau. The Metropolitan offers the services of this Bureau to any town desiring to conduct a citizenship campaign.

The Company gives at all times definite information as to citizenship. Its booklets on how to become a citizen are written in plain, simple English. They may also be had in Italian, Polish, Yiddish, Hungarian and Bohemian.

The full story of the Every Resident a Citizen campaign is in pamphlet form and will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, President

Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY — NEW YORK





When dripping hands meet Thirsty Fibre

OWN YOUR OWN TOWEL-OUTFIT
Consisting of
Plate-glass mirror
Nickel-plated towel
rack
150 ScotTissue Towels
All for \$5
(\$6.50 in Canada)
See it at your dealer's.

Don't confuse Scot-Tissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

—they are instantly, thoroughly and *safely* dried. Millions of thirsty fibres, in every ScotTissue Towel, leap to their task of draining dry every drop of moisture, leaving the skin luxuriously clean and safely dry.

ScotTissue Towels are preferred in modern offices for their efficiency, economy and safety. They provide a clean, fresh, never-before-used towel to each person every time.

Buy ScotTissue Towels from your stationer, druggist or department store—40c for carton of 150—(50c in Canada). Less by the case of 3750 towels. Or, we will send (prepaid) the towels or \$5 outfit, upon receipt of price.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York

Philadelphia

Chicago

San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business" © 1923 S. P. Co.

a preliminary to this one race. This is what we came out for. I'll stick your coin down for you this time because that big a bet might ruin the odds for us on the machines. We can do better with a regular book."

"You aren't going to stake it all?" asked Carmelita reluctantly.

"I advise it. The odds are going to be big and it's the chance of a lifetime."

"But suppose she loses."

"Girl, she can't. That name means a winner on land or sea. No horse named Carmelita would dare lose with you in the grandstand."

"All right."

He was gone with the money. When he came back he told her:

"I got twelve to one on your bet which I put down first. They closed up a little thinking I had some inside dope so I couldn't do so well on my own."

"Here they come." Carmelita had learned to recognize the paddock call that heralded the entrance of the horses to the track. Dan looked them over.

"The runt there is Carmelita. The jockey's got red trimmings on white. He'll be easy to watch."

"Oh, Lord, they're off!" Carmelita had dreaded to see them start. It would be such a short time now until it would be over and perhaps that money would be all gone. It was too much to pay per second for excitement.

Their horse, the runt, didn't get away so very well. She stumbled just at the start and lost the pole. Still, she was with the bunch and only about half a length behind.

"Oh you Carmelita!" Dan was saying and the girl echoed him only more prayerfully. She had never had any large sum of money before and the thought of losing it made her ill. "Come on, Carmelita!"

Very few in the grandstand were yelling the same thing. Carmelita had not many friends.

"Give her the gas," advised Dan, shouting orders to the jockey. "Let her out, you damn fool."

"Come on, Carmelita!" prayed the girl, clasping both hands around her escort's arm in a frenzy of excitement. "Oh, she's dropping behind!"

"Not much. Maybe he's saving her for something."

"Atta boy, Surfboat!" shouted the grandstand as the favorite pulled ahead.

"Come on, Carmelita!" cried the minority—very much the minority—hoarsely. (No use saving throat and lungs now.)

"A little speed there, girl. Allah give her legs."

"Please, Lord, trip that first horse."

Something did happen. Nobody knew what just then, but later it was discovered that one of Surfboat's reins broke in the jockey's hands and before he could slacken the pressure on the other one he had pulled his head to one side and guided him to the outside of the track.

The following bunch jammed in to fill the place at the pole and a slight confusion resulted. By the time they were straightened away again at the three-quarter a red cap had swung out around and was running even on the final straightaway. So was Surfboat by that time, his jockey having dropped the other rein and hanging on to the mane, allowing the animal to take his own course.



IT STARTS PROMPTLY IN THE COLDEST WEATHER

The behavior of Dodge Brothers Motor Car on zero days is a fair example of its fitness the year round.

You turn the switch, step on the button, and the motor starts—without undue noise or delay.

The reasons are readily understood:

The coordination of the power plant is well nigh flawless. The slightest impulse sets it in motion.

The battery—6-cells, 12-volts—is unusually large.

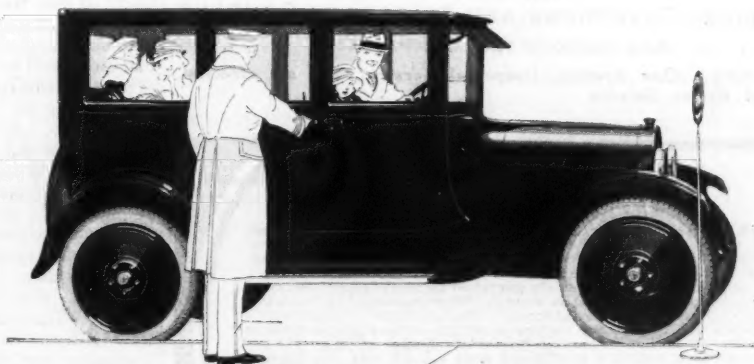
A high-vacuum carburetor so thoroughly vaporizes the gasoline that it ignites instantly under the spark.

The electrical system is remarkably efficient and cuts to a minimum the usual voltage loss between battery and starter.

Finally, the starter, itself—an admirable example of its kind—is directly united with the engine by a chain drive which is always in mesh—a fact having much to do with the promptness and quietness of its action.

DODGE BROTHERS

The price of the Type-A Sedan is \$1440 f.o.b. Detroit





The Bell System's transcontinental telephone line crossing Nevada

Highways of Speech

Necessity made the United States a nation of pioneers. Development came to us only by conquering the wilderness. For a hundred and fifty years we have been clearing farms and rearing communities where desolation was—bridging rivers and making roads—reaching out, step by step, to civilize three million square miles of country. One of the results has been the scattering of families in many places—the separation of parents and children, of brother and brother, by great distances.

To-day, millions of us live and make our success in places far from those where we were born, and even those of us who have remained in one place have relatives and friends who are scattered in other parts.

Again, business and in-

dustry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

Obviously, this has promoted a national community of every-day interest which characterizes no other nation in the world. It has given the people of the whole country the same kind, if not the same degree, of interest in one another as the people of a single city have. It has made necessary facilities of national communication which keep us in touch with the whole country and not just our own part of it.

The only telephone service which can fully serve the needs of the nation is one which brings all of the people within sound of one another's voices.



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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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Complete catalog of over 2200 classical and popular standard compositions free on request. Ask your dealer to show you Martin's "Rudiments for the Piano", John's "Rudiments for the Violin", and Martin's "Scales and Chords". Used by all modern teachers. Century Music Publishing Co., 247 W. 40th St., N.Y.



Surfboat and Carmelita pulled a fraction of a length ahead of the bunch.

"Come on, Surfboat!"

"Come on, Carmelita!" her namesake implored. "You got to win. You got to win."

Carmelita shut her eyes. It was too much to stand.

A sudden silence fell over the grandstand. Carmelita looked up.

The race was over. The horses were turning around.

"Carmelita lost?" she asked of the man whose arm she would have pinched off except that it was very muscular and hard.

"No, Carmelita won."

"Then why is everybody so glum?"

"Because they bet on Surfboat. You and I are among the very few who are not going to tear up their tickets."

While he was gone Carmelita tried to figure up how much she had won but she couldn't remember what odds she had obtained or how much money had been bet in the first place. Her mind was just one throbbing mass of glorious excitement.

Dan came back finally. He had both hands in his coat pockets and when he arrived at where she was sitting he said "Spread your knees" and drew out of his right coat pocket a handful of bills and about two pounds of silver, which he dropped into her lap.

"That's yours," he declared, "and here's mine." He extracted from his left pocket a sheaf of bills which he transferred to an inner one. "We're all through for the day."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Carmelita. "I don't think I could stand any more excitement."

"Let's go."

"But there are more races."

"I know but it ain't safe to stay after you've decided to quit. Anything we'd bet on now we'd lose and to watch a horse race you haven't any money on ain't as exciting as a game of Old Maid. We'll step over to the Inn for tea and then go back to town after the gang is out of the way."

Tea at the Sunset Inn was a good idea. It sort of let down the tension from the excitement which was threatening to burn Carmelita up. It was quiet at first but before they had been served the cash customers began to come in from the track and the jazz orchestra got busy. So did the Spanish cigarette girl (from Iowa). In her bolero and earrings she shed atmosphere all over the place.

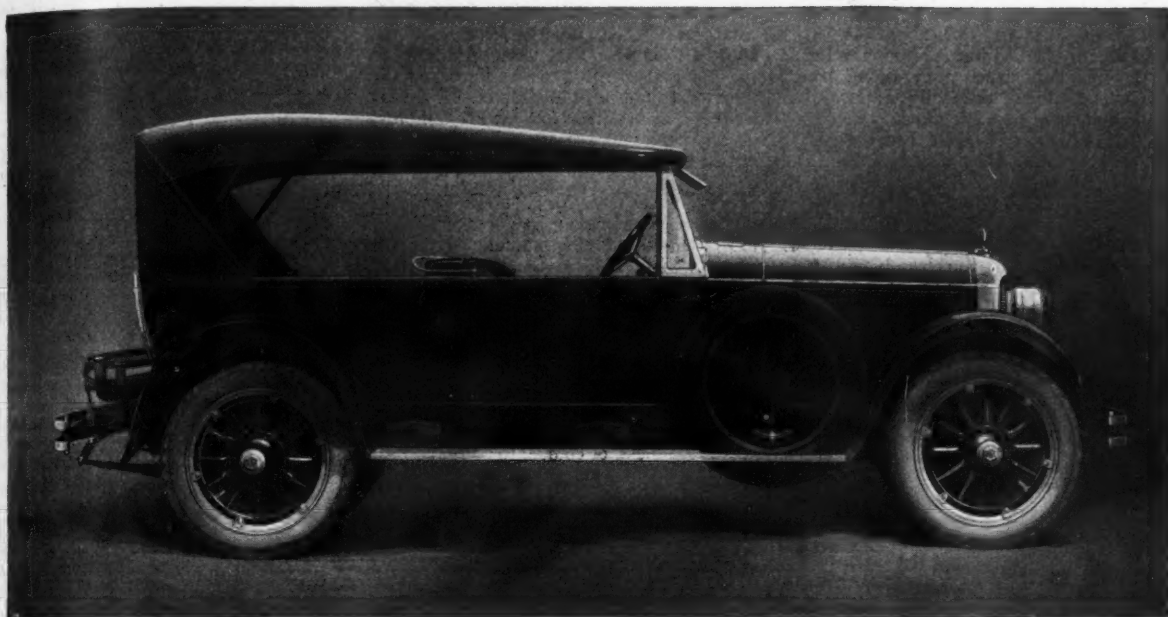
"I can dance a little if you'd be willing," Dan suggested when half a dozen couples had blossomed out on the floor.

Sure, Carmelita was willing. She had been hoping for it, in fact. This was her day of days. She had even been secretly wondering if she would not accept a cocktail if he offered it. He did not.

But no stimulant was necessary for two young people as pleasurably exhilarated as they were, pleased with life, with each other and with the fate which had given them that day.

Besides, they were both natural born dancers. Dan had been training for some time with the Hollywood fox-trotters and Carmelita was the champion follower of the world—what she didn't know she picked up instantly.

"Bebe Daniels taught me that step," Dan admitted when she admired a particularly smooth trick, "and this here one"



Our Ideal Paige—Your Ideal Car

IF your ideal car is one of dignified beauty, the newly refined lines of the Paige will charm you. If your ideal of beauty means also richness of detail and substantial construction, the new Paige bodies will satisfy you.

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PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

(223)

is something I got from watchin' Gloria Swanson."

Probably he lied but it didn't matter.

It was dark when they drove home, dark and almost tropically warm. Dan poked along at ox-team speed.

"I'm not hurryin' none because, girl, I never had such a good time in my life and I'm tryin' to spin out these minutes as long as possible so I'll have more to remember for all the rest of my life."

He was so nice and the opposite of fresh that Carmelita slipped her hand under his arm and hugged it to her a little.

"It's one of the best times I've ever had, too," she said.

He did not do the wrong thing then, either. Hishand stayed right on the wheel although he was driving on a straightaway. Only by the swift tightening of the muscles of his arm did Carmelita know that he had the impulse to put it around her.

"Put me down here at the side drive to the hotel," she requested when they finally arrived. "I don't want to go in through the front entrance."

He stopped the car and she got out.

"Many thanks for a glorious day."

She held out her hand. He didn't seem to have anything to say but just held it dumbly, almost desperately.

He cleared his throat. "Could you go out to the track again tomorrow?"

Carmelita laughed to herself. Tomorrow she would be fighting herself all day long not to lose her temper over the twins and Mary Louise—especially Mary Louise. What a contrast to the events of today!

"No, Dan, I couldn't go out to the track again."

"Never!"

"I'm afraid not."

"I was afraid of that, too. Something told me I'd better look at you a lot this afternoon. But I haven't done it much because it hurts. I suppose your folks wouldn't think I amounted to much, would they?"

Carmelita laughed—out loud this time.

"No, Dan, that isn't the reason."

"You're engaged—or married?"

"Neither."

"Then, Carmelita, I'm coming back for you."

Carmelita had a momentary panic. Suppose he should come and find that she was only a nursemaid making the most of her day off!

"You mustn't, Dan."

"I must," he insisted stubbornly.

"Perhaps, sometime," she parleyed, "but not soon. There are reasons."

"Not tomorrow?"

"No, positively not tomorrow. Not for a week anyway. Promise me you won't even come over to the hotel for at least a week."

"I don't see why—" he began.

"Will you promise and go if I kiss you good by now?"

"Yes," he assented eagerly. Mankind is always being trapped by the offer of the bird in the hand.

It was a bargain.

Also it was a wonderful good by kiss.

Carmelita's recollection of it afterward was that his mouth was some way clean and sweet—very boyish.

III

THE round of daily duties took up with a vengeance the next day. The children,

pretty much ruined by the relaxation of what little discipline Carmelita was allowed to impose, were young fiends.

Perhaps it was just as well that she had a lot of troubles; it distracted her mind from the distaste she felt for her uniform of service, kept her from being spoiled herself by the recollection of the relaxation of self-discipline. It was pretty hard to solace oneself with Mary Louise for the loss of the companionship of a six foot, brown haired, grinning masculine dynamo. There was nothing in the society of the twins to compensate for the look of adoration which she had yesterday so frequently surprised in the youthful gray eyes of her one-day cavalier.

It was a little easier to get through the second day. Perhaps the reason was that she was already planning how she would get off to meet him the following week. It was madness, of course, to continue the masquerade but she just had to. They were both so young and youth doesn't last forever.

The week passed. He had given no sign but Carmelita rather thought he would come to the hotel on the day week after their first meeting. She had tacitly implied that he might. So she arranged, with the slightly peevish consent of her mistress, to have one of the other nursemaids look after the youngsters, and dolled up in "the dress." She had others but nothing else so nice. Besides, a man wouldn't think anything of its being the same one.

She walked loiteringly in front of the hotel. There were many, many cars parked there, but not Dan's. Not yet. She waited half an hour sensitively conscious that she must be attracting attention.

She was still there when Mr. Scott-Murphy came down the hotel steps. He noticed her, not at first as an employee but merely as a beautiful girl. Mr. Scott-Murphy had a slightly roving eye.

"Why, it's Carmelita!" He recognized her at last with a jolt. "I never dreamed that you were so good looking. My dear girl, walk down the avenue a ways and I'll pick you up somewhere out of sight of the hotel and we'll go for a ride."

"I have an engagement," Carmelita lied. "I'm waiting for someone now."

"Some other time, then. Oh yes! here's a letter that came for you with the noon mail. I slipped it in my pocket and forgot to send it to your room."

He handed her the envelope and went on, well satisfied at having discovered a treasure in his own establishment.

The handwriting on the envelope meant nothing to Carmelita. She had never seen it before and opened the letter wonderingly.

My dear Carmelita:

I've been a fool for luck all right and I've played the fool with it, too.

I got to thinking over what you said about our not meeting again and I realized that you were right. I'm not anywhere near in your class, in money, culture, anything.

I thought I could get the money all right. Maybe I imagined you would let me meet your folks if I had a pretty good sized bank roll. Anyway I went out to get it. I began doubling my bets at the track.

The day after you and I were out there I lost the first bet of any considerable size since I began playing the ponies. I made the next one bigger and lost that, too.

There's no use going into details. I shot the bank roll. Instead of having half a million as I planned to bring you, I'm down to six bits. Yep, they got my car, too, and most of my fancy clothes.

So you can see why I ain't coming to call on you like I said I was going to. I've lost the one thing I had to recommend me—my luck.

Instead of seeing you, which would break my heart now that you're eighty thousand miles further away from me than you were that day even, I'm starting back to the motion picture lot on Paint, my pony. He'll help me to get a job because he's a good actor. He's got one new trick I ain't going to tell 'em about, either. That's swimming out in the ocean.

I ain't going to say anything foolish because I don't know how. They say a clever girl can always tell when a man's in love with her anyway whether he says anything or not. I reckon you're that kind of a girl.

As I have quit gambling for good it will probably be quite awhile now before I make my pile. When I do I'm going to find you even if it's only to congratulate another man who loves you, too. The way I sling that word "love" around you'd think I was a cake-eater or something. I guess I wouldn't dare if I thought I'd have to face you while you read it or very soon after.

I wish you a whole lot of happiness.

And will until I die.

Yours,

Dan

IV

STEAM outstrips sails, the telegraph distances the courier and the automobile passes the horse.

The motor stage from San Diego to Los Angeles went by a lone horseman on the steep grade that leads to the Torrey Pines the other side of La Jolla. A little beyond the top of the hill the driver stopped to let a lady passenger alight. It seemed rather an unusual place for a woman to wish to be left alone, especially as there was no house in sight; still, she insisted and did not demand a rebate on her fare, which was paid to Los Angeles, so nobody attempted to dissuade her.

The bus proceeded on its thirty-five mile an hour way and the late passenger began walking back in the direction from which she had come.

Soon she encountered the man on horseback. The man did not see her because he was not looking up or ahead at all. The horse was ambling along at his own discretion, which did not prompt him to any display of speed. The rider was either very dejected or else he was absolutely absorbed in the consideration of some problem that taxed every ounce of his mental powers.

He would have passed the pedestrian except that she hailed him.

"Hey, mister!"

The horse sat back on his haunches, so abruptly was he pulled up.

The rider did not say anything. He just allowed a draft to play on his tonsils by leaving his mouth open.


She spurred him to speech. "I just wanted to ask the way to Hotel del Coronado."

He was off the horse in an instant. "Carmelita!" he said in the tones of a prisoner greeting the bearer of a reprieve and then recollecting himself continued, "Didn't you get my note, ma'am?"



Firm in his belief that the locomotive was practical and would prove of inestimable service to man, George Stephenson sought an open competition at which other engineers might receive equal opportunity to exhibit their inventions. His notable success with "The Rocket" at Rainhill, England, in October, 1829, was the more creditable for Stephenson's unselfish attitude and fair-mindedness.

The Courage of Conviction

 STEPHENSON, the untutored but far-sighted mine-worker, triumphed over adversity and found greatness through service because he was possessed of the courage of his convictions.

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Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone



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"Of course I got it. That's why I'm here. I figured that you couldn't have ridden very far and I caught the first bus out going north. We just passed you a moment ago and I got out to talk to you."

"It's mighty kind of you, ma'am, to come to say good by. I thought you wouldn't have any use for me when you found out I was a busted four-flusher, a tin-horn sport, or else I would have come over to the hotel to make my excuses—no, I guess I wouldn't either because it makes it harder trying not to think of you now that I know you're a lot more wonderful even than I remembered."

Carmelita seemed to ponder that statement a moment. She had an answer in kind ready but she thought better of it. Instead she said: "I didn't come just to say good by. I came to bring you this."

She offered a strip of paper which he took wonderingly.

"Why, it's a certified check!"

"Yes. I stopped in town long enough to draw it out of the bank. That's what we won the other day at the track. Now that you're all through gambling I want you to take it back—it's yours really, you know—and make the first payment on that ranch you were telling me about."

Dan absorbed this gradually. "Ma'am," he finally decided, "that's plumb generous of you even if I can't take it."

"Oh but you must!" wailed Carmelita helplessly. "I came all the way out here after you just to bring it so that you could start all over out on a ranch where you'd be so happy and everything."

Dan shook his head. "Thanks again, but I wouldn't be happy on a ranch any more. I've changed a lot since I saw you. I've got hifalutin' ideas now. I ain't never going to quit tryin' till I corral a lot of jack and can travel with the swells that you know. I know I can't probably win you but I'm goin' to die tryin'."

Carmelita laughed but it was not a very amused laugh because the object of her mirth was herself and the irony of fate which had shown her the path to happiness only to close the gate in her face.

"I can cure you of any unhappiness about me," she said finally. "You won't be interested in me at all when I tell you who I am. Then you can take your money and go find that place you spoke of back of the mountains."

"How are you going to cure me by telling me that?" demanded Dan. "Who are you and what's that got to do with it?"

"I'm only a nursemaid working for a wealthy family staying at Coronado. This dress was given me by the lady who employs me and the day you saw me was my day off. So there! Your imagination was fired by this dress, which really is very nice, and by the idea that I was some society debutante or something. In my everyday clothes you would never notice me. Now will you take the money?" She held out the check which he had returned to her.

He did not answer but just looked at her. Finally he shook his head.

"Please, Dan, take it! Don't make my sacrifice all come to nothing. It has been a sacrifice to disillusion you. I would much rather have stayed on that pedestal where you placed me and dreamed about that wonderful day and the nice things you said and did than to strip off all the gilt and tinsel and stand before you just

Is Your Wife Marooned During the Day?

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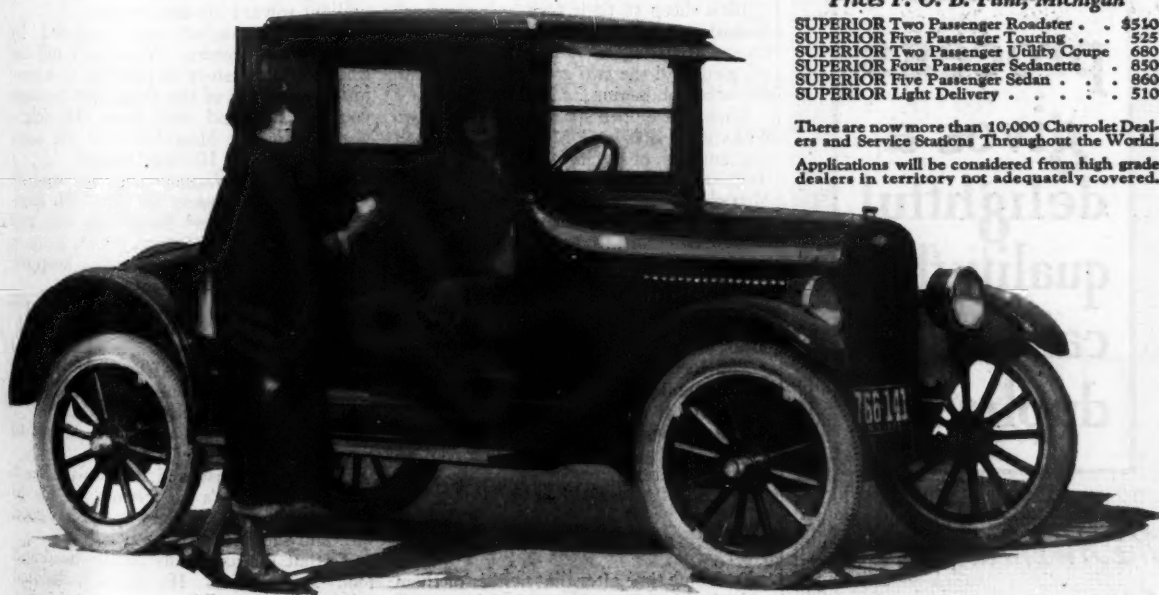
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plain ordinary me. I did it because—because—

"Because why?"

"I don't know why."

"Was it because you loved me?" Dan had suddenly become the aggressor, and dropping Paint's bridle he led Carmelita off from the road. "Was it?"

"That has nothing to do with it. Dan Faraday, why are you being so rough with me?"

Dan grinned. "I ain't afraid of you any more, thank heaven! That's why. I'm sorry you don't care for me because I'm going to teach you how it's done and if you don't learn rapidly I shall have to punish you severely. Hold out your hand!"

She did. He kissed it.

"Hold up your lips."

"Not here, Dan. Besides— Oh all right! Do it again, you big bully."

The next Frank R. Adams story has the speed and excitement of an automobile race—plus the Adams charm. You will find it in April COSMOPOLITAN.

Argument

(Continued from page 64)

managed to evade the knife and keep on boring—onward and upward—until it had driven the dog mad and killed him? Why did Mescal wear a silver cross round his neck right out in plain view?

Mescal was older than Joe, darker, bigger, more silent. There was something very strong and masterful and winning about him. If he had given Joe an order Joe would have obeyed without thinking.

In two years he had not seen Mescal but once—way back at the beginning of the first year. But he had probably thought about him thirty-five or forty times and wondered what had become of him.

Then one morning a big cloud of dust climbed up over the rim of the world, and all through the forenoon drew closer and closer, and of course grew bigger and bigger.

Some intuition or sixth sense or second sight told Joe that he was going to see Mescal again and he was glad.

Noon passed and Joe calculated that if Mescal were going to pay him a visit and get back to his own sheep by nightfall he ought very soon to emerge from his cloud of dust. But Mescal did not emerge. Instead the cloud itself came on and on, at the pace of feeding sheep, and grew bigger and bigger.

Joe's sheep of their own accord grazed toward it. And about five o'clock when the wind had gone down the two dusts mingled, and the two grazing flocks began an incessant baaing.

Then in the open space between the two flocks gray Bolo and Mescal's black wolf dog smelled of each other and renewed their ancient friendship, and presently Mescal himself climbed down from the seat of his gypsy wagon, and carrying himself like an emperor strode through the sheep to where Joe stood waiting for him.

They did not shake hands or exchange any word of greeting. Mescal simply said: "I am sick of herding alone. Let's join flocks."

And Joe, though he was flattered beyond measure and had something the feeling of a man for whom a wonderful dream has come true, was able to answer simply and at once, and in a voice which betrayed no emotion whatever.

He said: "All right. Let's."

III

For some time after that neither of them spoke again. It was getting late, and

making camp and preparing supper called for action rather than words.

Inwardly Joe had a feeling of buoyancy and elation. That long period of acute, stoically borne loneliness following his wife's death had come to an end. He was to have companionship again and again it would be companionship unspoiled by too much talk.

Each went quietly and skillfully about the preparation of his own supper. Both finished and were ready to eat at the same time. The arrangement to sit side by side during the subsequent emptying of the steaming mess tins and coffee pots was made without words. Supper finished and the dogs fed, the two sheep herders began to roll and smoke cigarettes. A half-hour passed pleasantly. Just before bedtime Mescal spoke:

"The last time I go to the city, I bring back a young girl from the Casa Verde. She pretty good girl and pretty soon we get married. Pretty soon she have a dead baby and d'e. After that I get to feeling pretty lonely and so I come to you and we join flocks."

He rolled and smoked another cigarette.

Then he rose to his full height, stretched himself and yawned. Then he said "Good night, Joe," and walked slowly out of the firelight toward his dark wagon.

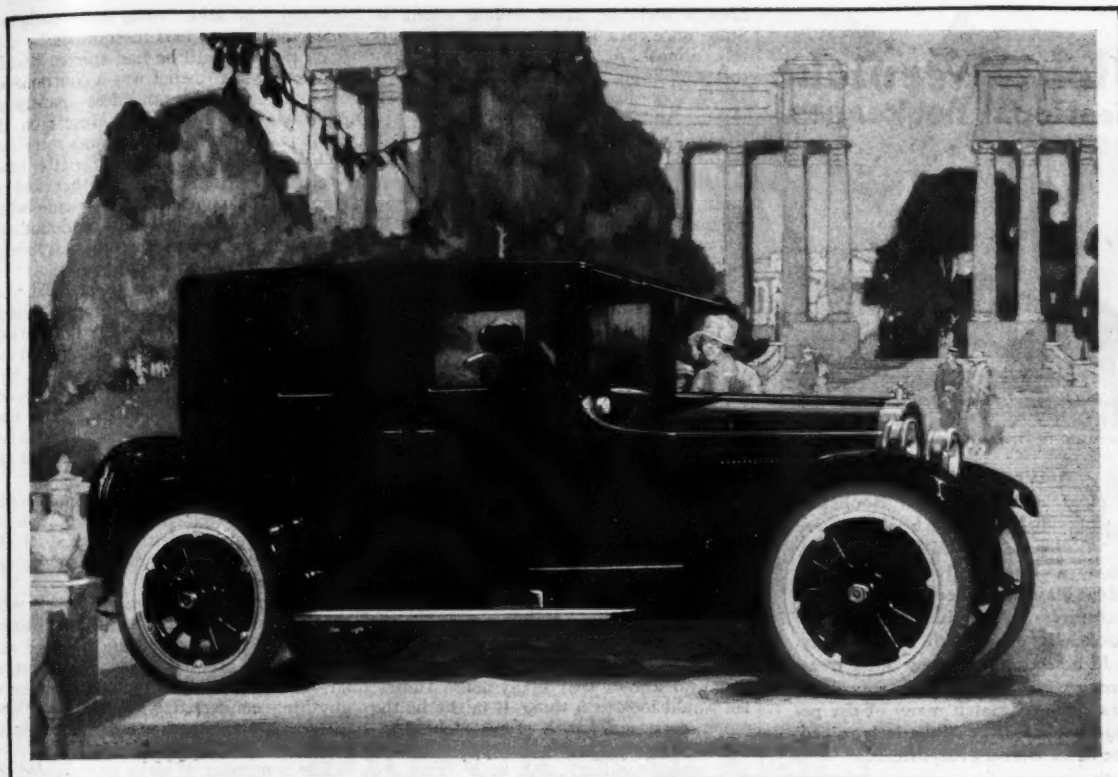
Joe was touched and flattered by Mescal's confidences. You don't tell the whole intimate story of your life to a man just for the fun of the thing, but because you like him and trust him. He felt a warm liking for Mescal and he felt sorry for him, too. Having himself lost a reasonably satisfactory wife he was in a position to feel sorry for him. He wondered if Mescal had buried his wife and child in the sheep country with a heap of stones to mark their grave and to keep the coyotes from meddling with them.

By noon the next day this speculation amounted to an eager curiosity which, after twenty-four hours of silence, found expression in words. They had finished their second silent supper together and were rolling and smoking cigarettes.

Joe said: "I piled up lots of stones to remember my wife by."

And Mescal answered, but only after a long silence: "It's no trouble for me to remember my wife. She was a pretty good girl, and she didn't talk much."

To that Joe could only nod his head and look appreciative. He himself disliked talk and it was pleasant to know that



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Mescal had the same feeling about it. Still—once in a great while—a little talk was almost necessary. With so many sheep nibbling all around the clock it would soon be necessary to change pastures. And pastures could hardly be changed without a little discussion.

But they were.

One morning just before breakfast Mescal said: "Here the sheep range too far. So after breakfast we'll drive them west. There is a good valley beyond the scarred mountains."

The valley to the west would not have been Joe's first choice if he had been left to himself. But Mescal had spoken with such an air of finality that it seemed foolish to object. The society of Mescal was growing very precious to Joe, and he would not have offended him for the world.

So they moved west in a terrible cloud of dust. Sometimes they rode in their wagons. Sometimes they walked. They ate their meals together in a comfortable, restful, social silence.

Joe could think of no better way of life. He was happy. His admiration for Mescal grew. Mescal knew sheep. There was no doubt about that. He knew more about them and what they needed and when they needed it than Joe, wise as he was, would ever know. And he had the look too of one who knows well many more things. He would look at a thing, it might be the moon or a star or a stone at his feet, with an expression of immense tolerance and understanding. At such times he looked as if he could have spoken volumes. But he seldom spoke at all.

One day they crossed a fresh trail made by a band of wild cattle. Sheep herders dislike cattle almost as much as cowboys dislike sheep. Each feels that the work of the other is low and unworthy of a man. The dislike is so strong that a sheep herder never speaks of a cow as a cow or a bull as a bull or a number of them together as cattle. He calls them "animals."

Thus when Joe and Mescal came to the trail made by the ruminants this contemptuous word fell from them both at the same time. "Animals," they said.

And then felt a strengthening of their partnership and of the ties offensive and defensive which bound them together. Then Mescal repeated the word, and added:

"There's getting to be too many damned animals."

The afternoon passed, camp was made and supper eaten. Bedtime came, and it seemed that the subject of "animals" was still disturbing Mescal's equanimity. He rose and stretched himself and yawned with great deliberation. Then he fingered the silver cross which hung about his neck in plain view and said: "God made all things to serve and feed man—even animals."

Joe remained for a little time by the fire thinking over what Mescal had said. A mosquito lighted on the back of Joe's hand, dipped his syphon delicately into the leather here and there until he had located a vein, sucked his belly full of red blood, withdrew his syphon, shook himself and flew heavily away.

Joe went to bed thinking about the mosquito. And the first thoughts that he had the next morning were about the mosquito. Thoughts about mosquitoes and conjectures concerning them kept occurring to him throughout the day. But it was not until after supper that he voiced his conclusions.

"God," he said, "must have made animals and men to feed mosquitoes."

It was not until he had spoken that he realized that his belief was a contradiction of the more usual and less questioning philosophy expressed by Mescal on the previous evening. And he was sorry that he had spoken. For it didn't matter much which of them was right, if either, and the man with conventional ready-made beliefs is always more offended by doubt and scoffing than the man who bases his theories on observation and logic.

Mescal gave Joe one short, cold, contemptuous stare, but said nothing. Words, indeed, would have been wasted. The look itself was altogether sufficient without any accentuation. Thereafter Mescal sat for a little while with a darkened face and knitted eyebrows. Then petulantly tossing the chewed remains of a cigarette into the dying fire, he rose, shook himself and started off to bed.

He had the air and manner of a man who in the face of tremendous provocation has managed—for the greatest good of the greatest number—to hold his tongue and to keep his temper.

Joe then and there made up his mind that he would never offend Mescal again. He would be very careful what he said and when he said it. He would be particularly careful never to touch on religion or anything connected with it. And thereafter as a man watches a dangerous snake so Joe watched his tongue.

For a number of days they herded the sheep to the westward, and it was as if nothing disagreeable had ever occurred between them. And the companionship, mostly silent, became ever dearer and more necessary to Joe. He had sinned. He knew that. But he felt that his crime of speech had been overlooked and that he had been forgiven. He was almost perfectly happy.

One night they camped on the side of a mountain and saw the sun go down in glory beyond a vast forest of chaparral. Then in the failing light, and perhaps a mile away, certain little tree tops of the chaparral began to shake and sway and it seemed certain that some living creature had become entangled and was struggling to extricate itself.

To see better the two men rose to their feet. For Mescal a mere glance then seemed sufficient.

"It's an animal," he said, and turned away. Joe's jaw loosened and a look of wonder came into his eyes. He almost spoke.

He looked from Mescal back to the far-off agitation in the chaparral, and from the agitation back to Mescal.

Then his mouth opened wide. He raised his right knee high from the ground and brought his right hand silently down to meet it. Evidently his sense of humor had sent him into a sudden paroxysmic pantomime of laughter.

Several times that night, when Mescal wasn't looking, Joe went through his pantomime: opened his mouth wide, raised his right knee high and brought down his right hand to meet it. Something had tickled his risibilities almost beyond endurance.

Unfortunately for Joe he was not going to be able to keep the joke for himself. It slipped away from the firm hold that he had upon it and escaped from him



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altogether. This happened the very next night at supper, when, the meal nearly ended, some imp of the perverse, which all day had been teasing for a momentary use of his tongue, secured possession of it. Joe spoke. He spoke without meaning to speak and without being able to keep himself from speaking.

"That wasn't an animal we saw last night," he said. "It was a bear."

And having spoken he wished that he had been born dumb like the wife he had loved and buried. A look of the deepest contrition and misery came into his eyes. He looked a little as a beaten fighter looks when he knows that he is about to receive the finishing blow.

Mescal stared at him with a brief and cold hostility. Then he rose, and with a contemptuous lift of the shoulders stalked off to bed.

They had just made that camp, but Mescal's actions and preparations on the

For one of Mr. Morris's most delightful love stories, see COSMOPOLITAN for April, on sale March tenth.

The Perkinses' Career

(Continued from page 99)

financial and artistic world, was Pennington. He was then a man of thirty-five. Despite his inherited wealth, he had made a career for himself. He had been an assistant district attorney, had served a term at Albany and had earned the respect of his colleagues in his profession by a volume on corporation law. He was an amateur athlete of sorts and had been on the advisory committee that directed the sailing of one international cup race. A rather serious man, his rare smile indicated a boyishness of spirit that was repressed by shyness. For, despite his inherited position and his achievement, he was naturally of a retiring nature.

But diffidence deserted him at first sight of Beryl. Her beauty, her exotic charm, her bubbling disposition conquered him at once. Those who thought they knew him would have said that Pennington's courtship would be a matter of years of slow and gradual approach. Instead, he literally threw himself at the feet of Beryl. She was fascinated, as much by his name and position as by the man himself. His money was no minor attraction.

There was no formal engagement. Pennington made it clear that he was unalterably opposed to his wife's appearing professionally, and this was a barrier at first. For Beryl had dreamed of her career too much to surrender it at the first request. But she had a canny brain. Battelli's enthusiasm about her had had only one provision; that was her health. She seemed strong and robust, and apparently thrived under the hard and vigorous course of training through which he put her. But there were times when her eyes seemed lusterless, when her movements seemed to have that languor that had come upon her in her fifteenth year. Battelli had told her that if she always took the most meticulous care of her health there was no reason why it should ever break down; why she should not have at least twenty successful years.

But Beryl frequently wondered as to her ability to sacrifice herself so unremittingly upon the altar of success. It was this

Cosmopolitan for March, 1923

morning following showed clearly that he had made up his mind to leave it. Before the sun had risen he and his big black wolf dog were hard at work separating their sheep from Joe's and Bolo's.

Joe was in a great agony of mind. "Where are you going, Mescal?" he asked.

"Away," Mescal answered coldly. There was one more human and even pitiful question that had to be asked.

"Why, Mescal?"
"Because," said Mescal curtly, "there is too much damned argument around here."

As soon as it seemed fair to his employers and to the sheep, Joe moved his herd to that part of the sheep country where his wife slept under the cairn of stones. He stayed as long as it seemed fair.

The grave was company for him—not too much company, like some men have; but enough.

wonderment, this doubt, that caused her finally to accept Pennington. Of course she believed herself to be in love with him. Nevertheless, that selfishness which seemed inherent in her was the compelling reason for her abandonment of opera.

Once decided, she was as ardent as Pennington. To his suggestion that they just be married and let formality go hang, she readily acceded. Their marriage in early October was a nine days' sensation. Then Mrs. William Pennington, returning from her honeymoon, took up her position as chataleine of the Park Avenue home of her husband, and stepped as gracefully into metropolitan society as though she had been born to it.

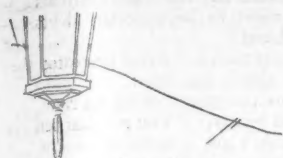
Her father and mother spent Christmas with the Penningtons. They had not the slightest feeling of censure because she had abandoned her career. As a matter of fact, both Loretta and Frank highly approved of Beryl's marriage. Marriage to them was much more important than singing. They were not too greatly impressed with Pennington's money or position. Neither of them had either, but they had had love. They were impressed with Pennington's deep devotion to his wife, and were happy because Beryl returned it in the same measure.

There were many presents hanging from the tree in the Pennington library on Christmas morning. Among them was an envelope addressed to Frank Perkins. He opened it and withdrew a check for ten thousand dollars. He looked at the signature, "Beryl Pennington." Over his face spread a flush. He turned to his daughter. At the moment Loretta and Pennington were not in the room.

"That's mighty nice of you, Beryl," he said. He took her face between his caloused palms and kissed her. Then he gently pressed the check into her hand. "I can't take money from my own daughter."

Beryl stared at him. "Why not?" she asked. "Didn't I always say that I'd pay you back?"

"If you'd worked in the opory, Beryl, and wanted to pay me back, I ain't sayin'



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Then suddenly, for some reason or other, she announced to her friends that this attorney was no longer handling her affairs. He was a rising young man in his profession, and enjoyed an excellent standing. The abrupt change in her dealings to the office of a much less known lawyer puzzled every one, and there was really quite a lot of talk about it. No one could understand why.

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but what I'd taken it. But a girl's parents ain't got no right to be collectin' debts from her husband."

"But you *must* take it," Beryl protested. Her father shook his head. "I guess Loretta and me can worry along all right, Beryl," he said gently. "You got married so quick we didn't get a wedding present. You let the little we've done for you stand as part of that present. Loretta and I will do a little shopping before we leave and get the rest of it."

There was no use in further argument. Beryl knew that New England pride that was part of her father. She knew that she would never be able to alleviate with money what she considered the harsh and barren lot of her parents.

Insensibly she drifted away from her parents, to whom indeed she had never been close. It was true that once a year she paid a duty visit to Bucksport, and it was equally true that each winter she invited her parents to visit her. But after the third winter of her marriage her parents no longer came to New York. Loretta's health was failing, and the railroad journey was too tiresome. But they kept in constant communication through the mails. Beryl was still the ready letter writer of her girlhood, and she thrilled her parents with accounts of her social triumphs.

Also, they knew from the papers of her work during the war. She headed committees; she took part in drives; she sang for the soldiers. In every way she proved herself patriotic and self-sacrificing. And if she kept a scrapbook containing the newspaper clippings of her patriotic activities, who could blame her?

Her parents were proud of her; they colored and stammered when her name was mentioned. It seemed to them that they were she, that the glories that came to her were not vicariously theirs, but actually so. She was the glorious fruit of their ambitions.

They never suspected that, after the first three years, happiness left the Pennington home. It is useless to place the blame. Like the majority of unhappy marriages, the fault must be almost equally distributed. This was no case where the sins of one were so blatant that sympathy went out immediately to the other. While Beryl was busy with her war activities, her husband was equally engaged. He received a commission in the army, and while he never went to France, he nevertheless served his country well.

But the long absences engendered a certain constraint. On his brief furloughs Pennington would find his wife so filled with engagements that she had little time to see him. Constraint developed into coldness, and coldness led finally to the similitude of aversion.

For after the war Pennington began to devote himself more assiduously to public life. He cared little for society. As for Beryl, she lived for society. Her husband's political ambitions she began to think vulgar. When he was elected speaker of the Assembly she refused to live in Albany. Because he was easy-going with her, because always he subordinated his own comfort to her pleasure, she thought him weak of character; she did not believe that he would ever achieve any lasting distinction as a man of affairs. And so, finally, bored with him, annoyed because he preferred to spend a summer

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working on plans for the rehabilitation of men who had lost their all during the war rather than visit the scarred battlefields of Europe, she decided to divorce him.

She had the Pennington name; she knew that he would, of course, settle an ample fortune upon her. And so she went to him and told him of her desire. If Pennington was shocked, shaken to the very soul of him, he nevertheless was a gentleman first, last and all the time. He would not force himself or his code upon anyone else, not even his wife. She offered to go to Reno, but he smilingly shook his head. Nevada divorces had an ugly name; he would permit her to divorce him in New York. And so Beryl's lawyers engaged the necessary detectives and the evidence was procured. The petition for divorce was filed, the summons served on Pennington, and Beryl went to Bucksport to wait until the suit should be called.

Her parents were overjoyed to see her. She had not been there for twelve months, and their gratitude for her presence was almost pathetic. At supper that evening she fetched tobacco and matches for her father's pipe; she stooped over and retrieved a dozen times the napkin which slipped from her mother's lap. For rheumatism had come to her parents now; almost sixty Maine winters were taking their toll.

"You ought to have a servant, mother," she said as she waved Loretta away from the kitchen. "I'll wash these dishes tonight, but tomorrow morning I'll get a maid."

She felt unwontedly virtuous as she dried the dishes; in all her life she could never remember having assisted her mother at these homely household tasks. With her virtue came shame. For suddenly they seemed old; their very joy at seeing her seemed to speak of deprivation. She had never felt so tenderly toward them as when she joined them in the shabby living room.

"Been readin' lots about you this year, Beryl," said her father.

"And William is doing a lot of good work, ain't he?" said Loretta proudly.

Beryl's eyes were very green. "William enjoys life in his own way," she said. Then, even as she had suddenly told them of her desire to go to Europe, she exploded another bomb. "I've sued him for divorce," she announced.

Her mother's knitting needles fell to her lap; her father's pipe dropped to the floor, and the live coals burned into the carpet.

"What for?" demanded Perkins.

Beryl shrugged. "There's only one cause in New York," she said.

Unsteadily her father rose to his feet. "I've met your husband; he ain't that kind," he declared.

"It doesn't matter whether he is or not," said Beryl, "so long as a jury decides that he is."

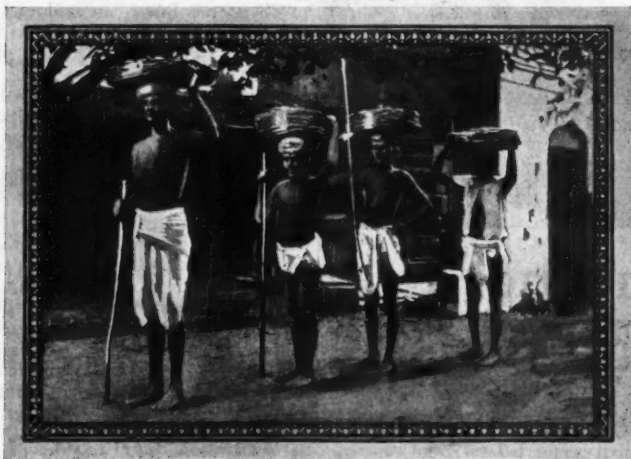
"Why?" demanded her father.

"We don't enjoy each other any more," said Beryl.

Her father's lips were suddenly grim; his eyes were hard. He stared at her. His voice when he spoke was harsh.

"There's a lot of things in life that ain't enjoyable," he said. "It ain't been exactly a pleasure to me to see Loretta bending over the sink, swingin' a broom, scalding herself at the stove. If it hadn't been for things—Loretta would have had a

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servant long ago; she'd have had a nicer house, better clothes, and traveled."

It was an unwontedly long speech for Frank Perkins to make. Usually he spoke in monosyllables; the sea had made him taciturn as a boy. But he stopped short and walked toward his daughter.

"Scuse me, Beryl," he said. "It's your own business. Whatever you do, Loretta and me are with you."

And as if to uphold his assertion, Loretta rose from her chair and walked with widespread arms toward her daughter. But Beryl stepped back until, leaning against the old piano, she faced them.

"Father, what were those—things? Was I one of them?" she asked.

He made no answer. Instead, his arms went around the mother whose embrace she had avoided. She saw their two gray heads approach each other. She saw the quivering of their shoulders that told of the tears they fought to hide, and a great truth seemed to come to her to enlighten her soul. She saw herself as she had never been visible to her own eyes before. She saw herself as a taker, not a giver, and suddenly it came to her that taking loses its savor unless one seasons it with the salt of giving. For her these twain had denied themselves the things that make life less unendurable. That one perfect flower may grow, the other blossoms are cut away. Had she been worth this pruning, this sacrifice? Suddenly she knew that no one is worthy of another's sacrifice, who makes no sacrifice herself.

She walked to the telephone and asked for the telegraph office. She dictated to her lawyers a telegram that contained the two words, "Discontinue proceedings."

Her parents heard and were staring at her as she hung up the receiver.

"Beryl," said her father, "you mustn't mind us, you must do what's right."

"I'm going to," she answered.

It was late the following evening when Beryl rang the doorbell of the Pennington home on Park Avenue. Up in his study, William Pennington heard the bell. The servants were all out, the house was half dismantled of its furniture. On the table before him was an opened letter, signed by six of the most prominent men in the political party to which he belonged, offering him their support in the coming primaries; assuring him of his nomination and election. Beside it lay a letter in which he declined the proffered governorship, in which he put aside forever his political ambitions. For a divorce scandal made those ambitions hopeless. He was

reaching for the pen when the bell sounded. He went downstairs and opened the door.

His jaw dropped. Simply, she reached out her arms and pulled his head down to hers. "I've come home," she told him.

Upstairs in his study she walked, mistress of this house, and of this man, and of this man's life, to the desk where lay the opened letters. She picked them up and read them as a full partner might. Scornfully she tore in two his note of declination. She looked archly over her shoulder at him.

"After Albany, Washington," she said.

Amazed, Pennington stared. "Do you know what this means, Beryl?" he asked.

"It means that I've come to my senses," she told him. "It means that—I've never

tried. In all my life, things have been given to me and I've taken. I've never given and I've never tried to give. Yesterday I saw my mother and my father and I understood why they are bent and old; because of sacrifice for me. I am here today, asking you to forgive me, to take me back to this wonderful home. If it were not for them I'd be a drudge somewhere. My father gave up a career for his children. Mother and he have lived only for me. When I told them that I was divorcing you, their hearts nearly broke, for it was the end of their career."

"Of their career?"

"I'm their career," said Beryl, "and it shall not be a failure."

"You've come back to me rather than hurt them?" His voice was harsh.

She shook her head. "On the train last night and today I thought that was the reason," she told him. "And then it came to me that I have never tried for anything. Everything has always been given to me. My education, my years abroad, my chance in opera—you."

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"You gave me your love. I did nothing to earn it; I took it as my due, not understanding that payment must be made for everything, and that love can be bought only with love. I am my parents' career. To them, my success means that they have not failed. Divorce means failure to them."

"And rather than have them fail, you've come back?" he asked. His voice was still harsh.

"Rather than fail myself," she told him.

"For the first time in my life I've thought of someone else; I've tried." Into her eyes came a light that turned them to softest blue. Over her cheeks swept a wave of color. Her hands went unsteadily toward her husband.

"It wasn't hard," she said.

Why Is Your Man Leaving You?

(Continued from page 75)

to express his views upon this subject his conscious mind would cause him indignantly to deny what I am saying. But when he began to think quietly he would agree that it is true. And if only woman had logic enough to understand this—that is, that man is acting from long force of instinct in his casual sense of honor towards her, and not from conscious intention—she would feel less bitterness when she finds him lying to her, which she is almost certain to do sooner or later.

The only way to alter this distressing idiosyncrasy in man in the future is for all

the mothers in each generation to inculcate a different point of view into their little sons' subconscious minds, and then in about four generations man's instinct about honor to woman will have altered and he will act towards her on the same principle as he does towards his fellow men. But that would bring the millennium—and it is, I fear, a long way off. So we had better get back to the subject of this article, the moment of revolt which comes to every married man.

Broadly speaking, it occurs when first he begins to realize that the woman is

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impinging upon his personality or his freedom of action. Numbers of women are very stupid and begin to nag at a quite early stage; or they take up an attitude that they know best what is good for a man: how much he ought to eat or to drink; how many cigarettes he ought to smoke; what flannels he should put on on cold days; what he ought to do with his leisure time, etc., etc. And while the man is in love he will put up with this and even take it as a proof of affection, but gradually it gives him a feeling of suffocation, and he begins to revolt. Then he ceases to be in love. Of all things a man likes to feel that he is free.

Then some women belittle their partners before others, they order them about; and if the man has any spirit he resents this instantly. Every time a woman arouses a feeling of resentment in a man, she has shortened his term of being in love with her, and she is bringing nearer his moment of revolt.

I suppose it would be about one case in a million when the man is docile always. And man gets a sense of revolt when domestic ties seem to be strangling him, interfering with every pleasure or sport he wants to indulge in. He sometimes ceases to be just, then, or to remember that the poor woman is probably also being harried. How a man behaves to her, and how long he goes on loving her, depends entirely upon the character of the woman. Her magnetism, her will and her tact. But as very few women have all these three things developed in them, eighty per cent may expect to see their husbands showing a sense of revolt sooner or later.

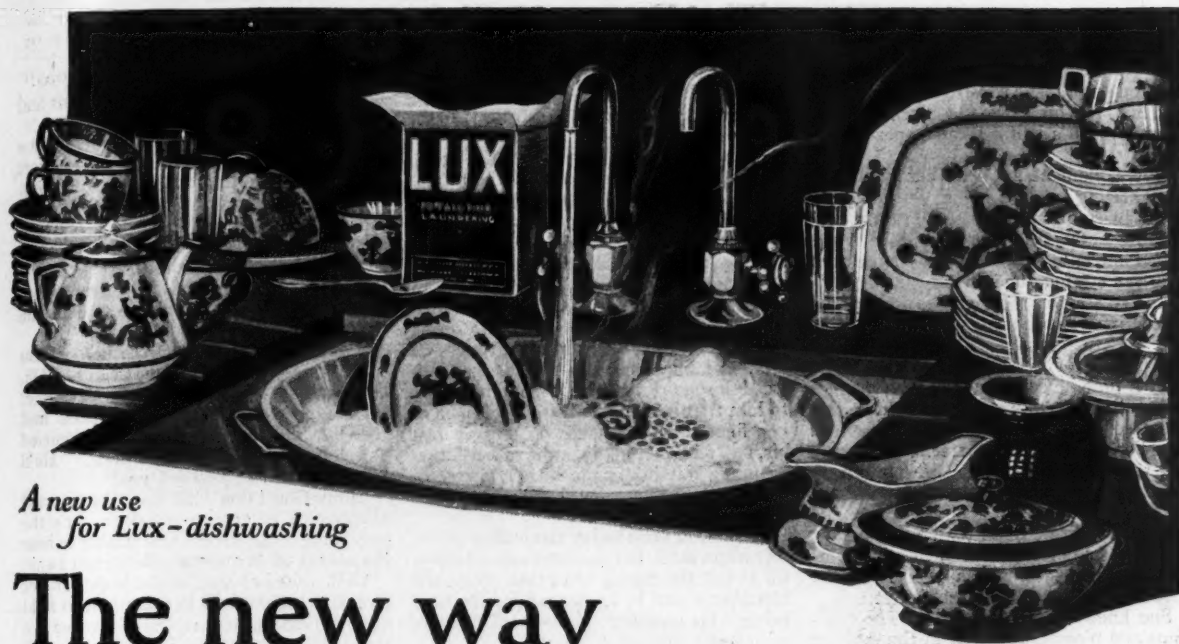
Clever women avoid ever giving the man cause to feel his chains. On the contrary, they make him feel that he is absolutely free, only that he must use his wits to retain them.

But many women are just foolish, loving creatures, never thinking that any of their actions can cause reaction, and really bent on nothing so strongly as expressing themselves. Sometimes that self is a doormat; sometimes it is an over-developed "mother-sense"; sometimes it wants to show devotion in season and out of season. Always what it wants—not what the man would prefer. Men revolt when women want to make them happy in their way, not the men's way. In fact, men revolt the moment they realize that they are bound.

Now a wise woman begins to ask herself questions when she first senses this—she does not ask the man questions. She asks herself what has she done, or implied, which has caused her husband to feel that he has thongs. And if she knows anything about the natures of men she will then use her wits to make him feel differently, not reproach him for feeling what he does. Because if she does he will do one of two things: Either he will deny that he feels any sense of revolt, while he is arranging to enjoy a little freedom on the quiet, or he will show his irritation and start a quarrel, and that will be the beginning of the end of love.

A woman can hold a man's actions because of his sense of duty—but no woman on earth can hold a man's emotion towards her unless she arouses his inclination.

Marriage is a frightful responsibility, however you look at it, and to make a success of it neither should cause the other to feel a "moment of revolt."



*A new use
for Lux—dishwashing*

The new way to wash dishes

**Rids your hands of that three-
times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look
54 dishwashings in a single package**

Lux for washing dishes! At last there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

It isn't like experimenting with something new and untried. Of course Lux would be wonderful for dishwashing. You would know it—yet you feel as if you had made a delightful new discovery. Lux saves your hands. It is as easy on them as fine toilet soap.

Your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day—sometimes even longer! That is why it is so important to use a soap for washing dishes that won't irritate your skin, that won't dry the indispensable natural oils.

Just underneath the surface of the skin, Nature placed these oils—secreted them in millions of tiny sacs. They nourish the chiffon-thin outer skin, keep it soft, pliable and resistant.

But Nature didn't provide against the

ravages of kitchen soaps. If your hands wash dishes in harsh, alkaline soap suds three times a day these abundant oil sacs are drained dry. Your fingertips, those sensitive organs of touch, grow rough and scratchy. Your hands show unmistakable signs of the dishpan.

With Lux in your dishpan your hands won't be robbed of their natural oils. Lux is so pure and gentle it can't dry your skin. These delicate flakes preserve the satiny softness of your hands;

they won't redden or roughen the most sensitive skin.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan

Flip one teaspoonful of Lux into your dishpan. Turn on the hot water. Now watch these fragile flakes break into instant suds.

Just one teaspoonful—it sounds incredible, but try it!

A single package does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes, morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china you use on special occasions, but the regular everyday dishes as well.

Dishes so clean and lustrous!

No cloudy, dull surfaces left on your tumblers, no soapy streaks on silver and dishes.

Just a swish of your dishmop in the pure Lux suds—and out come your dishes—clean and sparkling.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



*As easy on your
hands as fine
toilet soap*

*One teaspoonful
makes the water
soapy all through*



The Desert Healer

(Continued from page 54)

"You know," she whispered with quivering lips. "You saw—the morning after the Governor's ball. I can't speak of it. It hurts me."

For a moment he held her close, his eyes blazing as once before she had seen them blaze; then he rose abruptly and striding across the room flung back the closed entrance flap and stood in the open doorway staring out into the night.

She twisted on the divan to watch him, wondering what chain of thought her words had set in motion. But he gave no explanation of his hasty movement and after a time he came back slowly, his face inscrutable as she had ever known it, and squatted Arab fashion on a pile of cushions near her. Lighting a cigarette, for a while he talked fitfully, his brief remarks punctuated by lengthy silences she did not know how to break. And as the evening wore on he grew more and more distraught until finally he ceased to speak at all, sitting motionless with his eyes fixed on the rug, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

She knew that it was late. The tom-toms and pipes that earlier in the evening had resounded from the men's quarters had long since died away. She was conscious of a silence that could almost be felt, she found herself straining her ears to catch some sound.

When at last he stirred and rose with swift noiselessness to his feet she was lying so still that he thought she was asleep. Hungrily he gazed at the woman he had taken for his own till the warm sweet nearness of her, the faint intoxicating perfume of her fragrant hair and his own desperate need combining shattered the last remnant of his self-control and he swept her up into his arms, straining her to his heaving chest, raining kisses on her lips, her eyes, her palpitating throat till, panting and exhausted with the force of his embrace, her head fell back against his shoulder and he carried her white lipped and trembling towards the inner room. But as he reached the screening curtains that barred his impetuous way he came to a sudden halt. Yearningly he stared into her frightened eyes; then with a gasping sob he slid her slowly to her feet and pushed her gently through the silken hangings.

"Go—for God's sake go!" he muttered, and wrenched the curtain into place.

Not yet! What the world would not believe, was possible to him who loved her. Until he was sure beyond all doubt that she could never be legally free to marry him he would hold her unscathed. And merciful God, how long would that be? He was pledged to Sanois and he had sworn to take her with him. Was he strong enough to withstand the temptation of long months spent in close proximity? He did not know. He only knew that tonight his strength was gone and that he dared not stay beside her. The calm radiance of the starlit sky, the deep stillness of the night mocked him as he fled from the tent. A night of mystical beauty, redolent with the subtle odors of the east, languorous and heavy scented—a night for love.

The blood was beating in his ears and his brain was on fire as he stumbled through the shadowy darkness of the little valley, striving to subdue the longing that

possessed him, striving to banish the torturing thought of her nearness. Blind to the road he was taking, he saw only the sweet pale face that had flushed to the touch of his burning kisses, saw only the tempting beauty of her slender loveliness. Was she asleep, as he prayed with all his soul she might be—or was she too awake, longing for him as he was longing for her, suffering as he was suffering? Just now she had trembled in his arms and he had seen the fear that leaped to her flickering eyes, but she had made no effort to repulse him, had made no plea for release. Instead she had clung to him. And it seemed to him that he could still feel the touch of her fingers ice-cold and shaking against his, still feel the rapid beating of her heart. He flung out his hands with a bitter cry and dropped like a log, burying his head in his arms.

Hour after hour he lay motionless on the soft warm sand, too passion-swept to sleep, till at last the raging fever that consumed him abated and he knew that, for the time being, his victory over himself was complete.

But there was no peace in his mind. There was another decision that had to be made before the stars faded and the sun rose on a new day—a decision he knew in his heart was already determined. By acceding to the frenzied appeal of the woman he loved, he had done a thing unpardonable. That did not trouble him. He did not regret it, he would never regret it. Her happiness was the only thing that weighed with him. Last night her need had been his sole consideration. But tonight his thoughts were centered on the husband from whom he had taken her. He would never give her up—but he would steal no man's wife in secret. He was going back to Algiers—going back to face the man he had wronged. And what would be the outcome of that interview? No matter what Geradine had done—she was his wife.

What would Geradine do?

Carew rose deliberately to his feet with a harsh, mirthless laugh. He knew what he would do himself if the position were reversed, what he would unhesitatingly have done twelve years ago if the opportunity had been given him. And if Geradine shot him like a dog, as he deserved to be shot, what would become of the girl who trusted to him? To stay—and forfeit his own self-respect. To go—knowing that he might never return. Heavens above, what a choice! But there was no other way thinkable. His mind was fixed, and the rest lay with Geradine. Would the cur who had stooped to strike a woman fight to regain possession of her, fight to avenge his honor? If he only would—by God, if he only would! The breath hissed through Carew's set teeth and his strong hands clenched in fierce anticipation as his mind leaped forward to the coming meeting.

With a strange smile he swung on his heel and strode back to the sleeping camp.

But as he neared the tent his swift pace lessened and his somber eyes were dull with pain as he passed under the lance-propped awning into the empty living room. How could he leave her to wait alone until he came again—or did not come! His stern

lips quivered as he parted the curtains and felt his way to the long low couch.

His tentative whisper was answered by a stifled sob, and out of the darkness two soft bare arms came tremblingly to close about his neck and draw his head down to the pillow that was wet with her tears. Shaken by her distress his resolution almost failed. But he crushed the momentary weakness that came over him, and with characteristic directness told her plainly the course he had decided.

A cry of terror burst from her. "You can't go—you can't, you can't. Oh, Gervas, stay with me, don't leave me! If you go you'll never come back and I—" She shuddered and her frenzied voice sank to an agonized whisper. "He'll kill you. Gervas, he'll kill you!"

"Pray God I don't kill him," he retorted grimly. "I've got to go, dear. It's the only thing I can do." And unable to bear the sound of her weeping he turned away.

With a wail of anguish she leaped to her feet, striving with all her strength to hold him. "Gervas, Gervas, don't leave me like that—tell me you love me, tell me you'll come back to me—"

For a long moment his lips clung to hers; then he laid her on the bed. "You know I love you, Marny," he answered. "It is because I love you that I am going back."

There was a note of intense sadness in his voice that made her bury her face in the pillow to stifle the sobs that were fast growing beyond control, but there was also in it a ring of finality that made further pleading impossible.

When she raised her head again she was alone and she started up, trembling with dread, listening till her ears ached that she might hear the last sound of his voice. But there was only silence in the adjoining room, and driven by an irresistible impulse she fled through the communicating curtains. The loose entrance flap was only partially closed, and screened by the looped back draperies she waited, scarcely breathing, straining her eyes through the gloom, praying that she might see him once more. When he came it was only a momentary glimpse, a fleeting impression of two shadowy horsemen who flashed past the tent to vanish in the darkness beyond.

Sobbingly she stumbled back to the inner room, flinging herself in a passion of tears on the bed where she had wept throughout the lonely hours of the night. She did not question his action; it was enough for her that he had done what he thought best. And there was no bitterness in her grief. Selfless, she did not think of herself. It was only of him she was thinking, only for him she was agonizing. The brutal strength she knew by terrible experience, the savage unbridled nature she had learned so thoroughly—what would Geradine do? Tortured by horrible imaginings, mad with fear, she writhed in mental anguish until, exhausted, she fell asleep.

It was midday before she woke. The room was filled with light, hot with the vertical rays of the sun blazing down on the roof of the tent. Slipping from the bed she stood for a moment holding her throbbing head between her hands, then moved languidly towards the dressing table. At the farther end of the room she



Not a Day Older

FORTUNATE is the wife and mother whose youthful appearance evokes this compliment on the day of her china wedding. Yet the most famous beauties of history beginning with Cleopatra, were most admired when, from the standpoint of years, they were no longer young.

This gift of eternal youth depends upon one attraction—a fresh, smooth skin: "Keep your school-girl complexion" and you can ignore the passing years.

How to keep it

Very easily, as you can quickly prove. The secret lies in thorough cleansing, once a day, of the minute skin pores which compose the surface of the skin.

For these minute pores have a most important function, they provide the skin with the natural oil which keeps it smooth and soft. But when this natural beautifying skin oil is allowed to accumulate, when dirt and perspiration are allowed to collect in the pores, serious clogging is the result.

Unless all dangerous accumulations are carefully removed, you will soon be wondering why your complexion looks so coarse. The appearance of blackheads and blemishes complete the disfigurement.

Before you resort to the harsh methods which

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Get a cake of Palmolive Soap, mildest and most soothing of all facial soaps. Massage the profuse, creamy lather gently into your skin, using your two hands. Rinse carefully and use a fine soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream. Normally oily skins won't need it. Do this just before bedtime and you lay the foundation for a fine real beauty sleep. In the morning your mirror will compliment you by reflecting a freshened beautified complexion.

Palm and olive oils

Palmolive Soap is the modern scientific blend of the same palm and olive oils which were the favorite cleansers in the days of ancient Egypt. Modern progress has perfected their combination, but they have remained the ideal soap ingredients for three thousand years.

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would cost at least 25c a cake. World-wide popularity keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This reduces the cost to 10c a cake.

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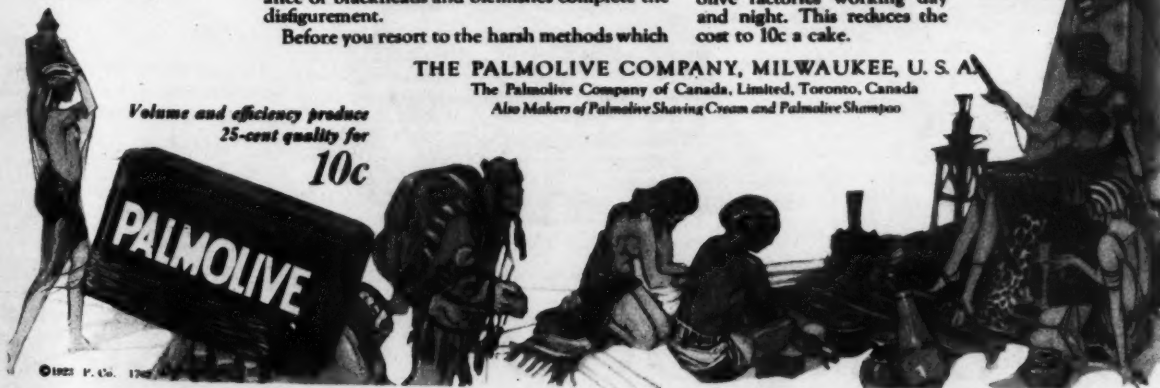
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
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Because the rich, natural color of these rare oriental oils from which it is blended, naturally impart their color as well as their quality to the fragrant green cake.

The soft moss tint is nature's own—just as is the color of grass and foliage. Thus there is no need for artificial coloring. Nature does it for us.

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Volume and efficiency produce
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an illustrated booklet fully describing the features of the Underwood Standard Portable.

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UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

found a little bathroom, Spartan-like in its appointments but containing all that was needful, and half an hour later, bathed and refreshed, she went listlessly into the living room.

As she came through the curtains Hosein, who was squatting on his heels by the doorway, rose to his feet with a deep salaam. His presence gave her a curious feeling of reassurance. She knew without being told that Carew must have left her in his keeping, knew also that Hosein must be perfectly aware of the reason for his master's absence; and his calm demeanor and untroubled expression seemed insensibly to soothe her own agitation of mind. But when the meal which appeared with almost magical quickness was finished, when Hosein had gone and she was alone once more, the temporary courage that had come to her faded as new doubts and fears crowded in upon her more overwhelmingly than before.

Cold and shivering, tortured with suspense, unconscious of the passing hours, she huddled on the divan, hoping, despairing, until all her senses seemed merged into onedominant perception as she lay listening, listening for the thud of galloping hoofs.

In the end it was no actual sound that roused her but an intuition, an indefinite something penetrating to her brain that sent her flying to the open doorway.

How long she stood there she never knew. One thought only held her motionless, one question that her pallid lips repeated monotonously. Which—*which?*

And then, quite suddenly, she *knew*—knew even before the three swift horses swept into sight from behind the angle of jutting rock that framed the entrance to the little valley. Why were there three?

Only one attendant had gone with him. And the horseman who rode so closely behind him was no Arab. Her heart seemed to miss a beat as she recognized the slim little figure whose crouching seat in the saddle was so familiar to her. Oh God, why was Tanner with him?

But she had no time for reflection. She saw the foam-flecked black horse, savage and intractable still in spite of the punishing ride, race to the very entrance of the tent; saw his rider drag him, screaming and fighting, to a standstill. Then as Carew leaped to the ground an overmastering panic seized her and she shrank back.

He came through the doorway slowly and took her into his arms without a word. His face was gray with dust and fatigue and there was a strangeness in his manner that forced utterance from her.

"Geradine—" The fearful whisper was barely audible, but he heard it and his arms tightened round her.

"Dead!" he said tensely.

THE END

Her face went ghastly and a terrible shudder passed through her.

"Not you, oh Gervas—not you?" she breathed imploringly.

His tired eyes looked into hers with infinite tenderness, infinite understanding.

"No, thank God, it was not I!" he said quietly. "Malec killed him. They killed each other. Tanner found them when he went back to the house early the next morning. The other servants had cleared out—the place was empty. I can't tell you any more, dear. It's too—beastly."

She was leaning weakly against him, her face hidden in his robes, shivering from head to foot. And as he broke off abruptly she shuddered closer to him.

"Was it my fault—was it *our* fault?" she gasped with a ring of horror in her voice.

"No," he answered, almost violently, "it was his own fault. He brought it on himself. But he's dead, poor devil, and God knows I haven't the right to judge him."

He held her silently for a moment; then the strained rigidity of his features relaxed and a great gladness dawned in his eyes as he stooped his tall head to the soft curls lying on his breast.

"Marny," he whispered impellently.

"Marny—my wife!" And with a little cry that was love and trust and joy unutterable she lifted her tear-wet face and yielded her lips to his.

The Younger Mr. Burrage

(Continued from page 73)

she smiled on him and let him dance with her twice in one evening. Once she even let him take her to a dance himself.

Philip Fairbain danced earnestly but well. That night as he circled among the others with his arm round Noreen in the silver sunset thing that was her gown, he was completely happy. He liked the sheen of her coppery hair under the lights, the upward curl of her lashes. He liked the soft color of her cheeks, and the almost transparent delicacy of skin that belongs sometimes to people of her coloring. He liked in fact everything about Noreen Gordon. But because he was Philip Fairbain Burrage he did not tell her so.

Instead he tried rather awkwardly to talk of other things. "I hear Dick Dunning planned the decorations," he said. "He's quite artistic, isn't he?"

"I guess so," said Noreen. "He was in my landscape design class. He proposed to me last night," she added inconsequently.

"Oh!" said Philip.

He did not know what else to say; he thought that Noreen was telling him of her engagement. But Noreen was not.

"I was furious," she was saying instead. "Why, I don't suppose that Dick gets more than thirty dollars a week and probably never will. Isn't it absurd?"

"Awfully absurd," Philip agreed with her.

He did not speak again during the rest of their dance.

And the next day Noreen played all round him on the golf links with Mr. Hopkinson Bowers, and hardly saw him. It was rumored that their engagement was soon to be announced and Philip was very miserable.

The next day also Philip Fairbain asked his father for a raise. He stood in front of the desk in the mahogany and leather office and looked at Mr. G. H. Burrage as if G. H. Burrage had the ball and he wanted it.

"H'm," said Mr. Burrage. "Maybe I'll pay you more when I sell the Nichols estate for two hundred thousand dollars. And maybe," he added, "I'll pay you more when you show a little more pep with your sales."

Philip mentioned that he had sold the Clough property during the past week.

"H'm," said Mr. Burrage. "Yes. Old Condon's been waiting to get his hands on to that land for two years. What'd you think I gave you that assignment for? Gave it to you because it was easy—that's why. Knew no fool could miss it."

And that was the end of the interview.

After that Philip did not see Noreen Gordon for more than two weeks. When he did it was at another dance—one of the early fall series at the Linwood Country Club. Noreen was there with Hopkinson Bowers; it was rumored that they would announce their engagement the following week.

Noreen Gordon was always beautiful, always the life and center of every party, but on that night she surpassed even her own beautiful and animated self. Perhaps it was her dress—a thing of dusky browns and golds, like the color of an October day when there is a purple haze across the woods—a dress that hinted at the colors in her hair. Perhaps it was a kind of suppressed excitement about her; a richer color in her cheeks. Philip, watching her, suspected that this time the report of her engagement was well founded.

She gave him one dance, but they did

not dance together. Instead they wandered out and stood under the famous Craigie elm halfway down the hill on which the clubhouse stood. The moon was under clouds all silvered at the edges by light from the inside.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said Noreen softly.

"Yes," said Philip.

He was not looking at the moon, however, but at Noreen Gordon.

Suddenly he seized her hands and drew her a step towards him. He did not do it roughly, but he did it somehow as if he expected her to come.

Noreen laughed a little, but she did not slip away from him.

And then as suddenly as he had caught them up, Philip let her hands drop again.

"I want to ask you something," he said.

"Are you going to marry him?"

"Who?"

"Him," said Philip. "Hopkinson Bowers."

Noreen looked away from Philip down the hill. "I—don't know," she said. "How can I tell?"

"Has he asked you?" said Philip.

Noreen laughed a little. "That doesn't prove much," she told him. "Lots of people do—you'd be surprised."

"I haven't," said Philip solemnly.

"And I'm not going to. You don't need to worry. I'll promise never to ask you to marry me. I—"

"Thank you," Noreen cut him short. "That's very reassuring."

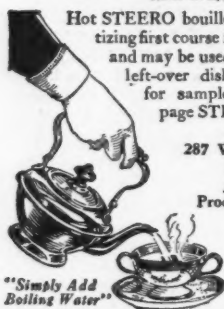
She moved a little away from him in the direction of the clubhouse. Then she changed the subject.

"See that cunning little cloud," she said. "The one with the silver ruffle."

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They walked back together up the hill. Philip was thinking that thirty dollars a week probably would not buy Noreen's gloves. As for Noreen's thoughts, Noreen herself could not have told you what they were.

After that night, again Philip did not see Noreen for a long time. It was beginning to be increasingly borne in on Philip that under the circumstances the less he saw of Noreen Gordon the better it would be. Every night he read the social notes for news of her engagement.

III

So FAR as his own interests were concerned, Mr. Burrage could not have been summoned out of town at a more inconvenient season. For after infinite angling he had at last persuaded Mr. Judkins, the Best-of-All Soap manufacturer, to inspect the Nichols estate with a view to purchase. He had also several estates which he meant to show Mr. Judkins immediately after Mr. Judkins had refused to have anything to do with the Nichols property, but he wanted to begin with that. Mr. Burrage had been beginning with the Nichols estate for years. And he wanted to show it himself because he knew perfectly well that when the Nichols place was sold, he, G. H. Burrage, would be the one to sell it.

All these things being considered, therefore, Mr. Burrage swore roundly at the telegram that called him to New York. But he went. He had to go. He had barely time to catch the ten-ten train.

Partly because his favorite salesmen were out for the morning, partly because he thought his message was one which any bellboy might deliver, Mr. Burrage rushed in for a moment to the cubicle where Philip Fairbairn sat on a high stool and made out his reports.

"Got to go off to New York," he shouted in the tone of one putting the blame where it belongs. "Rush business. Back tomorrow. Now look here, Phil. Old Judkins is coming this morning to look over the Nichols place—be here any minute. Put him off. Get rid of him. Tell him I'm sick; tell him I've gone to a funeral; tell him I've been offered the mint for one of my estates. Tell him anything, but put him off. Don't take him out there yourself. Tell him I'll get in touch with him as soon as I get back."

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

The instructions were alarming, but Mr. Burrage's son was not accustomed to question Mr. Burrage's commands. No one was.

Mr. Burrage rushed off again. Then he stuck his head back for a moment through the door.

"Say, look here, Phil," he said. "You got that straight, didn't you? Whatever you do don't try to sell the Nichols place yourself."

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

He moved about in front of his high stool to conceal the fact that Plute was getting up to see what the rumpus was.

Mr. Judkins arrived at ten-fifteen, when Mr. Burrage was five minutes on the way from Boston to New York. Mr. Judkins was a sharp little man with a picked nose and picked eyes. His linen, which he had laundered every day in Best-of-All White Laundry Soap, was immaculate, but he

had a tendency to checked suits. Mr. Judkins was a self-made man. His personal opinion was that he had made not only himself, but his wife, the Best-of-All Soap Manufacturing Company with all its employees, and a considerable part of Greater Boston.

Much of Mr. Judkins's money he had made by keeping it. He was rather commonly known as Old Tightwad Judkins, and he had the reputation of prying all the buffaloes off his nickels to make fur robes out of.

On this particular morning he walked into the reception office at the G. H. Burrage Real Estate Company with the air of a person who knew where every last one of his herd of buffaloes was.

Behind him walked Mrs. Judkins. Mrs. Judkins was a large lady with a soft fat face and soft fat hands. You could tell at a sniff that she used Best-of-All Scented Toilet Soap every morning. She did not share her husband's tightwad reputation. "Good morning," said Mr. Judkins. "Where's the boss?"

Philip pushed his hand back through his shock of light hair and set out a chair for the lady and another chair for Mr. Judkins which Mr. Judkins did not choose to see.

"He's—out," said Philip. "I'm Mr. Burrage's son. He—asked me to represent him. He—asked me to tell you that he couldn't see you today. He—asked me to tell you that he'd communicate with you by Wednesday."

"He asked you a mouthful, didn't he?" said Mr. Judkins.

"Yes," said Philip.

Mr. Judkins took another look all round the room.

"Um," said he, "where is he?"

Philip swallowed hard.

"He's—sick," he said.

He said it with the frank, straightforward manner of a man in a new lamb's wool coat meeting a neighbor who has been losing sheep.

"Where is he really?" inquired the inexorable Mr. Judkins.

For an instant Philip floundered. Then he resolved on a desperate course of action.

"Well—the fact is," he said, "that my father isn't sick at all. He's away. He was called away suddenly on rush business just before you came. He mentioned getting a big offer for one of the estates in his hands. He had to look after that before he could see you."

Philip was going on famously, reassured by the amount of truth in what he was saying. But Mr. Judkins picked him up sharply on his last words.

"You say he wanted to look after that before he saw me?" he asked.

"He had to," Philip assured him.

Mr. Judkins puckered up his eyes as if he had just made out some object on a distant horizon. "Had to, did he?" he said. "What for?"

"I can't say," said Philip.

"Won't, you mean?"

"I—I didn't ask him," said Philip.

Mr. Judkins puckered up his eyes again. He decided that young Burrage had been better trained than he had at first supposed, but that he was a simple soul who would presently tell him everything. Abruptly he changed his manner of attack.

"Well," he said, "we might as well go



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along out and take a look at this Nichols estate anyway."

"I'm afraid we can't do that," Philip objected.

He was very miserable and rather red. He saw plainly that Mr. Judkins was going to say "why not?" again, and he didn't like it.

Mr. Judkins said it.

"I can't take you," said Philip. "I haven't the authority."

"Authority!" bawled Mr. Judkins as loud as he could with a not very bawling kind of voice. "What's a real estate office for? Do you usually have to get permission to sell anything?"

"Well, no," Philip admitted. "You see this is rather a special case. My father—well, to be quite frank, my father told me not to show you this property while he was away."

"Um," said Mr. Judkins.

Then he sat down in the other chair and squinted up his eyes and winked at Mrs. Judkins.

"If you wait till your father gets back Wednesday," he said, "I may not want to do any business."

"I can't help it," said Philip. He was desperate.

Mr. Judkins was a little taken aback by Philip's uncompromising attitude. But he had several other ways to try. He tried them each in turn. In turn he found that Philip could not be wheedled, or bullied, or bribed, or intimidated. But at last he had an inspiration.

"Well," he said, "I guess you and I can't do any business. I'll get one of the other men in the office to take me up."

He had him there. Philip thought fast and decided that if anyone was going to show the Nichols property it might as well be he. And so they went.

In the elevator Mr. Judkins had a chance to whisper to his wife.

"He's had some big offer on that place," he told her, "and wants to put the Q. T. on our trade. Prob'ly some of the swell neighbors want to get their friends in up there. I don't expect to buy, but I won't be joshed out of looking at it."

Mrs. Judkins patted the ruffles on her lace blouse and nodded.

Philip Fairbain drove the Judkinses in complete silence to the Nichols estate. In silence he whirled them up the drive through rows of strange vegetation, and under the porte-cochère. In silence he alighted and held the door open for Mrs. Judkins. Mrs. Judkins climbed down heavily, and the three went up to the door. Plute also climbed down from his step and followed, his pepper and salt nose close to Philip's heels.

"It's a dog," Philip explained, forestalling the usual question as he saw Mr. Judkins looking at Plute. Then he unlocked the door and threw it open. "This is the house," he added.

He lapsed into silence again—into rather sulky silence—and marched before them through the echoing rooms over the patch-work floor.

The Judkinses trailed after him, pointing at this or that, and stopping now and then to punch the woodwork or to whisper over the arabesques at the tops of the windows.

Mrs. Judkins said that it was a real roomy house.

Mr. Judkins shook his head and said

that it was too darned big and that he couldn't afford it. All the same he didn't like the way this whippersnapper agent acted.

"Say, look here," he said when at last they happened to catch up for a time with the hasty Philip Fairbain. "Didn't you ever show a house before? Give us a line on some of this stuff."

"Yes," said Philip.

Then he pointed to the fireplace. There was deep scorn in his voice.

"Black Venetian marble," he stated.

"Hand carved. Gondola."

He pointed again.

"Crystal," he said. "Glass enough there to make a string of beads for everyone in Boston."

Mr. and Mrs. Judkins nodded at each other.

"He's got the stuff all right," Mr. Judkins whispered, "if he's just a mind to show it. Too darned high priced, though."

"It's a crime," said Philip, and waved his hand inclusively at the whole house.

Mr. Judkins caught him up.

"What's a crime?" he asked.

"It's a crime to put a house like this on the market," Philip said.

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Judkins. "Mean young Nichols ought to keep it in the family?"

That particular point Philip had not thought of, but he thought of it now.

"I suppose he ought to," he said soberly.

"After all it was his father who built it."

In Philip's mind condemnation could go no further.

Mrs. Judkins lingered to examine the hand carvings while Mr. Judkins told her that that kind of stuff ran up the price of a place like thunder and for her not to set her heart on it. Then they all went out.

"Front door," said Philip, opening it.

"Brass knocker. Lion couchant. Brick terrace." He went down the two brick steps. "French parterre," he added.

"What?" asked Mrs. Judkins.

"French parterre," Philip repeated.

"Geometrical flower beds. Topiary work. Sun dial. Granite bird bath. My gosh!"

Mrs. Judkins gasped at the very number of the French parterre's attractions. She plucked Mr. Judkins by the sleeve.

"Handsome, isn't it?" she said.

"Too expensive," he answered. "I wouldn't buy it unless I could get it for a song."

But Philip was going on. "Sunken Italian garden," he was announcing. "Graveled paths. Spraying fountain."

He turned the water on and the fountain sprayed, to the delight of Mrs. Judkins and the disapproval of her less extravagant husband.

Then he pointed from Diana to the noble buck and from the noble buck to the twin cupids fitting their arrows to their bows.

"Kind of a hunting scene," he said reminiscently.

"So it is," said Mrs. Judkins.

Then she went and tickled the cupids' marble toes. She said that she thought they were just too sweet for anything.

They walked on again. Then suddenly as they rounded a corner on the other side of the spraying fountain they came upon something not usually included in an exhibition of the Nichols estate. On a camp chair, with an easel stuck up before her and the sun bright on her bare head,

sat Noreen Gordon. She wore a brown linen artist's smock over her dress, and she was dabbling with water color at what was obviously a picture of a sunken Italian garden with a French parterre in the distance. Noreen flushed a little when she saw Philip.

"Why, Phil Burrage!" she said quickly. "How do you do! I hope you don't mind my painting here. I'm finishing that sketch I started."

"Oh; no!" said Philip, and for the life of him could say no more. He was suddenly intoxicated by the mere presence of Noreen, dazzled by the brightness of her hair and the strange lights in her eyes.

He tried to move away with his party, but Mrs. Judkins forestalled him. She trotted up and peeked over Noreen's shoulder. "Oh, Herbert!" she called. "Look here! This is an artist and she's painting a picture of this garden. It is this garden, isn't it, dearie?"

Noreen nodded, too convulsed with laughter to trust her voice.

"It's a real good likeness," Mrs. Judkins went on. "I don't wonder you want to paint this place. It's handsome, isn't it?"

"I don't think," said Noreen gravely, "that there is another like it anywhere in the world."

Mr. and Mrs. Judkins exchanged glances. So too did Noreen and Philip. Philip saw that Noreen thought he was trying to make a sale, and that she was trying to help him. At the realization he was inflamed by a sudden uncontrollable desire to sell the Nichols estate, whatever might be the consequences, to Old Tightwad Judkins.

For five minutes Philip Fairbain worked hard to sell the Nichols place. He worked as he had never worked before; he worked as he had not worked even on the Clough property, or the Sea Breeze bungalow lots, or the Muggins apartment house. He spoke with conviction of the splendid location, of the beautiful view from the cupola, of the durability of the house construction and the really unusual way in which the grounds were laid out. Then he looked straight at Mr. and Mrs. Judkins and smiled his slow smile.

"I honestly think," he said, "that you'd find it what you want."

Mr. and Mrs. Judkins nudged each other.

"We think so too," said Mrs. Judkins.

Mr. Judkins nudged Mrs. Judkins again—hard. This time it was in rebuke instead of in agreement. He was accustomed to say that women had no sense about business. He was alarmed at his wife's break.

Philip was even more alarmed as the whole significance of what he had done crashed down upon him. He had been brought up to the letter of the law and the fear of his father, and he knew that if Mr. Burrage said that he didn't want his son to try to sell the Nichols estate that what he meant was that he didn't want his son to try to sell the Nichols estate.

"Still," said Philip, "the place has a good many disadvantages. I really shouldn't advise you to take it."

Mr. Judkins puckered up his eyes again in the manner of one who sees something on the horizon.

"What's your price on this?" he asked abruptly.

Philip was horrified. He gasped. He



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stammered. He took off his hat and thrust his hand back through his hair.

"I'm not making any price on it," he said.

"How's a hundred thousand?" asked Mr. Judkins.

Old Tightwad Judkins had never before out and out offered a hundred thousand dollars for anything in the world. To him it represented the apex of thoughtless extravagance. He and Mrs. Judkins whispered together.

To Philip there came clearly the way to stop further negotiations. He remembered what his father had said about selling the property for two hundred thousand dollars. He chose a figure which he thought conclusive.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand," he said. "Take it or leave it."

Mr. Judkins turned actually and thoroughly pale. He made a noise in his throat as if he were being strangled.

"I won't pay it," he piped.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Philip. "It isn't worth it."

He began to walk toward the house. Mr. Judkins trotted after him.

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty thousand," he said.

"I won't discuss it," said Philip. "You'd better wait until Wednesday and make your offer to my father."

Mr. Judkins had had this bluff tried on him a great many times. But when he looked at Philip Fairbain he could see that it was not a bluff at all. The knowledge completely unmanned him.

Mr. and Mrs. Judkins pursued Philip down the graveled path and whispered as they went. The thought was clear in both their minds that if they waited until Wednesday they wouldn't have a chance.

Mr. Judkins choked once or twice over the words. Then he raised his voice.

"All right," he said. "Two hundred and fifty thousand. I'll take you."

Mrs. Judkins patted his arm approvingly.

Philip stopped. The geometrical figures of the French parterre danced giddily before his eyes. Once before he had felt like that—during his sophomore year when the ball had hit him on the head.

"We'll go right down to the office and draw up the papers," the terrible Mr. Judkins went on.

"We'd better wait——" Philip began.

"We won't wait at all," said Mr. Judkins. "You made me an offer and I took it. Now we'll go and fix it right up. We won't do any waiting at all. If you don't want to drive, I will."

Philip felt that in this game Mr. Herbert Tightwad Judkins was giving all the signals.

He hoped vaguely that the mid-Victorian

Nichols house would collapse on them as they passed, but it continued to stand offensively erect.

He hoped that the car would be wrecked on the way back to town, but they were not even held up by traffic.

He hoped that the lawyer would be out, but he was in.

He hoped that Mr. Judkins would have a stroke of paralysis as he picked up the pen, but he did not. He signed with an extra flourish after the s on the line that the lawyer pointed out to him.

And then when the name was blotted and he knew that it committed Mr. Judkins to the payment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Nichols estate, Philip Fairbain was suddenly—unreasonably—elated.

IV

Mr. G. H. BURRAGE returned the next afternoon and came to the office to catch up the odds and ends before dinner.

Philip went in to him at once before he should be sent for. His elation had passed. He did not look forward to the meeting with his father, but he stood up very straight on the wrong side of the mahogany desk and looked at him steadily out of blue eyes. He said briefly what he had come to say.

"While you were gone," he said, "I sold the Nichols estate to Mr. Judkins for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The papers have been passed."

He made only one statement in his own defense.

"I didn't really try to sell it," he added, "much."

For what seemed a long time Mr. G. H. Burrage stared back at Philip Fairbain in silence. There was, after all, something not unlike in the directness of their gaze.

At last Mr. Burrage spoke.

"My gosh!" he said. "I wonder what you could do if you tried!"

Then he got up and shook his son Philip by the hand. There was nothing small about G. H. Burrage. He said that it was plain that he had underestimated Phil's ability, and that if Phil would drop in the next forenoon he would have the partnership papers ready.

Five minutes later Philip had Noreen Gordon on the telephone. He spoke, for Philip, rather fast, but steadily and with enormous earnestness.

"Hello," he said, "Noreen. I called to tell you that I'm going to take back that promise about never asking you to marry me. Noreen—are you going to be in at twelve minutes of five?"

There was a longish pause. When Noreen's voice came it sounded very faint and far away. Perhaps the line was bad.

Then: "Yes," said Noreen Gordon.

We are sorry H. C. Witwer's "Sherlock's Home" was perforce omitted this month; but you will enjoy it the more in an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN

Blindman's Buff

(Continued from page 39)

time back in—where is your town—back in Lorain?"

"Oh, my God!" Bruce ejaculated disgustedly. "I wish you could see one of their parties!"

Poppy walked on in silence, through streets of old redstone houses, upon whose steps men and women were sitting in the breathless twilight.

"Sometimes it seems to me that—that

Why he wanted to know her

THERE was no special reason for his coming to this dance, and then, in the brightly gleaming lights he saw her! Slender, dainty, radiant, she stood out from among all others like a softly flushing rose.

She was turned slightly from him when his eyes first found her, and he watched eagerly for a chance to see more clearly.

Suddenly, as if his gaze had drawn her, she raised her graceful head and looked at him. Was it possible that anything could be so sweet?

The faintly glowing color of her round cheek, melting into the cream of throat and shoulder. The pure whiteness of the low, broad brow, the coral of curving lips—she was like a delicate miniature on ivory.

For a breathless second he watched her, then hastened to his hostess. "Who is she?" he whispered, drawing his friend quickly toward her.



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How Youth Can Spoil Youth

By MME. JEANNETTE

Today I sat opposite a young girl in the street car. She had charming, piquant features and a wealth of dark brown hair—but, oh, her complexion!

The skin about her neck and her temples was sallow and dark, while on her face she had powder and rouge of the shades that should be used only by the fairest blonde.

How I did long to sit beside her and say, "My dear, did you look in the mirror before you came out? Don't you know that it is really tragic to spoil your pretty face as you have done today?"

For that is just the point. The proper, the correct way to use rouge and powder is the studying of your own particular type, and the deft accentuating of the color nature gave you.

Just take this girl, for example. Her complexion, from what I could see, where she had neglected to powder, must have been naturally dark.

But a good vanishing cream, such as Pompeian Day Cream, carefully used over face and neck would have softened and prepared the skin for the powder and rouge to blend naturally. They would not have stopped abruptly in the irregular lines shown on this girl's face.

Then the powder. She should have had the rich, creamy Rachel Beauty Powder that Pompeian has prepared for this dark type. And for rouge, Pompeian Bloom, the dark shade made especially for brunettes.

Here was a girl whose features were really lovely and who could very easily have been called a beauty—if she had used a little thought. There is no great knowledge or skill needed to make the best of oneself. Practical common sense in choosing good, pure creams and powders that are the correct shades, and a little care in the way they are used is all that is required.

Pompeian Orange-Tinted Rouge is charming at all times, and you will find it particularly good for daylight use.

Lip stick, too, plays an important part in improving the appearance. If the shape of your mouth is good, follow its curves with the lip stick. If the lines are not good, draw the lip stick from the inner side of the lips to the outer edge, and blend with the finger tips. Pompeian Lip Stick is absolutely pure, prevents chapping, and its shade is delightfully natural.

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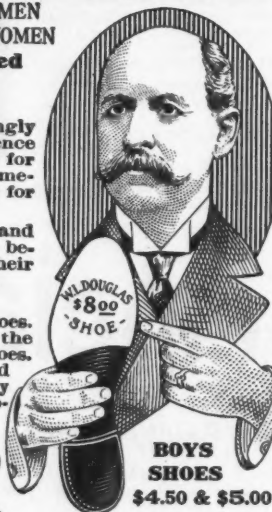
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our sort of happiness is the pretense," Poppy said, her face downcast. "All those Western girls paying so eagerly for men's meals, jabbering about Bohemianism and independence and genius—all that half baked socialist talk—things like Estella, today!"

"Estella knew what she was up against!" Bruce said gruffly in a pause. "She and Butch never made any bluff about it."

"No, but he's forty-four and she was eighteen," Poppy offered. "And Floss—I went to see her in the hospital yesterday. I don't know—"

"That sort of thing happens everywhere," Bruce countered awkwardly.

"Yes, I know," she said quickly and thickly. "But—of course the poor little scrap died, and Floss will be back in a few weeks, sitting on a table and banging her mandolin," Poppy resumed, with some little difficulty. "But—I didn't know. There's a baby in our apartment—such a busy, important looking little thing, in a little washed-out flannel jacket, always picking crumbs off his tray and looking at you so wisely— It seems such a waste! And then when you see Harris, big and comfortable, drinking and laughing and shouting out to all the girls—I don't know—"

He glanced at her in consternation; she was crying.

They had been together ever since luncheon; now it was after five o'clock and both were tired. Bruce felt vexed at her, he resented this suddenly lachrymose and analytical mood that had been forced upon his own genial sense of delight in the best of all possible worlds.

"Buck up," he said unsympathetically. "Let's go up to Myrtle's and have dinner."

Poppy looked at him seriously; they had halted, on the Avenue, in the current of homegoing men and women. Poppy's mood was accentuated by the consciousness of somewhat disheveled hair, a somewhat flushed face, a general weariness.

"Bruce," she said suddenly, "they're spoiling you! You talk nowadays as you never did before. You listen to everything they say. You think—you think—I can't bear you to do it!"

"Do what?" he asked angrily. She raised her eyes, looked at him distressedly, lowered them again. "You know what I mean!" she said, her heart thundering. They were really quarreling!

"I know you're like all women!" he told her resentfully. "Conventional and reactionary—that's what you are!"

"Why, I introduced you to most of them!" Poppy said hotly, stung.

"Yes, and now they're not good enough for you! Now you not only want to knock them yourself, but you think they can hurt me. You know I'm no baby, Poppy," Bruce said, carried along on a rush of words. "I'm not the little Horatio Alger webfoot that you have to protect and instruct! By God, I say that these women are as good as you are—"

"Bruce!" She was white.

"Well, they're your friends!" he said loudly and indignantly.

"Bruce—if you please—on the street—"

"That's right, make a scene and then get mad at me because I get mad!" suddenly, out of a pause, said the entity that had, entirely to his own surprise, taken possession of Bruce.

Poppy looked at him aghast, her face colorless, her half opened lips dry.

"Oh, it's no use!" she said in a frightened whisper, not to him. "Oh, dear—"

The little forlorn inadequate word, breathed out in her anxious bewildered voice, and accompanied with one glimpse of her troubled eyes, was destined to live in Bruce's memory for many a day.

For when she had said it he saw that the tears were coming, and she must have felt them. She put her head in the air, gulped and turned on her heel. Unable to move, his angry color and his angry mood ebbing together, Bruce saw her get into an omnibus. "I don't care!" he said, panting.

She was gone. He walked irresolutely for half a block, turned for no reason and walked back.

Far up the Avenue, in the opal spring twilight, was a jumble of motors and omnibuses; the traffic lights flashed, the crowd flowed forward like released water.

"I don't care!" Bruce said, his hands in his pockets. He stood still, his jaw set, his unseeing eyes fixed upon the base of a lamp-post.

II

POPPLY did not recover even a partial consciousness of what was going on about her for fully five minutes.

"There!" she kept saying to herself. "Now we've quarreled. I can't help it. We've quarreled. There!"

Her breath came short, she looked at her neighbor on the narrow seat blindly. "There!" she said, panting.

The subway. The corner. Her own doorway, with two children of eight and ten, who kissed her, playing there.

Poppy entered a commonplace apartment, with awninged windows over the street, dark bedrooms, where she removed her hat, powdered her nose, said "I can't help it!" again seven or eight times, and, at the back, with a glimpse of river view, a clean, disorderly, homelike kitchen; where a big woman with gray hair and spectacles was placidly preparing a meal.

Poppy flung her youth, her beauty, her heartbreak into this woman's welcoming arms with a thoroughness and an enthusiasm indicative of only one relationship in the world.

"Mother, it's so good to have you home again!" said Poppy with her kiss, her manner perfectly normal, but her voice still thick. "Are you a darling—are you an old angel—are you just a gorgeous old saint, or what?"

"No, I'm not," said Mrs. Potter, readjusting her glasses, serenely accustomed to her child's extravagances. "I declare I've begun to think I'm a very bad mother to you," she added as Poppy sat down at the kitchen table and began to gnaw upon a cindery crust of gingerbread. "That's just the sample I put into the oven to see if my batter was firm enough," the older woman interpolated hastily. "Don't eat it—don't spoil your good supper! You poor child, you, I've been going over your closet and bureau, and I think it was just about time I came back!" she resumed. "There wasn't an hour, day or night, that I didn't think of you. But I do believe that it saved your stepfather's life, and I don't think his own daughters—we saw them in Chicago, I wrote you that?—are any dearer to him than you are. It did

Would you wear Pajamas at a dance?

Of course not. No girl, no matter how daring, would dream of disregarding social good form like that. No girl, no matter how offhand, would think of insulting her hostess so flagrantly.

You wouldn't. But don't you often use a writing paper that is just as much out of place, just as inappropriate, as pajamas at a dance?

Many a girl never realizes that her letter paper is her social dress *when she is not there.*

She never suspects, when she thanks Claire's handsome new cousin for his flowers, that her robin's-egg-blue envelope made him say,

"That for me? I thought it was something for the cook."

She never guessed, when she said to herself, "Oh, it's only Geraldine! I can scribble to her on anything," that Geraldine would leave the untidy note on the library table, where her frank brother, observing it, inquired:

"Going in for settlement work, Jerry?"

She never knew! But I know. I have seen so many girls judged wrongly by their letter paper. They know better, but they do not know as I do that using the correct letter paper is one of the surest ways of proving your right to the social opportunities that come to you.



You might even carry off the pajamas by sheer personality, but you aren't there when your carelessly selected writing paper is being judged. People think you don't know or that you don't care, and one thought is just as bad for you as the other.

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us all good—the children, too. Over and over again he'd say, "We can thank Poppy for this trip!"

"Cry about it, Hannah!" Poppy suggested affectionately.

"Well, I can't help it!" her mother returned, smiling with wet eyes.

"I had a grand time," Poppy said slowly.

"I set the alarm, and made my bed while the coffee boiled, and put out the milk bottle, and twice on Sunday I had parties—I had Mrs. Adams and the kids over to an ice cream party last Sunday—"

"But your Aunt Maggie came in every day or two?" Mrs. Potter asked.

"Well, darling," Poppy said, "I didn't tell you last night because you were just home, but the truth is that Aunt Maggie went to be with Mabel, in Wilkes-Barre, the day you left."

"Good grief!" said Mrs. Potter. "Who looked out for you, then?"

"I looked out for myself," Poppy said. "Darling, I'm twenty-three, and I've been to approximately two thousand movies. I was not—led astray—in the five weeks of my mother's absence."

"Well, Mary—Mary—Mary!" her mother said lovingly and softly. And she held out her arms to her, and Poppy—who had indeed been christened Mary in the Church of Saint Gregory the Lesser—went gladly into them, and clung there, and laughed a little and cried a little without exactly knowing why. "You looked a little peaked to me last night—and your father saw it, too!" said the older woman then. "It must have been very lonely for you."

"I went down to the Village quite a lot!" Mary confessed, back at the table now. "Don't worry—I was home in bed and reading every night at ten."

"Butter that pan for me—but you do look sort of tired, lovey," her mother said, unalarmed. "Is it the new job?"

"No-o. I like it much better. It's not writing, but it has to do with a magazine, and that suits me!"

"And did they make much fuss over your leaving, at the old place?"

"Well—I wanted to tell you about that, mother. I didn't tell them I was going. I just—walked out." Mrs. Potter looked up from her oven.

"I have a reason," Mary said, answering her look. "I—I've had a funny experience since you left, mother," she said, suddenly flushed. "I am—you won't believe this—but—I love—somebody."

The older woman, impressed in spite of herself by the girl's halting words, the wet lashes and forced smile, stood looking at her in surprise.

"Well, you've done that before," she said in a troubled tone. "There was Bob—and that White boy—and that tall, slim feller—"

"Yes, but this is different!" Poppy said gravely. "This man—is my man," she added, her voice thickening. And suddenly she put her head down upon the table and burst out crying.

"Tell mother," Mrs. Potter could say, after an interval.

"Well," said Poppy, gulping, drying her eyes and regaining her self-control, "I felt differently about him the moment I saw him. No, not the moment—but almost immediately—"

"Who introduced you?"
 "Nobody did. He was sitting next to

me—you know how things are down in those little places, mother. We just got talking. He's new here. He was all worked up about everything, of course, believed everything everybody said—he told me that this one was a great writer and the other a personal friend of Lenin; it was all real to him. Carter Poole had him in tow—you can imagine! I began stringing him myself—" Poppy said thoughtfully. "You have to, mother."

"How do you mean you have to?" Mrs. Potter asked, with distaste.

"Oh, mother, everybody does!" her daughter assured her. "I would have made an immediate hit—wouldn't I?—if I had said that my stepfather was a linytper and that we lived in the Bronx and that he and my mother and the kids had gone to visit his married daughters in Chicago. No, I told him I was a Bohemian actor's daughter—and that I had been married—"

"Mary Alice Madison—with your poor dead father as good and as hard working a man as ever lived," ejaculated her mother. "What on earth possessed you? He didn't believe a word of it!"

"Indeed he did. Why, mother, do you suppose that all those people are sitting about in those places telling each other the truth?" Mary demanded pathetically. "Everyone knows that."

"They're ashamed of their decent parents," Mrs. Potter said.

"No, it's not that. But the whole thing is so artificial—so fantastic—"

"There was a time when you wouldn't go anywhere else, but I thought you were cured," her mother said disapprovingly.

Mary knotted her hands before her.

"I am now," she said somberly.

"Well, tell me about this man," her mother asked a little anxiously.

"Oh, Bruce! Well, he's big, and he has a brown sort of face, and he's desperately in earnest about everything. And he wears a tweed suit—" The thought of the tweed suit suffocated her; she stopped.

"And he has a—well, a terribly nice, decent way of ordering your meals, and—I don't know—" she presently resumed, and stopped again.

"And does he like you, dear?"

"Oh, yes, he likes me!"

"Better than any of the other girls?"

Mary had a sharp pang of jealousy and fear. So big, so kind, so tender and simple and honest—she had left him in their hands tonight!

"Oh, yes, I think so, mother!"

"He's—you're not engaged?"

"Not—formally!" A great despair shook her. They had quarreled—they had parted—nothing was definite—

"Has he kissed you, Mary?"

Mary looked up quickly, smiled at the kind, dear, worried face, the anxious eyes behind the spectacles. Her whole being thrilled at the memory of a night—night before last—at the Cardigans'. The big, hard arms, the touch of the hard chin against her own, the enchanting faint odor of tweeds and shaving soap—

The scarlet color flooded her face. "No, ma'am," she said.

You shouldn't have let him, dear," said he, mother mildly.

"I love him," Mary said softly.

"Is he coming to see you here?"

"He doesn't know where I live."

"But why not, dear?"

"Well, with you and Aunt Maggie away—"

"Yes, that's true. That's true. But he could get it at the office."

"They don't know where I live at the office—they never have known."

"He's married, is he?" asked Mrs. Potter, at a loss.

"Oh, mother, no! He's just a small-town boy—he's going to be famous, I think. Everything about him is nice and clean—he told me about his 'only love affair, the village rich girl—he never even touched her hand. She married the village big man's son, and Bruce has done nothing but yearn and idealize her until he—met me."

"But of course he loves you, dear!"

"That," said Mary, her young face stern, "is what I want to find out! They've got him—down there, Poole and the rest. They'll ruin him if they can—I've seen them ruin men like him before. He thinks they're all gods—they laugh at home life, at decent books, at people who work honestly eight hours a day. The decent people—the real writers and artists—get away from them and marry and have children and houses in New Jersey or Long Island, and chicken on Sunday—"

"Why, Mary, I declare it's refreshing to hear you talk like this!" her mother said.

"I thought of—Kate's baby," Mary said suddenly. "I've had crushes before, of course. But when I think of Bruce I think of more than just—excitement. I think about butchers' bills, and having a woman in to clean on Thursdays, and being sick, with a baby on my arm—"

She stopped, but her mother did not speak. Mrs. Potter was a plain woman, cheerful, fat, insensitive on some counts. But she knew that this hour was holy, and sheer reverence kept her still.

"We've quarreled," Mary said suddenly, desolately. "Mother, I think it'll kill me!"

She got to her feet and went blindly out of the room, and her mother did not follow.

After that, those who loved her saw a new Mary. She worked hard, she came home early, she was always available when her mother, her stepfather or her small half-brother and sister needed her.

She grew thinner, quieter as the warm spring rains fell and fell and fell over the city, and as the trees in Central Park put on their tentative dots; their damp, unfolding fingers; their panoply of green.

If certain street corners, certain seats on the lumbering omnibuses, certain shaded tables in certain restaurants shook her heart with a violent pain almost nauseating in its intensity, she told nobody.

Beautiful, young, bitterly lonely, she dressed for the new work every day, put on the plain taffeta dress with the wide collar, pressed the wide shady hat over her bright spraying hair. Mary's mother wanted her to get a new hat, but she delayed it. Bruce had seen this one—

She clung, as only a woman who loves can cling, to the little calendar of their days together. It was only nineteen days after all since that afternoon that had so unexpectedly proved their last—it was only twenty-three days—

She would look at her telephone. In three seconds she could hear that dear, astonished voice: "Poppy!"

"Give him a ring!" her mother urged more than once, worried by the girl's loss of color, appetite and spirits. "Perhaps



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the poor boy has been searching the city for you—perhaps he's not had a happy minute since you quarreled—"

"No," Mary would answer, frowning. "This is a test. I want to make sure!"

"But how could he ever find you, no matter how anxious he is, deary! Be reasonable with the poor man—"

Mary would not be reasonable. She could not. She was suffering unreasonably, the whole world was one agonizing hunger for just a look at him, just the touch of his hand again, and to capitulate meant to lose all her boundaries at once, to feel all walls crashing forever.

Reasonable? Was it reasonable to wait every day for the postman who could not possibly have a letter from him, to shut one's eyes with a sensation of actual faintness just because brokers named Bruce, Williams and Company happened to advertise bonds in the morning paper? There was nothing reasonable about it, and Mary knew it, even as Shakespeare and Dante and Heloise knew it before her.

This went on for nineteen—twenty-three—twenty-seven days. Then came the terrible morning when Mary said to herself, heartsick: "It's a month today!"

Her mother, her stepfather, Jim and Maxine had plans today; they were going to Aunt Maggie's. But Mary had no plans. She was at the end of her endurance, she told herself that she would have to telephone Bruce, flesh and blood could stand it no longer.

Determined, and almost dizzy with the joy of the mere thought, she put on her new dotted Swiss, pink with crimson dots, and pushed her riotous hair into a net. She stood in the darkened bedroom studying with unavoidable exhilaration the effect of all this, when her mother, bustling about with last preparations for departure, came in. Mary's cheeks, her blue eyes, were aglow, her mouth rippled into smiles.

"Mother, do I look nice?"

"I've never seen you look better. You're going to phone him?"

Coming: A new story by Fannie Hurst in COSMOPOLITAN for April at all news stands March tenth

Otherwise Sweet William

(Continued from page 31)

helmets; the hope of being an exemptor or a lady oxiary—in nearly every bosom there, splendid ambition had, in that electric quarter-hour, been aroused.

Before the mass meeting adjourned, committees in ways and means and on plan and scope had been named. It seems almost needless to add that upon both committees the honored name of Barbee appeared and that he was the unanimous choice of his fellow members for the chairmanship of the more important one.

Promptly then did he proceed to justify his election to the post of executive responsibility. His example stirred the efficient; it stimulated the laggards. Why, the man spawned thoughts as the roe-shad spawns her roe—not singly but in clumps. For the debit page of the ledger it might have been entered up that authority and power and the deference of the multitude enhanced, if such a thing be possible, his air of arrogance. With conscious self-sufficiency he ran over the top and spilled down

"Mother, I have to!"

"Well," said her mother, "the way you've been going on I think you ought to! There's the bell," she said in an undertone. "You go! If it's anything to delay us the children will be wild! Good grief, whatever is it!" added Mrs. Potter in terror a moment later, as the sounds of what are only describable as shrieks came from the entrance hall. "Mary—God save us all!" she stammered, hurrying out.

Mary, pink gown, pink cheeks, tears and laughter, was in the large tweed arms of a large man. The man, her mother saw, was crying too, and kissing her.

"My God," he was saying in a low, hard voice, more as a prayer than an ejaculation, "my God, I've found you—I've found you! My little girl—I was going away—I was going back home—oh, my God! I thought I'd lost you. My darling—my darling—"

"I knew you'd come—I knew you'd come!" sobbed Mary. "Oh, Bruce—this is mother—"

"Well, Bruce, I'm glad you've come, and I hope you'll take her off and talk some sense into her!" Mrs. Potter said in her downright, motherly way, studying the ecstatic pair through her glasses. "She's been nearer mad than sane for I don't know how long! We're going up to my sister Maggie's for the day, at White Plains—"

"Give me a few hours of her and I'll bring her up there," Bruce said, still holding Mary tight, but with a big free hand to grip that of Mary's mother. "I want to meet the family—I'm never going to let go of her again—I can only warn you of that!"

"But however did you find her?" Mrs. Potter asked, roused to sudden recollection.

"Oh, that's part of it, mother!" Mary herself answered, tears on her April face. "That's why I was waiting for him! He's the son of an old friend of yours—Mrs. Bruce, mother, who was Ada Ransome, of Lorain, Ohio! He's got a letter of introduction to you—"

the sides. But has not the same thing been true of Napoleon and Cromwell and many another leader of causes?

It took a Napoleon to shape the common enthusiasm into a definite channel; this genius did it. Talking about the Plunkett Hill's All-Colored Volunteer Fire Fighters' Brigade was one thing; having visions of it as an accomplished reality was part of that thing; but providing the financial framework for it was another. To the Professor the credit must in justice go for the notion of the great home talent benefit entertainment—a notion which caught the popular fancy as a flame catches tow.

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necessary apparatus. No part of the fund would be needed for the purchase of uniforms. Dozens of prospective fire-fighting gallants already had sent in their personal measurements, accompanied by cash remittances, and thus early various white residents had been startled by the sight, on Sunday afternoons in the colored quarters, of dark pedestrians who wore heavy metal helmets and brass-mounted belts and the reddest of red shirts adorned frontwise with the pearllest of all possible buttons. Some of these apparitions jauntily carried pickaxes, also privately purchased; it was a sort of dress rehearsal, satisfying to the principals and giving added vivacity to the weekly promenade.

Such pleasant preludes were as so much free advertising for the approaching benefit; not that it needed the advance publicity. The date drawing nearer, the affair grew in scope of its own momentum. Three weeks before its natal night it became apparent that Colored Odd Fellows' Hall could never hold the audience; the main committee met and, in one splendid sweeping gesture, leased the Franklin Street Opera House. Professor Barbee put through this ambitious deal.

Only a man of parts could have crowded into his days the duties which he assumed. He drafted the program, he selected the cast for the playlet which would precede the olio of single appearances, he drilled the cast in their lines—which he had written—and he taught them their stage business. He passed supreme and final judgment. Finally he found time to compose, especially for the occasion, what he spoke of as a characteristic and descriptive overture march.

But none save the members of his orchestra—and they all pledged to secrecy—was permitted to have knowledge of the nature of this offering. They practiced it behind locked doors; to friends they hinted at novelties in theme and treatment which would make the grand opening number the outstanding feature, really, of the whole eventful evening.

Nearly all the white folks ate cold suppers or warmed-over ones on the big night; else they cooked their own suppers. Long before dusk the customary goddesses and chieftainesses of the kitchens of the Quality had vanished.

Was it a big night? Was it the biggest of all conceivable nights? The ayes have it, unanimously. The doors of the Franklin Street Opera House opened at seven forty-five. The audience began assembling shortly after half-past six, drawn thither by a delicious fever of restlessness.

It was fine to see the multitude assembling, finer still to be seen there in one's most gallus and most gala raiment. For once, at least, the colored population would not be cribbed off in the uppermost balcony which ordinarily was reached by a side way and, even had there been no greater lure, surely this alone were worth coming early and beforehand for. The side door was closed now. All might march in by the wide front entrances; any, having the price, might appear for this night in dress circle or parquet or stage box. And did! It subtly marked the change in the ordinary regulations governing the theater that by eight o'clock every chair on the sloped main floor was occupied; but the top gallery was as empty as an empty grave. Who would deign to sit in his old place aloft

when he might reveal himself downstairs?

At the front of the house no white functionary showed himself. Green Wilgus sold tickets through the box office window; Amasi Steger, in his red shirt and his glazed belt, took them up at the doors. The ushers were recruited from this year's graduating class of Magnolia Colored High School; back of the scenes the stage hands were members of what might be called the younger Colored Owl Lunchwagon set—dashing blades of the night life group, young men-about-town, taking on this job for the novelty of it and the joy of having an anonymous part in the benefit.

There was visible but one white face, which was a broad red face belonging to Officer Brack Mount of the city constabulary. By police ordinance a representative of the uniformed force must be present at any public performance in any public place of entertainment; Brack Mount, who measured forty-nine inches around the chest and was as strong as Holy Writ's prize bull of Bashan had drawn the detail. He inclined his mighty bulk against the rear wall, his hands in his pockets, his slouch hat on the back of his head, while a dark tidal wave burst through the pent sluiceway of the door jambs and went flooding and cascading down the slant of the floor to inundate each inch of seating space.

There might be a milling to and fro and a heartening excitement at the front of the house, and there was. There might be a delectable anticipatory flutter behind the lowered curtains where performers in make-up got in everybody's way and stumbled over the stage properties and got up again and were altogether happy; where, also, the two leading ladies—there were two of them—stood quite apparently at ease and in seeming amity, swapping compliments upon the effectiveness of each other's costumes. If the straw-ted Ophelia Stubblefield had the advantage, a complexion over her sister actress—the latter's prevalent tint being a clear Colorado maduro—it was not to be denied that there was something compelling about Melissa Grider. Beyond question she did fill out those cerise fleshings of hers.

Racketing confusion might prevail out there; secret gnawing jealousies might here be masked. But in the mien and manner of Professor Wild Bill Barbee when, promptly at eight-ten, he entered the orchestra pit, coming through the trap from beneath the stage, there was no suggestion of a febrile pulse, no sign of nervousness. He came, as befitting a captain, at the head of his special command, the Barbee Orchestra. He was exactly and sharply on time as announced on the printed program—not one half-second ahead of it, nor one quarter-second late, but precisely on the clock's tick. He bore himself as should one bear himself who has been the guiding spirit in a large undertaking now substantially accomplished and who is a champion unchallenged in any department of his various supremacies.

Responding to a clamorous welcome, he took his bow, first alone, then beckoned his squad forward to take another bow with him. The lesser men seated themselves, adjusting their music racks, fingering their various instruments. He stood erect and for a dramatic half-minute he looked into the mounting faces which beamed upon him, row on row, and he saw more fine ivory than the average elephant

hunter finds in a good season in Equatorial Africa. He saw something else most warming to the heart of an *artiste*—admiration, appreciation, all the sweet essences that are distilled from popular idolatry; all those rich proteids and filling butter fats of the milk of human adulation. He almost could feel himself taking on flesh; they almost could see him taking it on.

"Ting!"

He rapped with his little black baton upon the rail in front of him, threw his head back and stiffened into a wide-aimed posture, and, on the signal, the salutatory strains of his original composition, which was to keynote the evening's entertainment, fell upon all those attentive ears.

It introduced itself quietly, the special overture. There was, at starting, a soft slithering of bows on the strings of violins and a harmonious sound which, were it a visible thing, might have been described as shimmery. Into this there crosscut an interruption of trills and chirps. It was the trap-drummer, executing upon a small warbling device the sounds which in all orchestras whatsoever are regarded as correctly imitative of the notes of any or all of our native songbirds. Quickly then, the tempo changed; loud interpolations succeeded, these also the doings, mainly, of the busy trap-drummer. As a sharp high shrill passage occurred, with the piccolo strains predominating, the drummer clanged a gong sharply three times; then, after a little pause, three times more.

A moment later he was clattering two coconut shells against the rim of his snare drum; next he was uttering siren notes on a short reed instrument shaped rather in the form of a sweet potato; next sliding many dried peas back and forth in a swiftly manipulated tin cannister; next was dropping all else and catching up cymbal and bass drum stick to add brazen clamor and dull rumbling roar to the ensemble as his fellows suddenly soared out of their shivery and quivery comminglings into a blaring, smashing, crashing discord purposely and melodically contrived.

To those who played and to him who swayed above their bent forms directing them, the intent and the picture of all this was clear enough. To them it was typical and topical, appropriate and highly illustrative. In term of music, it was a chapter from the life of a volunteer fire fighter:

First the ethereal evening filling the happy community with its peace and quietude; the glimmer of the moonlight upon the stilled bosom of the old bayou, the serenade of that winged minstrel of the Southern night, the mocking bird; then, suddenly, the alarm bell ringing out upon the silent air—the harness dropping in place upon the backs of the prancing fire horses—the reverberating thunder of their shod and eager hooves when they surged out and across the sidewalk—the bleating whistled warning from the throat of the engine's steam escape pipe as the panting red monster sped toward the endangered spot—the hiss of the water hurtling through the hose, spraying out and forth in a solid column, leaping up from the aimed tip of the nozzle like a silver scimitar to slash its way into the red heart of the devouring flames—the tinkle of window glass breaking in the terrific heat—the downward sweep and deafening smash of tumbling walls—the distress, the fright, the running to and fro; and then, for a

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To make cretonne wastebasket

THE cardboard for this wastebasket cost 5 cents; the cretonne 30 and the braid 25. You can easily make one.

Cut six pieces of cardboard $4\frac{1}{2} \times 14$ inches, with quarter oval cut out of two corners. Cover whole of one side of each with LePage's and place side by side, close together, on wrong side of cretonne 18×32 inches, allowing 2 inches of cretonne top and bottom and 5 inches at one end. Smooth carefully.

Fold in and LePage cretonne top and bottom, slashing around quarter ovals. Join first and last pieces of cardboard by LePaging the extra 5 inches of cretonne over the first section, cutting it off to match figure in cretonne. LePage plain material inside for lining, first turning its edge under all around and LePaging a narrow hem.

For bottom use heavy cardboard. LePage small blocks of wood under it to sides of basket for support. LePage band of upholstery braid around outside for decoration.

To cover flower pot with cretonne

FIRST wrap paper tight around pot. Let ends overlap and LePage together. Cut around top and bottom of pot, leaving cuff around pot but not fastened to it. Slit vertically, use as pattern.

From pattern cut out cardboard leaving 1 inch extra at one end; lap over and LePage to other end. Cut out cretonne, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ inch top and bottom and 2 inches at end. Coat entire outside surface of cardboard with LePage's and draw cretonne smoothly over it. Where cretonne overlaps, cut neatly around the design and LePage. Fold over the extra $\frac{1}{2}$ inch top and bottom and LePage to inside.

For lining, cut enamel cloth a little smaller than pattern; LePage smoothly to entire inside surface. To cover saucer, spread coat of LePage's on outside surface and glue cretonne all around top edge first, drawing it smooth and close over sides and underneath in pleats. LePage upholstery braid around top of pot and saucer.

To make a doll's cradle

Take a round cardboard oatmeal or salt box. Remove paper wrapper. Cut box in half lengthwise, leaving cover and bottom for headboard and footboard. LePage the cover on. Cut circles of cretonne to fit inside headboard and footboard. Coat each with LePage's and put smoothly in place.

Take strip of cretonne wide as cradle is long, and long enough to fit outside and inside. Coat cradle outside and inside with LePage's and fit cretonne over it, slashing where body and rim meet. Cut cretonne for outside of headboard and footboard $\frac{1}{4}$ inch larger all around; LePage in place; slash edges and LePage over rim. LePage bias strips of cretonne inside and outside of rims, first LePaging narrow hem in them. LePage bow of ribbon on headboard.

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climax to this phase of the composition, the outcry of the frenzied populace.

The concluding measure would deal interpretably with the rescue of the imperiled ones, with the extinguishment of the flames, with the triumphant return of the brave fire laddies to their station; then, once more, the moonlight, the calm of night, and for finale, the farewell sleepy note of the mocking bird repeated thrice and slowly, plaintively, dying away into sweet nothingness.

Creators often are like that—often are prone to assume that their symbolism will be as clear to those before whom it is expressed as it is clear to the mind of its originators. Certainly Professor Wild Bill Barbee was like that. So, too, were the members of his orchestra; their leader's confidence had been to them an example and a patterned model.

So now, midway of their rendition of this, his masterpiece, and immediately succeeding the manufacture by them of the crescendo effect of falling masonry, they paused. It was the cue for him to inject the most graphic touch of all his designed realism. He swung about, facing the sea of faces that rose before him and beyond him, and he stretched his jaws to full gape and at the top of his voice delivered himself of three words, to wit, as follows:

"Fire! Fire!! FIRE!!!"

The third word, though, the one here spelled out in capitals in an effort to express the intensity with which the Professor voiced it, was never finished. Really, he got only about this much of it out:

"FI—!!!"

His mouth, open to its widest diameter, froze in a round congealed orifice of stupefaction, and the last two letters froze with it. One instant he had been blaring his outcry into the sea of faces aforesaid. In the next, stunned and confounded, he stared at a tossing ocean of backs—backs of heads, backs of necks, backs of convulsive, weaving, kicking legs, backs of backs and of yet more backs.

Who, fitly and amply, can describe a panic in a crowded hall—the stark, primitive emotions of the huddled pack, the trampling underfoot of the weaker ones, the screams, the rending of garments, the mad strugglings, the shucking-off of the flimsy fabric of a vaunted civilization and the instantaneous reversion to elementals and to the caveman's cardinal instinct for self-preservation? Who, I ask you, properly can describe that? I know I can't. I shan't try. I shall be content with trying to tell, not how one panic rose and spread, but how this one was checked.

Until now, the narrative has had a single central figure. From now on, for a briefened space, it must have a second. The main rôle herewith transfers temporarily to Officer Brack Mount, he who was fashioned on the lines of the Scriptural bullock. He made a competent successor. Why he, the sole Caucasian present, should more clearly have translated the imagery of the Barbeean overture than any other there is one of the mysteries, for he ordinarily was rather a plodding thinker and musically was by no means so apt to catch shading and cloaked rhythmic meanings as some of his Afric neighbors should have been. But about his behavior when the first dazed quick scrambling had merged into the rush for the outdoors,

there was nothing enigmatic. Anybody with half an eye could have told exactly what intent was in this large white man's mind.

To its last frenzied unit that audience, in a solid groundswell, rolled toward the one remembered exit. It sought for safety and would find disaster. The jamming in the aisles might yield only minor casualties, but once let the fugitives begin blindly stumbling down the stairs, once let them start tripping over one another on the steps, piling and writhing and crushing together in a suffocating mass, and there would be a vastly different tale to tell.

Right in the face of the foremost of the fleeing crowd the broad double doors were slammed to, and against these doors, with a back to them, Brack Mount interposed a mountain of brawn. His fist flailed against the chin of the first onrushing figure to come in arm's reach of him. It fell to the lot of Logan Dismukes to be vicarious sacrifice. I'll say he fell.

Logan formed the bottommost layer of a structure magically reared. Brack Mount struck again and found a second mark in Babe Givens, and the said Babe, who was long and limber, folded up like a carpenter's rule and lay down to peaceful dreams on top of Logan Dismukes. Brack struck again, again, once, twice, thrice again, and the ring of stunned forms on the floor at his feet was growing. He couldn't miss. He didn't. Regardless of age, sex or size the big white man caught them, right swing or left hook, as they flew into range, and added them to his collection. It was rough surgery but he had a most desperate case on his hands.

Before the menace of the towering, pitiless figure that blocked the way, the front wave of the flight wavered, then gave back slightly, blocking the retreat of the press behind; and in that blessed second of grace the voice of Brack Mount came out of his commodious chest in a roar that dominated the mounting babel of screams and cries and groans as a fog whistle cuts through the mewings of the sea gulls when a storm is on:

"Hold on, you fools, there ain't any fire! There ain't any danger!"

Somehow his sincerity held all of them, or nearly all, as his fistwork already detained the damaged makings of a dozen. Somehow, even in that unreasoning time, they knew him for a savior and not an enemy, blocking the lone path of escape. That is to say, most did. Some few didn't. Ginger Dismukes didn't, for one. For ever so long after he revived he just couldn't be convinced that any white man who had his best interests at heart would have hit him that hard.

Brack Mount was prompt to reinforce his argument, the crowd swinging and heaving in irresolution:

"Course there ain't any fire! Don't you-all get the idea?—that crazy nigger down yonder—that one that runs your string band for you—he only just yelled 'Fire!' to make his music sound more natural. Why, don't you get it yet?—he was imitatin' a fire department with his fiddles and whistles and things. Just makin' believe—the derned idiot!"

His words made converts manifold. Scores, stalled in their tracks, stared at him over the intervening heads, still no more than half convinced. Others, who

believed thoroughly, twisted about in the press of bodies that confined them and looked toward the orchestra pit. And what they saw there was proof confirmatory. A hum of anger like the humming of hornets—with some shaky bursts of laughter in it—began to override the abating chorus of fright.

Sist' Callie Meriwether, who was ready any time to meet her weight in wildcats—prime selected No. 1 red winter wildcats, at that—broke free of the jam.

"So tha's de way 'tis, is it?" she shrieked. "Skeerin' de giblets out of me fur nuthin' an' gittin' my bes' clothes all tore off me. Lemme at 'im—tha's all—lemme at 'im!"

As passionately she headed back down the center aisle, Sister Meriwether took a deep breath and amplified her threat:

"Lemme git my two hands on 'im once't—I aims to turn 'im ever' way they is but loose!"

She charged, and she charged not alone. She but voiced the sentiments and the intent of nine hundred others, more or less. She but led the hunt. They followed fast. Their hats were smashed, their holiday gear was damaged, their dignity had been beleaguered and upset. Their evening had been spoiled, their toes most cruelly had been trodden on, their jostled bodies were bruised and sore. It looked as though Officer Mount would have to take on another life-saving job—an individual job, this time—whereas heretofore tonight he'd been strictly a wholesaler.

A brave man may fear no single enemy, but who is there among us that can withstand the spontaneous and therefore all the more whole-hearted hostility of an entire race? The Professor saw the tempory Aunt Callie coming. He saw Uncle Juny Tallers coming—old Juny, the blue-gummed man, whose bite was sure death—and old Juny's lips were skinned back in a snarl of rage and the blue gums showed. He saw a great host coming down upon him and he heard what they promised him. He had not got back yet his powers of coherent speech which, as previously stated, quit him halfway through that fatal ill advised third word, but the prospect of immediate destruction by mob violence restored bodily activity to his palsied person. Before him, just between the paralyzed legs of two of his associates, yawned the opening of the passageway leading from the orchestra pit under the stage and on out through the stage door. He went in it like a flying squirrel in a knot hole.

Some two weeks later a white gentleman was asking Æsop Loving what had become of that tall dark brown fellow named Barbee. The white gentleman said he hadn't seen him lately about town and he had been wondering.

"Ain't nobody seen him lately, suh," said Æsop, smiling happily, "an' the reason they ain't is 'cause he's went from 'mongst us. Seems lak he must 'a' got tired of flinchin' ever' time anybody yelled out 'Fire!' behind his back on the street, w'ich wuz toler'ble frequent. He suttinly was right tamed down an' pitiful lookin' to des the last. I reckon' also mebbe he got tired of hearin' the new name w'ich they'd taken to callin' 'im by. He may 'a' been Wild Bill w'en he hit this town but he wuz Sweet William w'en he went away."

"The Eminent Dr. Deeves," by Irvin Cobb, announced for this issue, will appear in April.

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Semper Fidelis

(Continued from page 45)

"Hello, there's another panther track—no, by Jupiter, there are two of them. An old lady with two yearling cubs. Great snakes! I hope they're all females! That would be ninety dollars bounty from the State, sixty from the Diamond Bar Cattle Company and at least twenty dollars for the pelts. Here's where I land a Christmas present for Martha!"

He pressed eagerly on. Once he paused, listening. Far down the hogback he heard, very faintly, a short, sharp, apprehensive bark. Timmy, doubtless. "Little lobster," Dan soliloquized and pressed on swiftly. For a quarter of a mile he followed the trail, momentarily expecting to catch a glimpse of the three panthers squatting around the carcass of the deer. He was disappointed, however.

"Dragging it home," Dan thought. "Well, if I don't get a shot at them before dark I'll find their den and come back after them tomorrow with the hounds. Hello, they've left the timber and gone down over that broken country . . . they hole up in one of the caves in that limestone wash."

He ran at top speed along the trail and as he ran he heard again, far behind him, the eager bark of a dog. Dan was running downhill now and the grade was growing more and more precipitous. The snow had piled in huge drifts on that side of the hill and the sun had warmed it; Dan's feet sank deeper and deeper. The gory trail led straight ahead.

Dan paused. Ahead of him the slope of the hill pitched abruptly downward at an angle of about sixty-five degrees. Forty feet in front of him three panthers stood with their backs to him, the carcass of the deer lying on the snow between them. As Dan had suspected from the tracks they were an old female and two yearling cubs.

"Don't like these end-on shots," Dan murmured, and raised his carbine to his shoulder. Then he whistled. Instantly all three cats half turned and Dan *knew* he just couldn't help placing a bullet back of the old lady's left shoulder.

To his amazement and chagrin the firing pin fell on thin air or a defective cartridge. He jerked back the bolt and slammed it home again, his glance still on his quarry—and then something struck him in the middle of the back and knocked him forward on his face. It was a snow avalanche. He started to slide downhill with incredible swiftness, straight toward the trio of panthers, who, seeing him coming, abandoned their kill and fled before him.

Their speed, however, was not greater than that of the avalanche of snow upon the crest of which Dan Pelly rode; almost instantly it engulfed them and hunter and hunted, rolling over and over, suddenly shot out into space and landed with more or less shock in the bottom of what Dan realized must be a deep ravine. He was not hurt, however, and he still clung to his rifle; in a few seconds he had fought his way clear of the few feet of snow in which he was buried. Up he came, like a ground hog to have a look at the weather, and his first thought was:

"Where are those doggone panthers?"

Almost instantly he saw them. They were three very badly frightened cats—

likewise they were very angry and that they held Dan Pelly accountable for their fright, their undignified tumble and the loss of their supper. Dan had not the slightest doubt, for all three stood in a row on the snow about thirty feet from him, growling low, throaty growls, flashing huge, businesslike teeth, and slowly switching their tails from side to side.

"Gosh!" Dan Pelly thought, "they mean business. They'll jump me for less than a stale cookie." He took aim at Mother Panther's broad forehead—and again the firing pin fell harmlessly. As if at command, all three cats squatted and glared at him; then the old lioness crept forward a few feet on her belly and Dan backed hurriedly away, pumping his gun swiftly.

It was empty. "Oh, Martha, Martha, why can't you respect my one simple wish, my sole inflexible rule?" Dan muttered. He was so angry he yearned with a great yearning to sit down in the snow and blubber like some great lubberly boy. Instead he compromised by swearing what is technically known as a blue streak. He hadn't been so angry in thirty years.

"You damned fools," he yelled at the panthers, "I can't shoot you, so why don't you beat it?" He backed away some more and Mother Panther, reading this move as a sign of weakness and indecision, crept after him. Goose flesh ran up Dan Pelly's spine.

Dan looked about him, found a stone as large as a baseball lying on top of the snow, and hurled it at the old panther. It struck her fairly on the nose and she screamed with rage and amazement; followed by her progeny, she turned to retreat and leave Dan Pelly in possession of the field.

And then to Dan Pelly came a realization that started his heart to thumping furiously. His unwelcome neighbors could *not* retreat. They had all fallen into a huge "pot hole" at the head of a ravine through which, except in freezing weather, a little stream had run for untold centuries. At the head of this ravine, where the slope of the hill pitched so precipitately, Dan remembered that ordinarily there was a waterfall some eighty feet high. The water, mixed with gravel and occasional stones, and falling from that height, had gradually eroded in the sandstone formation below a pot hole about fifty feet in diameter.

From the crest of the waterfall—now frozen solid—the hill sloped abruptly east, so that the walls of this hole were some sixty feet perpendicularly at the upper end but decreasing gradually to about forty feet at the lower end. As a usual thing this pot hole contained a pool the surface of which when the stream was flowing normally reached about halfway to the top of the lower wall and trickled out through a six inch fissure in the sandstone—a fissure which gradually widened into a little gully that divided the floor of the cañon below.

Despite the fact that the avalanche, piling in on top of the frozen pool, had half filled the pot hole with snow, the problem of escaping from this natural prison was not an easy one, although Dan realized that given his time he could climb out of it via this fissure, albeit as he contemplated the prospect of three panthers clawing at

his trouser seat while doing it, he was filled with misgivings.

Meanwhile the panthers padded around their half of this natural cage, striving to climb the almost perpendicular wall and falling back ignominiously on their haunches each time they tried. Dan knew they could not escape from that pot hole; they were still his panthers, and it behooved him to climb out, hasten home for some cartridges, return and dispatch them.

He essayed to claw his way up the lower wall by using the inequalities of the formation on each side of the six inch fissure. He was up six feet when a ledge upon which he had been clinging with one toe broke and precipitated him back into the snow on the floor of the pot hole. Again and again he tried it, but each time he failed and fell back into the snow. Each time he fell, the panthers growled and spat, facing about on him as if to repel an attack.

"Dog my cats," murmured Dan, "this is no business. A mountain lion is the greatest coward on earth—maybe! Hence the old saying: Brave as a lion. But I know pantherwell enough to realize that the more frightened they become the braver they get. An animal always charges because it is frightened. These panthers are hungry, they've been robbed of a meal, they've been rolled end over end in a little snow avalanche and dropped into a cage with their enemy. Pretty soon they're going to realize they can't get out that way and they'll take a notion to try to get out this way. Then I'll have to slide by them somehow and as we pass each other the old lady's going to maul me out of respect for her cubs. I'll have to start cutting toe holds in this sandstone crevice with my pocket knife and get out of here P. D. Q. If I'm to get out alive."

Far above him, on the hilltop over which he had come, a dog barked.

"That wasn't Timmy," Dan Pelly thought. Sounds like Toby, but it can't be. And yet—I ought to know Toby's voice. It can't be—"

He backed against the north wall of the pot hole in order to gain a clear view over the crest of the southern wall and up the hillside down which he had been swept. On the skyline, sharply outlined against the snow, stood an extra large Airedale terrier, with a dash of red at his breast; and as Dan Pelly gazed the dog started slowly and weakly down the hill, following the trail he and the cats had lately taken. From time to time the dog barked, but there was an anxious, whimpering timbre in that bark—a sort of "Wait for me boys I'm coming" note—and then Dan Pelly knew that the impossible had happened.

Cloamel Knight, alias Toby, was afield again—for the last time. He would be in at the death—his own and Dan Pelly's—unless—unless—

What was that red thing at his collar? Dan thrilled. A bandanna handkerchief! Martha had sent him! He was bringing cartridges! That was it! He was bringing the cartridges!

Dan's joyous whoop echoed up the pot hole and reverberated against the surrounding hills. "Oh, you Toby! Come on, boy! Here I am, Toby. Come, Toby, come on, boy! Hot trail, Toby!"



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52	115	120	125	129
53	118	123	128	132
54	120	125	130	134
55	122	127	132	136
56	125	130	135	139
57	127	132	137	141
58	129	134	139	143
59	131	136	141	145
60	133	138	143	147
61	135	140	145	149
62	137	142	147	151
63	139	144	149	153
64	141	146	151	155
65	143	148	153	157
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He glanced toward the panthers. They had abandoned their futile efforts to climb the walls of their prison and now, the old female realized that the affairs of herself and family had reached an impasse. She knew dogs! To her, poor, feeble, staggering Toby and his dauntless war cry spelled death. However, all was not yet lost. It might not be too late to escape after all—via that crack in the east wall; and between her and possible liberty stood nothing more formidable than a man who showed no disposition to molest her—who showed, indeed, a most unmanly desire to escape. And the creature uttered cries! He appeared more distraught than she! She would chance it, for the sake of her cubs.

Dan saw her crouch low to the ground and noted her fixed, blazing glance bent searchingly upon him. Slowly she advanced, a few inches at a time. She would bluff him out of the way if she could, but if he would not be bluffed—

A dozen yards from the brink of the pot hole Dan saw Toby stagger, turn a complete circle, and flop on his side. Was this to be the finish? Would Toby, done in with victory in sight, give up the ghost where Dan could not reach the precious cartridges, or would he make one more effort? If he would only start rolling he was bound to arrive, dead or alive. But no, he lay there, utterly spent, and with a shriek Dan gathered a handful of snow, pressed it into a ball and hurled it at the advancing death. The old female shrank back and considered the situation a moment, seeing which Dan threw snow with both hands, made a short dash at her, still shouting, and flung his hat at her.

Here was a situation Mother Panther had not counted on. She could smell Toby—a light breeze, blowing from the south, brought her the unmistakable scent; but—he was not coming closer, and his barking had ceased. What did this mean? And what meant this sudden furious advance on the part of the natural enemy she had already, against her better judgment, commenced to hold cheap! She retreated to the other end of the pot hole with her cubs to consider the situation, but she still growled and swung her tail.

In the slush that remained in the track of the avalanche Toby still lay motionless. He had come to the end of the trail. For some mysterious reason the footprints of his beloved Dan had disappeared, likewise the footprints and scent of the hereditary enemy. Toby was puzzled and broken-hearted. Dan Pelly and the panther had been swept out of his ken.

Down in the pot hole Dan retreated to the crack in the wall again and feverishly commenced digging toe holds with his pocket knife; seeing which, the mother panther crouched flat again and regarded him speculatively. The whole situation was a most suspicious one and she was loath to start an assault until quite certain she could win. The dog was not advancing and he no longer barked. She would think it over.

Up on the hillside Toby stirred in the chilly snow slush. He was gasping, a-tremble all over, and he wanted. very much to lie there and die quietly. But the will to live, to struggle on, to fight on, is never absent in an Airedale, and Toby was resolved to cast about in a couple of wide circles and see if he could not pick the trail up again. He stirred and whimpered and

willed that his crazy hind quarters might obey him, but they refused, for at last the short circuit had been completed and Toby would never walk again. But he might crawl. His front legs would still obey that adamant will to follow on and ever onward, for somewhere out front there things were happening, Dan needed him and he must come. He barked encouragement to the unseen master and faced forward.

Hark! What was that? Toby's old ears were erected. In his poor puzzled brain a faint voice beat ceaselessly: "Toby, Toby boy! Come on, Toby, Toby! Toby!" Toby wasn't certain that he heard, but he barked a reply—and then there came to him a sound which even his old dull auditory nerves were not proof against—the shrill, piercing whistle of a man calling his dog from afar.

Toby's answering bark was almost a sob. He was catching up! Dan had seen him, was inviting him to the fray—at last! In his pocket Dan had found the powerful "warble" whistle which he used when training dogs for the field trials, and he was blowing it like mad, while the she panther, puzzled and somewhat repulsed by this inexplicable noise, retreated still farther.

"Coming, Dan!" Toby barked, and down the slush trail of the snow slide he slithered, his dead hind quarters dragging behind him. Inch by inch, foot by foot he came, whimpering, barking, crying—and presently he reached the brink of the pot hole and saw his master. Dan waved his hand in encouragement and without a moment's hesitation Toby crawled over the edge of the pot hole and tumbled down—into Dan Pelly's waiting arms!

Dan laid him on the snow and with a slash of his knife ripped the bandanna from his neck and found the cartridges. But the arrival of Toby had thrown the old lioness into a panic, and as Dan jammed the last cartridge into the magazine and stood erect, she charged. As she left the ground on her first leap Dan fired, but failed to stop her; almost before he knew it her heavy body struck him full on the breast.

Involuntarily he had thrown up his rifle to guard his face and as he went over backward with the big cat on top he heard the teeth of the lioness crunch into the stock of the gun. And then Dan Pelly shrieked—a single word:

"Toby!"

The sleek flank of the lioness was within six inches of Toby's muzzle, where he lay in the snow at Dan's feet—the pungent odor of cat assailed his old nose for the last time. With a growl he summoned his little remaining strength and all of his courage to the aid of his stricken master. He rose on his good front legs and hurled himself forward; his long jaw closed over the cat's flank and the few snags of teeth he still possessed sank to the gums in her flesh.

With a roar of rage, the old lioness, who had just managed to free her mouth of the stock of Dan's rifle—for on the instant that she bit blindly at Dan had thrust it farther into her mouth with his free hand—whirled to meet this new assault, and for a couple of seconds Toby and the panther sprawled together across Dan Pelly's legs, with Toby hanging on resolutely and the big cat twisting her body to reach him.

She succeeded! She bit him and crunched in his loins. But what did Toby care for that? He did not even know he had been bitten, for had he not died in his

rear end five minutes before? Nothing now mattered save the front end of him—the business end—and that still lived and was all Airedale! Toby continued to chew silently, so with a snarl of rage the lioness commenced whirling like a pin wheel in an effort to shake Toby off.

Ah, if Toby had only been the dog he used to be! If only the big, ripping chisels of teeth he used to have had still been his! They would have met in that panther's flank and she might whirl and be damned to her! But alas! Toby was very old and half dead, with the other half dying; his teeth were few and short and the strength was gone from that long and powerful jaw. At the second whirl he was catapulted off into space, rolling over and over in the snow; before he had finished rolling the old lioness and both cubs were on him—and Dan Pelly was momentarily free with a loaded rifle beside him.

Toby died fighting, in absolute silence in so far as he was concerned. One of the cubs mouthed him just back of the shoulders—and that hurt, but Toby did not whimper. He died with the cub's foreleg in his mouth, and as his canine soul—granting, as Dan Pelly believed, that all good hunting dogs have souls—mounted to the Happy Hunting Grounds where Johnny waited, Dan Pelly, scratched, bruised and somewhat dazed, rested his back against the east wall of the pot hole and placed his shots where they would do the most good.

An hour later he had his toe holds dug up each side of the crevice and was ready to go home, but before he started he sorted what was left of Clonmel Knight, called Toby, out of the bloody snow, bound the rapidly stiffening legs together with the ruin of the bandanna handkerchief, swung the old hero around his neck as he was wont to carry deer and climbed laboriously out of that gory amphitheater. On the morrow, his scratches attended to, he would return for the pelts, but for the present he needed all of his strength to carry a dead forty-five pound dog four miles and arrive home before Martha should begin to worry.

Shortly after dark he staggered in, a welter of blood and rags, and stood in the middle of the kitchen, weaving a little on his old legs and gazing upon Martha with extreme severity.

"Martha," he said very distinctly, "the next time you fuss with my rifle I'll be tee-totally doggoned if I don't let you hear from me something scandalous!"

"Oh, Dan," she cried tremulously, "are you badly hurt?"

"No," he replied, "not very, but I've been mighty badly scared. I been playin' the part o' Daniel in the lions' den. Got three of 'em—one male an' two females. When I had 'em cornered and discovered I'd been carrying an empty rifle, Martha, I was that angry I swore I'd keep every cent of the bounty for myself, but after Toby arrived with the cartridges I commenced feeling a little better disposed toward you, so I reckon you get the bounty just the same."

"So Toby got there?" Martha queried, and sat down weakly.

"Yes, the going was hard on him, but he made the grade and was in at the death. At the finish he was granted a privilege he had always desired, but which I had always denied, because I knew it meant death to him if he ever tried it. He died with a taste of live panther in his mouth,

Thousands of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," and other famous stories and articles, many of which appeared in *Cosmopolitan*

THOUSANDS of people can make money writing stories and photoplays and don't know it. This may seem to be a startling assertion, but it is absolutely true. Most anyone can tell a story. Why can't most anyone write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

The time will come when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of scenario, magazine, and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them. And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them— young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you haven't the gift. Many people are afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your imagination. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it, the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing could be further from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things

happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write." Who says you can't?

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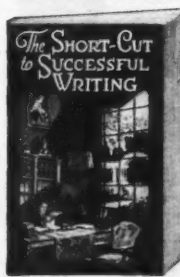
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and he did it to save me. The old pup's gone, Martha. He was Clonmel Knight at the finish and died gloriously on the field of honor. I brought most of him home. It's lying in state in the woodshed."

He drew himself a dipper of cold water, which he drank with averted face.

Presently he queried in a husky, strained voice: "Martha, what's that motto—of the—Mar—ine Corps?"

"First to fight," replied Martha, remembering the wartime recruiting literature of that gallant little corps.

"That isn't it, Martha. The Munson

boy had it on the—insignia—in his—cap when he—came home from—the war. It's Latin."

"I understand, Dan. We'll carve it on Toby's tombstone. *Semper fidelis*, Dan. It means 'Always faithful.'"

Dan nodded and commenced to weep. He couldn't help it. He always paid his favorite dogs the tribute of a tear when they passed on, for Dan Pelly was a hopeless sentimentalist, as, indeed, are all who bear true faith and allegiance to the Little God of the Open Spaces. And moreover, Clonmel Knight, called Toby, had been Johnny's dog.

COSMOPOLITAN readers will be delighted to know that P. G. Wodehouse, of "Bertie and Jeeves" fame, begins a series of new stories next month

The Poisoner

(Continued from page 81)

a cobwebbed bottle of rare wine on the shelf of a New York grocer. Altogether a carefree, happy-go-lucky sort of person—a delightful companion, but one from whom you might shy as a son-in-law.

Bridget O'Connell, the ancient janitress who made his bed, hung up his scattered garments and cooked that movable feast he called his breakfast, adored the creaking boards of his studio because he trod upon them.

"One o' thim glorious Kildares!" he was to her always. "I'll not disturb him, the poor lamb!" she would say to herself after frantic calls for her lodger on the telephone. "And him so tired! The darlin'!"

She believed him to be the greatest sculptor of all time. Had he not made her the cutest little pig—a very spalpeen!—out of clay?

A strange friendship, that between this Irish will-o'-the-wisp and the exact, lethargic Nordic who did nothing upon impulse, had looked up his expectation of life upon the mortality tables and systematically invested his money at three and a half percent.

Kyran let himself in with his latchkey, bounded up the three flights to his studio and dragged out of its corner a modeling table on which was a mass of clay covered with a damp cloth. He had planned to do a daring allegorical bust of a pilot aviator, head lowered and eyes peering earthward, to be called "The Eagle." That was all over now.

"Tomorrow morning!" he declared. "I'll put the whole spirit of the Cinquecento into it! Then perhaps—"

He rearranged the cloth upon the clay, trod out his cigarette and entered his bedroom. Upon his bureau stood the photograph of a young girl, her hair done in the manner of a portrait by Parmigiano. An antique Florentine frame intensified the illusion that the photograph was that of a painting in some gallery. The face, which was in profile, was inexperienced, docile and trustful, but singularly sweet and alluring.

Kildare seized the picture in his hands and pressed it to his cheeks and lips, kissing it again and again.

"Margaret!" he said. "O Margaret!"

III

OSWALD CARVAL, having attained the age at which, ten years before, he had

decided to marry, and after a methodical study of the relative desirability of the younger women of his acquaintance, had selected Margaret Welford as the object of his affections, if such they could be called. Various factors had entered into this result. In order, they were: first, that she was an only child of wealthy parents of prominent social position; second, that she was retiring in disposition, devoted to her parents, innocent minded and sufficiently immature to be easily controlled; third, her beauty, while of the gentle and fragile sort, appealed to him. She was dark and slight, with warm, transparent coloring and sensitive, mobile features.

He had figured it all out, even before he had ever been invited to the house of her parents, who were well known to be highly conventional, rather strait-laced people. Contrasted with the frivolity of the younger generation, his stability, common-sense and maturity were bound to appeal to them—a man among boys. He had cultivated a wide social acquaintance in New York, and he came to them well sponsored at a moment when Mr. and Mrs. Welford had become pretty well disgusted with the antics of juvenile society, and fearful lest their Margaret might fall in love with one of these fox-trotting, flask-carrying, philandering young hoodlums.

As he had foreseen, they welcomed him—almost with open arms. He played his game, however, with studied restraint. His must appear to be the sober, well considered devotion of an older man who hesitated to ask one who was still almost a child to be his wife. He courted her with respect and discrimination, trying to create in her a dependence upon him for masculine attention and companionship and the countless services that a man of affairs can render to any woman. He knew that there was nothing about his carefully clad, somewhat beefy personality to arouse romantic ardor. If he were patient her friendship would gradually change to affection, and finally to love. His must be the part of the amiable, steady old coach horse—the Major Dobbin—ready to renounce the adored one if another more fitted for her than he should take her fancy.

He made excellent progress. He became a constant visitor at the Welfords'—soon regarded as an old and trusted friend.

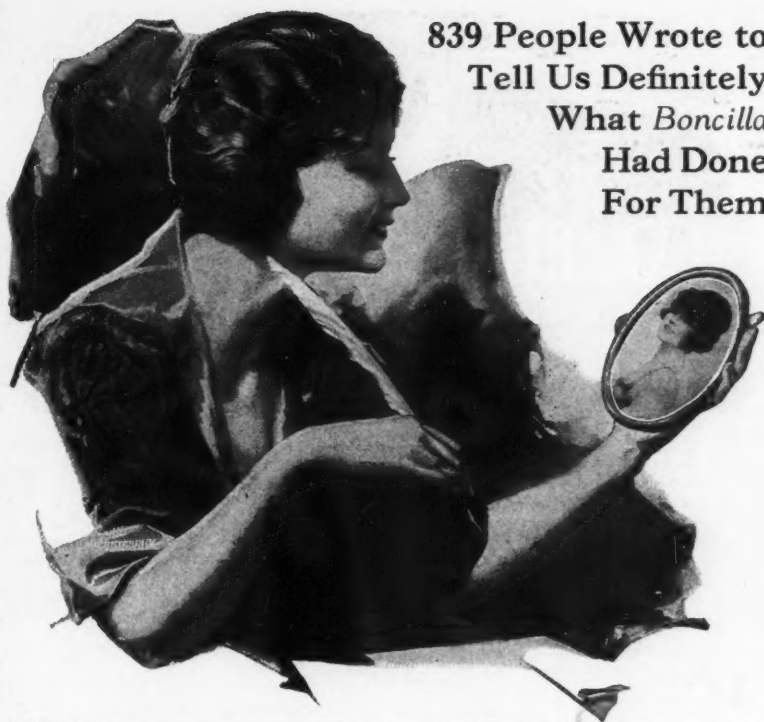
Yet, knowing the delicacy of the situation, he avoided anything by which his name could be coupled with Margaret's before the time to make his declaration was ripe.

Then unexpectedly Margaret Welford met Kyran Kildare at a Greenwich Village studio, and fell most unreasonably in love with him. His very irresponsibility fascinated her. She had never felt towards anybody as she did towards this passionate, volatile young man who never did anything like anybody else. He filled her with a delicious terror, opening to her a thousand hidden doors leading into gardens of gay flowers filled with the melody of birds and the murmur of fountains. Her father and his friend Mr. Carval talked only of facts and figures. With each of them a dollar was a hundred cents. But with Kyran a dollar was something to toss to a beggar, to play at quoits or reflect a sunbeam with. In apprehension she watched him smoke cigarette after cigarette; and once she thought she smelled something like whisky when he was near-by. But she would have extinguished every one of the cigarettes on the flesh of her own fair arm rather than have him go away. His nearness was such an ecstasy! His absence such a poignant sorrow!

Carval saw that unless something were done and done soon his chances would be gone. Luck was momentarily against him, yet he was in a peculiarly advantageous position. He had not as yet given a hint of his own intentions. He was in no sense a rival. Margaret regarded him as a wise and disinterested friend, a sort of "uncle"; her father and mother as a trusted family advisor. They were distressed, frightened, at what they regarded as their daughter's infatuation for this young Bohemian from Washington Mews. To their conventional minds he might as well have been an actor. What more natural than that in their perplexity they should appeal to Carval for counsel?—particularly as Kildare was an acquaintance of his.

Carval professed at first to think their fears premature if not groundless. After all, he said, Kildare, while unsuccessful and irresponsible, was a good enough fellow. It was just a passing fancy probably—and if left to run its course would burn itself out. This did not satisfy them. They did not approve of Kildare, and they intended to break up the affair at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile they besought Carval to find out whatever he could about this undesirable suitor. This he agreed to do; advising them, however, against any immediate or open opposition. It might only fan the flame.

This was the state of affairs when Kildare had shown him the ring. The conversation between them suggested something to Carval. Kildare devoted himself furiously to his bust of Cellini for the next two weeks, denying himself food and sleep and all intercourse with his friends. With his customary carelessness he neglected to communicate with Margaret during this period or explain his absence to her in any way; and Mr. and Mrs. Welford seized the opportunity to disclose to their daughter their distaste for the young sculptor's attentions. Margaret was deeply distressed. Brought up in a strict, almost Puritanical religious atmosphere, the idea of marrying against her parents' wishes seemed hardly



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conceivable. They had given her no reasons for their antipathy to the young sculptor save that he was not the type of man they would like to see her marry. She insisted in justice both to him and to her on something more definite.

It was at this juncture that Carval informed Margaret's father that he had something of importance to tell him. He had, he stated, made a careful investigation of Kildare's mode of life, with the result that in one sense he felt that the latter had been done an injustice. His unaccountable disappearances were not, he was satisfied, due to drunkenness. Kildare did not, so far as he could ascertain, drink to excess. On the other hand, however, his investigations had resulted in the discovery—and here he spoke with manifest reluctance—that Kildare had another and far more serious habit—he was addicted to the use of drugs. Carval had, he assured Mr. Welford, been loath to come to such a conclusion, but all doubt had at length been removed from his mind when one evening after dinner Kildare had openly asked him to procure some for him. In view of this, many things difficult of explanation before were now fully understandable—Kildare's irritability, explosions of temper, fits of depression, vagueness, forgetfulness, lack of appetite—a thousand indications. Mr. Welford thanked Carval from his heart.

Margaret was duly informed of the damning facts. She had always been told, and believed, that the use of drugs utterly destroyed the will power and undermined the moral sense. She knew that the last thing an addict will admit is that he has ever taken drugs in any form. Carval had cleverly availed himself of the defenseless position in which one falsely accused of using drugs finds himself. He cannot admit it, as it is not true; if he denies it, no one will believe him.

Only one step did Margaret Welford take before effacing Kyran Kildare from her life. She herself put to Carval the direct question whether Kildare had ever asked him for drugs. With deep regret the chemist answered in the affirmative.

The following week the Welfords sailed for Europe, where Carval soon joined them. The heartbroken girl herself found him so sympathetic and considerate that she could not doubt his affection. Three months later she told him that, while her life could hold but one romance, she would be his wife, if he understood and wished her on those terms. They were married in December from her parents' house on Fifth Avenue and immediately took steamer for Jamaica on their honeymoon. Kyran Kildare had never seemed so gay and charming as at Margaret Welford's wedding.

IV

"It's so hot I think I'll take a stroll on the hurricane deck," said Margaret Carval to her husband as they sat side by side in their steamer chairs amidst the long line of somnolent passengers. The Royal Mail Steamer Barracouda was still two days out of New York on their return trip. "All right," he grunted, without looking up from his book.

Two weeks before he would have arisen and offered to accompany her. But much had happened in those two weeks. Her former trust in him had given place to fear.

His implacability had congealed her. To her surprise she had found him unyielding as ice, relentless as a machine. No element of consideration for others entered into his calculations. His cold "Well, what of it?" made her wish to scream. It was this ruthlessness that had at first offended, presently antagonized and in the end filled her with aversion. He got his rights at all costs, insisting upon a complete acknowledgment of his correctness in every case, so that she soon formed the habit of agreement.

After all, she had promised to honor and obey. If she could not love him, could she not at least carry out the balance of the bargain? She told herself that to loathe a man to whom she had been married for less than three weeks, simply because she was disappointed in what she had imagined him to be, was hardly fair to him. He was—she still believed or at least tried to make herself believe—in spite of his lack of warmth, a man of high principles, a doer of justice, who would be generous whenever his reason approved the cause. Surely she could honor such a man—such a "strong" man.

Yet, however much she tried to reassure herself, she knew that she had made a terrible mistake. His mere presence set her on edge. His touch revolted her. The terrible thing was that he failed so utterly to see the effect which he produced upon her. Even if he had, she perceived that it would have made no difference in his attitude towards her—were they not man and wife? She shrank from the contemplation of a lifetime spent in physical and moral contact with him. But as yet she had never doubted his integrity. He was at least honest. But was this all that marriage meant? She looked at his heavy form contemptuously. He would lie there immobile until the gong rang for luncheon.

Relieved that he had not taken the opportunity to prove to her that it was not hot, she climbed up to the hurricane deck. A group of young people were playing shuffleboard. One young fellow with rather long black locks reminded her of Kyran Kildare. He had the same way of tossing back his head.

She pressed her hand to her heart. Kyran! She had dreamed of him only last night—a terrible dream, in which she had seen him stretching out his arms to her and knew that he was in some danger. He had called to her wildly—"Margaret! Margaret!" The sound of his voice had been in her ears when she awoke and heard, above the creaking of the ship's woodwork, her husband's snoring in the berth below. How gay, how tender Kyran had always been! She turned hurriedly away.

The radio man was coming down the steps of his little house with a sheaf of messages in his hand. Should she send Kyran a message just for fun? She could send one to her mother and to a few other friends at the same time. Her husband need not know anything about it. But the thought of deceiving him was repugnant to her. The bugle blew as she was standing there, and she started down the companionway to rejoin him before going in to luncheon. A group of passengers were gathered about the radio bulletin board, and she paused there for a moment.

Among the death notices was one of Kyran Kildare the day before—"suddenly, of heart failure."



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Giddy, she sank down on one of the cushioned seats. Her dream! She had always felt that there was some subtle form of communication between him and her. Had he killed himself? She saw black forms moving in front of her, heard the bugle call repeated, but was too weak and sick to stir. Her world was rent in twain and she was prostrate in the bottom of the abyss. She was conscious of her husband's presence beside her, but she did not look up. She could not bring herself to speak of Kyran to him.

"Hello!" he said, and there seemed to be almost a note of annoyance in his voice. "Here's a radio for you. I opened it because I thought it might be something important." He held it out to her. "Don't you want to see it? Well, Kildare's dead!"

She did not reply.

"It's a great shock, of course," he went on. "Died in his studio of heart failure. Too bad!" He appeared to be flourishing the yellow thing in her face. "Don't you want to see it?"

She shook her head mutely. O Kyran! Kyran!

Carval sat down beside her. She recoiled from him.

"He's left a will making you his executrix and leaving you all his property," he said, dropping his voice. "I guess there's precious little of it. This wire is from his lawyers. I don't like it, but there's nothing that can be done about it—out here at any rate. You needn't qualify unless you want to." His cold eyes scrutinized her face. "I think that part of it was bad taste. No use dragging you into his affairs. Only makes talk. However— Want some luncheon?"

V

DURING the next forty hours Carval referred several times to what he termed Kildare's bad taste in making Margaret his executrix. His reaction to the loss of his friend seemed to be one of irritation rather than of sorrow. Margaret kept to her stateroom, but her husband did not hesitate to broach the subject when he joined her at bedtime. His callousness seemed to her brutal. She now perceived the depth of her passion for Kildare, and she began to abominate Carval with an equal intensity.

Why did he show so little interest in his friend's fate? It was almost as if he took a secret satisfaction in it. Suppose—suppose he had always disliked Kyran! Was it possible that he had said things about him that were not true? She now recognized between Kildare and herself a sacred spiritual tie. Whatever happened, she determined to do precisely what Kyran had wished.

The Barracouda docked late Sunday evening, and the Carvals spent the night at a hotel, as her husband wished Margaret to view her new home for the first time by daylight. Business obliged him to go immediately downtown the following morning, leaving Margaret to call upon her parents without him. They were shocked at her appearance. At her request her father accompanied her to the offices of Kildare's attorneys, where she learned that letters testamentary had been issued to her. The will, it appeared, had been drawn and executed less than a week before.

A horrible suspicion stole over Margaret's mind. Alone she drove to Washington

Square to take upon herself those duties which now seemed so sacred to her. Bridget O'Connell received her at the door and conducted her upstairs to the studio. The old woman appeared to be too overcome with grief to talk, and having pulled aside the curtain from the big window, went away leaving the visitor to herself.

Margaret had never been in Kildare's studio before, and she approached the inspection of its contents with an attitude of reverence. It was here that her lover—the lover whose memory she now held so much dearer than her husband—had worked and dreamed; dreamed of her, as the photograph on his bureau testified.

She had been told that she must make an inventory of his effects, but there seemed to be so little as to make it hardly worth while. With blurred eyes she enumerated the pieces of furniture, the few pictures and objects of art upon the walls and tables, and then threw herself into a wicker chair near the fireplace before entering the bedroom. An intense desire to know the more immediate circumstances of his death possessed her. The lawyers had showed her a copy of the death certificate, in which the doctor had alleged the cause to be heart failure. Heart failure seemed out of character with a personality so vibrant as Kildare's.

Then for the first time she noticed in a corner a large covered object—evidently the last piece of work upon which he had been engaged. She was about to remove the cloth when she heard a noise at the door. The old woman, having mastered her grief, had returned. From her Margaret learned the manner of Kildare's death.

"'Twas in the morning about ten o'clock," said she, "when I came as usual to see if he was awake, that I noticed a smell of candles. 'He forgot to blow them out—the lamb!' says I to myself. Then I pulls open the curtain and turns around and sees him lying there on the floor dead, with a broken tumbler beside him. And on the table was his ring—the beautiful ring his uncle sent him from Italy—with half the white powder gone out of it."

"'Arrah!' says I, 'Sure and he's after killin' himself for love of her! But no one shall ever know it!' says I. So I sweeps up the pieces of glass and I hides the ring in a cardboard box and when the doctor comes there's nothing there at all at all. So he feels the poor lad's wrist and looks him over and says that he died of heart failure. Thanks to Mary! So that's the truth of it. He killed himself for love of you, he did, poor, dear lamb. No handsomer or better lad in the city, and him workin' early and late, and never a night away in all the five years he lodged here. Never a night out an' I can swear it, for I waked him every mornin'!"

Margaret listened with closed eyes. Somehow she had known all along that Kyran had not died of heart failure. She was hearing what she already knew. She hardly listened to the old woman's eulogy.

Suddenly it registered. What was she saying? "Never away?" "Always at work?" If anyone knew Kyran's habits surely it was this faithful old soul who had looked after him like a mother. Margaret laid her hand on Mrs. O'Connell's wrinkled one.

"Swear to tell me the truth!" she said. Swear it by the Mother of God and by

the love you bore for Kyran Kildare! Was he at any time, so far as you know or even suspect, guilty of taking drugs?"

Bridget O'Connell's decrepit body stiffened indignantly.

"Who says that?" she cried in wrath. "Who's the foul liar dares to stain the name of that dear dead lad with such a falsehood? Who would know but me, Bridget O'Connell, that cared for him every day these five years, winter and summer? Drugs? Never a taste of one on his innocent lips! A wee drop of the craytur, perhaps, but not so you'd notice it. And who is there doesn't now and again? But drugs! Never!" Her voice shook. There was no question as to her sincerity.

Together the two women finished the task of listing Kildare's effects. She moved heavily, struggling against an overwhelming horror that seemed to hover above her like some huge black bird with outspread wings. Surely, if Kyran could procure the poison with which to kill himself, he had no need to ask Carval for drugs! But where had he got such deadly poison? Poisons of that sort were infinitely more difficult to obtain than drugs. Only a few persons were licensed to have them.

She felt as though she were being smothered. "Carval gave it to him!" "Carval gave it to him!" were the words formed by her lips.

The vague object on the covered modeling table seemed to protrude itself from the shadow. She had refrained from examining this uncompleted work, feeling herself unable to bear the sight of the so recent marks of those dear hands. Less than a hundred hours had passed since he had laid the cloth over the damp clay and pushed the model into the corner where now it stood. Going to the easel she carefully raised the cloth from the clay.

It was the half-figure of a man in mediæval costume, working with hammer and chisel upon a ring. The man's gaze was concentrated upon his task, but there was a sinister expression on his face, as if he were planning some evil deed, which even then he could see successfully accomplished. Stepping to the other side of the pedestal, she examined it again. She had never before seen a face of such malignant cruelty, except—Carval's. It was he!

VI

MARGARET CARVAL spent the rest of the day trying to adjust herself to her new surroundings. Her husband had left his house as it was, save that he had cut through the partition between his own room and the upstairs library and converted the latter into a bedroom for her. Everything about this house to which she had been brought to live by this man whom she now hated, offended and outraged her taste, just as he did. It had every comfort, even every luxury; but it was cold, utterly without personality, without heart or soul of its own. She was unused to Japanese servants, and the soundless movements of the expressionless yellow man who waited upon her at luncheon filled her with an undefined dread. All the afternoon as she walked through the rooms she had an uneasy sense of being watched from behind doors and portières. Her husband returned late. She could hardly bring herself to look at him.

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Through her closed lids she seemed to feel his eyes fixed on her face, and to see his lips curved in a cynical triumphant leer. In silence they sat on either side of the huge carved ebony table, throughout an interminable meal, of which her husband ate heavily.

As for the girl herself, she tasted nothing, being obsessed by the same sense of physical oppression that had followed her now for three days. Yet nothing had happened which, by any law of logic or reason, should normally have affected her attitude towards her husband. She watched him consuming a huge helping of bread pudding. Was this unimaginative fat man capable of the malignant treachery of which she suspected him? The Japanese passed the finger bowls and stood waiting respectfully to pull back her chair. Was her life to be like this? She caught her husband's eye.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked. "You don't seem very fit."

"I have had a trying day," she replied. He looked away from her. "Take a pony of brandy. It will pick you up." She shook her head. "Well, come into the drawing room. I always have coffee there."

The butler pulled aside the portière for her to pass, and then hurried after to turn on the electric lamps. By evening light the place seemed to her even more abhorrent than by day. Carval pulled up a chair for her and sat down on a pink upholstered sofa opposite the mantel. "Well," he said, "I, for one, am glad to be back. Home for me!"

The Japanese had returned with the coffee, but Margaret asked for a glass of water. Carval emptied his cup and lighted a cigarette—awkwardly it seemed to her. They sat silent, conscious of something impending. Then Carval said nervously: "Well, out with it! I can see something's the matter. Is it the house?"

They were seated exactly as Kildare and he had sat the last time the sculptor had dined there, the lamp partly between. "No," she answered.

"What is it, then?" He gave an embarrassed laugh. "This suspense is too terrible!"

It fell flat, and there was something horrible to her in his attempted jocoseness. He knew that she had planned to go to Kildare's apartment. Why did he avoid mentioning it?

"I went to Kyran's studio this morning," she said meaningly, with her eyes fixed on his face. "He did not die of heart failure. He committed suicide."

It seemed to her that he reddened faintly. After a few moments he said:

"Indeed? How?"

"By taking poison."

"But the doctor—— He couldn't make a mistake like that!"

"We all know that they do make mistakes," she replied. "This one probably took heart failure more or less for granted. There was no reason to suspect poison. Every trace of it had been removed by the janitress."

"Nonsense!" retorted Carval. "A man can't poison himself and fool the doctors like that!" He got up and stood with his back to the gas log. "How do you know all this, anyhow?"

"Mrs. O'Connell told me. She"—her voice quivered—"she found him lying on the floor and near-by a shattered glass.

There was a ring on the table beside him. It had some white powder in it."

"A ring?" he said, after a pause, and his voice sounded flat.

"Yes."

"Well, why should anyone suppose that it held—poison?"

Something in her face suggested that she knew more than she had disclosed. Unconsciously he took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. He realized that his question was a foolish one. What else could anyone suppose under such circumstances? She did not reply directly.

"You told me once that Kyran asked you for drugs. Was that true?"

"Why, Margaret!" he protested, still holding the handkerchief in his palm. "Of course! Do you think I would lie to you?"

Margaret arose.

"Did Kyran ever ask you for poison?" He stared at her, his lips barely parted. The fist closed on the handkerchief.

"Why—ye-es, once," he admitted hesitatingly.

Her hands were shaking now as she fumbled with the clasp of her bag, and her voice had risen to an unnatural pitch.

"Look at this ring!" She thrust it at him hysterically. "Did you ever see it before?"

"I did!" His voice was steadier now, as if he had decided upon a course.

"Did Kyran show it to you?"

"Yes—in this very room. Right where you are standing."

"Do you see the powder caked in the bottom of that hollow?"

"I do!" He was smiling now. "Why such a tragedy queen? Don't get hysterical over nothing. I can tell you all about that. Kildare was dining with me one night, showed me the ring, and asked me to give him some potassium cyanide to put in it. He had been talking about suicide and a lot of other rot. You know how queer he could be sometimes. He said the ring would be a talisman and if worn in its original condition on his hand would give him some mystic power. He made such a fuss about it that finally, just to shut him off, I pretended to fall in with his plan."

"You say he had been talking about suicide?"

He nodded. Suddenly he turned color.

"My God, Margaret! You can't think——"

"Did you give him the potassium cyanide?"

"Of course not!"

"What did you give him?"

Her voice was an accusing scream.

"A couple of pinches of powdered sugar."

His face was livid, and with one hand he had clutched the mantel.

"Margaret! You can't——" he stammered. "My God! Do you think me a murderer?"

"Then why did it kill him?"

He ran his fingers across his forehead.

"I don't know! I don't know!" he muttered as if to himself. "Just common sugar! I always have a jar of it out there. He asked for poison, and I gave him the sugar for a joke."

"But you told him it was potassium cyanide?"

He nodded, speechless.

"And you tell me now it was sugar!"

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She laughed wildly. "Do you expect me to believe you? When you admit you lied to him in the first place—and when he died after taking it!"

Carval raised his hand.

"Wait a minute! He thought he was taking potassium cyanide. I told him a single drop on the end of a dog's tongue would kill it instantly—that there was enough in the ring to kill a thousand men. He believed it. He expected to die instantly it touched his lips—and he did—of heart failure."

"How imaginative!" Her voice was scornful.

"People do die that way!" he cried. "Indeed they do! The heart is a delicate mechanism. Kildare was a very sensitive and emotional person. He might easily—Margaret! You're my wife! You must believe me! You can't think I'd do a thing like that. It would be murder! I swear I gave him nothing but sugar—common white powdered table sugar. Absolutely harmless!" He picked up the ring and tried to laugh. "Why, it's a joke! Look here!"

He seized the half empty glass from which she had been drinking and emptied the remainder of the powder into it.

"There!" he exclaimed. "If I wasn't telling you the truth do you think I'd dare do this?"

With a smirk he lifted the glass and drained it.

For an instant he stood there gazing triumphantly at her. Then a look of horror spread over his face. His eyes leaped from the glass in his hand to the ring, and back again to her.

"You—" he cried, dropping the glass and clutching at his throat with both his hands. Then he pitched sideways to the floor.

We are glad to announce for an early issue a delightful new story by Fannie Heaslip Lee

The Hope of Happiness

(Continued from page 25)

out of pity, thinks I'm half-witted and right, at that!"

"Of course you'd have to marry a girl who'd make allowance for your mental infirmities," said Storrs. "Getting on in your profession, I suppose?"

"Hell, no! I chucked that. There are too many really capable electrical experts and after Maybelle's father had tried me for six months in the grocery and I failed to show any talent for distributing the well known Verbena Brand of canned stuff he set me up in the automobile business. Shameful to relate, I really make money. I handle the Plantagenet—one of the worst cars on the market. You know it was a mistake—my feeling that I was called to be another Edison or Marconi. I was really cut out for the literary life—another sad case of a mute inglorious Milton, as per all school readers. I exercise my talents now designing ads and come-on letters as a lure to customers for the Plantagenet. Would you ride with kings? The Plantagenet is the car that takes you out and brings you back. That's my latest slogan;



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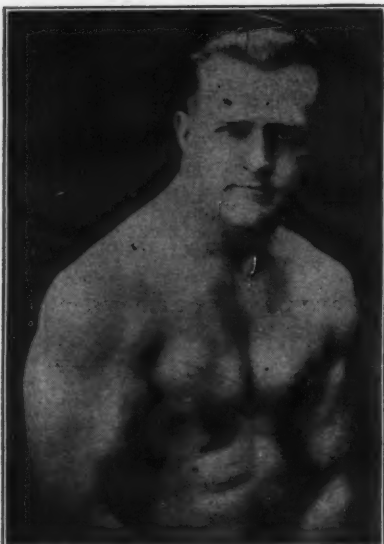
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Can you do any of them? I can and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. Any man. It is natural for the human body to be strong. It is unnatural to be weak. I have taken men who were ridiculed because of their frail make-up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

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These are days that call for speed. It once took four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less than one. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two full inches. But I don't quit there. I don't stop till you're a finished athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it comes the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will have the spring to your step and the flash to your eyes. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

A Doctor Who Takes His Own Medicine

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in the mills who literally killed themselves with exercise. They ruined their heart or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed. I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many tests and experiments, I discovered the secret of progressive exercising. I have increased my own arm over 8½ inches, my neck 3 inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. The highest authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well-proportioned body and the abundance of health which go with it? If so spend a pleasant half hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

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you'll find it glaring at you all over the landscape!"

"Oh, what a fall, my countryman!"

"Not at all. You know I always had a knack of making phrases. It's a gift, my boy. I suppose you're here to figure on a new state house or perhaps a hospital for lame cats. I know nearly everybody in town so if I can be of use to you just warble."

"My aim isn't so high," said Bruce, who remembered Henderson as somewhat eccentric but the kindest of souls. His manner of talking was no indication of his true character. Henderson had been a good student, who made a fine record with amazing ease, and as an uncle somewhere who paid for his schooling provided for him generously, Henderson had always been generous in sharing his pleasures with his fellows. Bruce's heart warmed to Henderson; already the town seemed less strange, and he at once disclosed his intention of establishing himself in the city, though without in the least surprising the imperturbable Henderson.

"Welcome!" he exclaimed with his mouth full of toast. "You shall be our Michelangelo, our Sir Christopher Wren!"

"I really want to get into a good office, and I'm not expecting to be taken right into the firm," said Storrs soberly. "It will take me a year or two to get acquainted and then I'd like to set up for myself."

"Certainly a worthy ambition, Bruce. It's a good thing I'm here on the ground to give you the true dope as to the people that count in this teeming village. The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and there's danger of getting pinched between the old hard-boiled bunch and the birds of gayer plumage who flew in when no one was looking and insist on twittering sweetly on our tallest trees. Let me be your social censor; no one better fitted. I'm the only scion of one of our earliest and noblest families. My grandfather's bank busted in 'seventy-three with a loud crash and I had an uncle who was convicted of embezzling public funds. He hid in Patagonia and died there in sinful splendor at a ripe old age. Talk about the aristocracy—I'm it! I derive a certain prestige among what you might call the paralytic group from the fact that my ancestors were mixed up in all the financial calamities that ever befell this town.

"But it's the crowd that are the spenders—build the lordly palaces and treat the Eighteenth Amendment with the contempt it so richly deserves—that you want to train with. Our best man in domestic architecture is Freeman—he's a Tech man, about seven years ahead of our class. He has a weakness for sun parlors with antique Italian fountains that are made for him special by a pottery right here in town. You're sure to like Freeman; he's a whist fiend but otherwise he's a decent chap. His wife and Maybelle are chums and we play around together a good deal."

While listening to Henderson's rambling talk Bruce had been turning over the pages of a memorandum book. He asked about several architects whose names he had noted. Henderson described them succinctly, praising or deriding them for reasons which struck Bruce as not necessarily final as to their merits.

"I don't expect to land a job the first day," said Bruce. "I may have to go

through the list before I find what I want."

"Oh, Freeman will take you on!" replied Henderson easily. "But he never does anything important without consulting his wife—one of his eccentricities. My own system is to go ahead and tell Maybelle afterwards, being careful of course to conceal my mistakes. Let's go out and plant our feet firmly upon the city."

He dismissed as wholly unnecessary and foolish Bruce's intimation that it would be better for him to begin looking at once for a business opening. Freeman would fix everything, Henderson declared; there was no manner of use in bothering with other architects. He led the way to his car and drove to the Plantagenet salesroom and garage.

A young woman whom he introduced as Miss Ordway apparently ran the whole establishment; Henderson said that she did. He sat down at his desk and signed, without reading, a pile of letters which she had written the day before, talking to her meantime, not of business, but of a novel he had given her to read. Her attempts to interest him in the fact that one of his salesmen wanted his assistance in rounding up a certain difficult customer were provocative only of scornful comments, but when she handed him a memorandum of an appointment with the prospect at ten o'clock the next morning he meekly thrust the paper into his pocket and said all right; he'd see what he could do. Miss Ordway was already busy with other matters; she seemed to make due allowance for her employer's peculiarities.

"This girl's mighty firm with me," he said in a tone perfectly audible to Miss Ordway. "A cruel tyrant; but she really does get some work out of me."

He sat on the edge of his desk as he talked over the extension telephone. Bruce was aware that he was talking to Mrs. Freeman, and it was evident from his tone that he had not exaggerated his intimacy with the architect and his wife.

"Maybelle's pushing the pill somewhere and won't be back for a week. This being Friday I'd like to be invited to your shanty for the week-end . . . Ah! That's nice of you. And may I bring a little friend? . . . Oh, a man of course! And list, Dale, he's an architect—a Tech grad and everything pretty, and I want Bill to take him on—see? Nice boy and perishing for a job. You fix it for me—that's the girl! . . . Oh! my friend isn't fussy; we'll both sleep on the grass . . . What? Yes; I'll bring some poison; my pet bootlegger broke through the entanglements yesterday.

"All set," he remarked as he hung up the receiver. "Mighty nice girl, Dale."

II

HENDERSON spent the morning exhibiting the city's industries and wound up at the University Club for luncheon.

"Now I'll show you where the big frogs of our little puddle live," he said as they started off again.

In his racy description of the owners of the houses they passed, their ancestry, the skeletons in their closets, their wealth and how it was attained, Henderson shone effulgently. Bruce, marveling that one head could carry so much local history, was almost equally astonished by the sins and foibles of the citizens as Henderson pictured them.

"Great Scott! Are there no perfectly normal people in this town?" he demanded. "A few, maybe," Henderson replied, lifting his hand from the wheel to stroke his chin. "But they're not what you'd call conspicuous."

Pausing before a handsome colonial house, the presence of an elderly gentleman on the veranda, calmly perusing a newspaper, inspired Henderson to a typical excursion in biography.

"Here we have Bill Fielding, one of the most delightful old scoundrels in town. Observe his pants—sleeps in 'em to avoid the fatigue of disrobing. To keep off evil spirits he wears the first nickel he ever earned on a string around his neck. He's the smoothest tax-dodger in America. His wife starved to death and his three children moved to California to get as far away from the old skunk as possible. Why does he live in a house like that? Bless your simple soul, he took it on a mortgage and camps in two rooms while he waits for a buyer."

"If you've got many such birds I'd better try another town," laughed Bruce as Henderson started the car.

"Oh, don't worry! He's the last of his school. Now we're approaching a different proposition—one that baffles even my acute analytical powers."

He drew up before a handsome Georgian house that stood lengthwise to the street in a broad lot in which a dozen towering forest trees had been preserved when the land was subdivided. There were no frivolous lines in this residence, Bruce noted, surveying it with a professional eye; it was beyond criticism in its fidelity to type. The many windows were protected by awnings of deep orange and the window ledges were adorned with boxes of flowers. The general effect was one of perfect order and uniformity. Bruce, with his interest in houses as an expression of the character of their owners whetted by Henderson's slangy lectures before other establishments, turned expectantly to his friend.

"Wind up the machine and put on the record! That's a sound piece of architecture anyhow and I can see that you are dying to turn out the skeletons."

"Painful as it is for me to confess it, the truth is that in this case I can only present a few bald facts and leave you to make your own deductions." Henderson lighted a fresh cigarette and drew a deep draught of smoke into his lungs. "Franklin Mills," he said, and crossed his legs. "Mills is around fifty, maybe a shade more. The family always had money and this bird's father never lost a cent in his life. Now Frank's rich—nothing spectacular but recognized as a rich man. His pop left him well fixed and Frank's piled up considerable mazuma on his own hook. Does this interest you?"

"You always interest me, Bud; please proceed."

"Well, you might call Franklin Mills the original man who couldn't lose. No active business now, but he controls a couple of banks and a trust company without figuring in the picture at all and he set his son up in a storage battery plant. Nice chap, by the way, young Mills; pleasant little cuss. Franklin Mills isn't one of the up-from-the-office-boy type nor the familiar variety of pushing business man; velvet glove stuff. Do you follow me? Only human touch I've



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discovered in this house is the billiard room, and Mills is a shark at the sport. I've poked the ivories with him now and then just for the fun of watching him play. His style of playing is a sort of clue to his character—cool, deliberate, never misses. One thing, though, I've never been able to figure out; once in a while he makes a wild shot, unnecessarily and with malice aforethought, as though to spite himself. If you'd tell Franklin Mills he'd lost his last cent he wouldn't blink an eye but before you got out of the room he'd have a scheme for making it all over again."

"A business genius," commented Bruce, who had missed no word of Henderson's sketch. "I can't say your snapshot's very alluring."

"Oh, I may be wrong! If you'd ask anybody else about him you'd hear that he's a leading citizen and a cultivated gentleman, which he is! While of our city's back-number or paralytic group, he's far from being ready for the mortician. One sees him around socially now and then—on occasions when our real nobility shake the moth balls from their dress suits. And that's characteristic; he has the pride, you might say, of his long connection with the town. If it's necessary for somebody to bunk a distinguished visitor Frank Mills opens his door—not that he's keen to get his name in the village sheet but he likes for the town to make a good impression."

"There are other children, perhaps? A house like that rather suggests a big family," Bruce remarked.

"There's Leila, the daughter. There must have been a naughty little devil in some of the Mills or Shepherd tribe away back yonder, for that girl certainly is a lively little filly. Shep, who is named for his mother's people, never browsed in the wild oat fields but Leila makes up for it. Bounced from seven boarding schools—holds the champeen record there. Her mother passed hence when Leila was about fourteen and various aunts took a hand in bringing the kid up, but all they got for their trouble was nervous prostration. Frank's crazy about her—old stuff of doting father bullied by adorable daughter."

"I think I get the picture," remarked Bruce soberly as his thoughts caught up and played upon this summary of the history of Franklin Mills.

Glancing back at the house as Henderson drove away, he was aware of the irony of his very presence in the town, sent there by the whim of a dying woman to be prepared to aid a man who in no imaginable circumstances could ever require any help it might be in his power to give. His mother had said that she had kept some track of Mills's life; she could never have realized that he was so secure from any possibility of need. As Bruce thought of it, Henderson had not limned an attractive portrait. Only Mills's devotion to the daughter, whom Henderson had described in terms that did not conceal his own admiration for the girl, brightened the picture.

"What can such a man do with his time in a town like this?" asked Bruce meditatively. "No active business, you say."

"Well," Henderson replied, "I've seen him on the golf links—usually alone or with the club professional. Frank's not one of these ha-ha boys who get together after the game with a few good sports and

sneak a bottle of unlawful Scotch from the locker. Travels a bit; several times a year he beats it somewhere with Leila. Shep's wife bores him, I think; and Shep's not exciting; too damned nice. From all I can see Leila's her pop's single big bet. Some say he's diffident; others hold that he's merely a selfish proposition. He's missed a number of chances to marry again—some of the most dashing widows in our tall corn cities have made a play for him; but he follows G. Washington's advice and keeps clear of entangling alliances."

"Interesting personality," said Bruce carelessly. But Mills had fixed himself in his mind—he had even fashioned a physical embodiment for the traits Henderson had described. On the whole Bruce's dominant feeling was one of relief and satisfaction. Franklin Mills was as remote from him as though they were creatures of different planets, separated by vast abysses of time and space.

III

IN SPITE of Henderson's sweeping declaration that he needn't waste time calling on architects, that Freeman would take care of him, Bruce visited the offices of the other men on his list. Several of these were out of town; the others received him amiably; one of them promised him some work a little later, but was rather vague about it. When he returned to the hotel at noon he found Henderson waiting.

"Next time mind your Uncle Dudley. Bill Freeman's the bird for you. You just leave every little thing to me. Now what else is troubling you?"

"Well, I want a place to live; not too expensive but a few of the minor comforts."

Two hours later Bruce was signing the lease on a small bachelor apartment that Henderson had found for him with, apparently, no effort. He had also persuaded some people who lived across the street to give the young architect breakfast and provide a colored woman to keep his place in order.

Henderson's acquaintance with his fellow citizens appeared to be unlimited. He took Bruce to the State House to call on the Governor—brought that official from a conference from which he emerged good naturedly to shake hands and hear a new story. At noon on Saturday Henderson drove Bruce to the Freemans', where he calmly exercised all the rights of proprietorship. The house, of the English cottage type, was on the river in a five acre tract in a new addition. A real estate operator had given Freeman the site with the stipulation that he build himself a home to establish a social and artistic standard for the neighborhood.

"Don't be afraid of these people," remarked Henderson reassuringly. "Take your cue from me and act as though you had a deed for the house in your pocket. Bill's a dreamy sort of cuss, but Dale's a human dynamo. She looks fierce but responds to kind treatment."

Bruce never knew when Henderson was serious, and when a diminutive young lady ran downstairs whistling he assumed that he was about to be introduced to the daughter of the house.

"Dale, this is old Bruce Storrs, one of the meanest men out of jail. I know you'll hate each other; that's why I brought him. At the first sign of any flirtation between



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you two I'll run you both through the meat chopper and take a high dive into the adjacent stream."

Mrs. Freeman was absurdly small and slight and the short skirt of her simple linen dress and her bobbed hair exaggerated her diminutive stature. Having gathered from Henderson an idea that Mrs. Freeman was an assertive masculine person, Bruce was taken aback as the little woman smiled up at him and shook hands.

"It really isn't my fault that I broke in," he protested. "It was this awful Henderson person who told me you'd be heart-broken if I didn't come."

"I should have been! He'd have come alone and bored me to death. How is every little thing, Bud?"

"Soaring!" mumbled Henderson, who had chosen a book from the rack on the table and, sprawling on a couch, become immediately absorbed in it.

"That's the way Bud shows his noble breeding," remarked Mrs. Freeman, "but he is an easy guest to entertain. I suppose you're used to him?"

"Oh, we lived together for a couple of years! Nothing he does astonishes me."

"Then I needn't apologize for him. Bud's an acquired taste but once you know him he's highly diverting."

"When I began rooming with him in Boston I thought he was half-witted but finally decided he was at least three-quarters sane."

"One thing's certain; he's mastered the art of not being bored, which is some accomplishment!" said Mrs. Freeman, as Henderson rose suddenly and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, whence proceeded presently a sound as of cracking ice.

Mrs. Freeman had something of Henderson's air of taking things for granted and she talked to Bruce quite as though he were an old friend. She spoke amusingly of the embarrassments of housekeeping in the new quarter; they were pioneers, she said, and as servants refused to bury themselves so far from the bright lights she did most of her own housework, which was lots of fun when you had everything electric to play with. There was an old colored man who did chores and helped in the kitchen.

"You've never lived here? Bud gave me that idea but you never know when he's telling the truth."

"I never saw the town before; but I hope to stay."

"It's up to us to make you want to stay," she said graciously.

She had settled herself in the largest chair in the room, sitting on one foot like a child. She was thirty perhaps, but her face had not lost its girlish roundness. She smoked a cigarette as she talked, one arm thrown back of her head. She tactfully led Bruce to talk of himself and when he spoke of his year-long tramp her eyes narrowed as she gave him a more careful inspection.

"That sounds like a jolly lark. I want to know more about it, but we must wait for Bill. It's the sort of thing he'd adore doing."

Freeman appeared a moment later. He had been cleaning up after a morning's work in the garden. He was thirty-five, short and burly with a thick shock of unruly chestnut hair over which he passed his hand frequently, smoothing it only to ruffle it again. He greeted Bruce cordially

and began talking volubly in short, jerky sentences of the Tech and men he assumed Bruce might have known there. He produced pipe and tobacco from the pockets of his white flannel trousers and smoked fitfully.

Henderson reappeared wearing an apron and bearing a tray with a cocktail shaker and four glasses.

"Don't flinch, Bill," he said, "it's my gin; you pay for the oranges. I say, Dale, I told Tuck to peel some potatoes. And you wanted those chops for lunch, didn't you? There's nothing else in the icebox and I told Tuck to put 'em on."

"He'll probably ruin them," said Mrs. Freeman. "Excuse me, Mr. Storrs; you and Bill talk while I get some work out of Bud."

It was some time before Bruce got accustomed to Freeman's oddities. He was constantly moving about with a quick, catlike step; or if he sat down his hands were never quiet. But he talked well, proved himself a good listener, and expressed approval by slapping his knee when Bruce made some remark that squared with his own views. He was pleased in a frank, boyish way when Bruce praised some of his houses which Henderson had pointed out.

"Yes; clients didn't bother me; I had my own way in those cases. I've got some plans under way now that I want to show you. Dale said you were thinking of starting in here. Well, I need some help right away. My assistant is leaving me—going to Seattle. Suppose you drop in Monday. We might be able to fix up something."

IV

THERE was tennis in the afternoon and in the evening visitors began to drop in—chiefly young married people of the Freemans' circle. Some of these were of well-to-do families and others, Henderson explained to Bruce, were not rich but "right." He wished Bruce to understand that he was in a community where money didn't matter if you were "right," "rightness" implying a capacity for good fellowship, broad tolerance and a sense of humor. The talk was lively and pitched in that chaffing key which is only possible among people who are intimately acquainted. This was Dale Freeman's salon, Henderson explained. Any Saturday evening you were likely to meet people who had something worth while to offer.

He drew Bruce from one group to another, praising him or abusing him with equal extravagance. He assured everyone that it was a great honor to meet a man destined, as he declared Bruce to be, to cut a big figure in the future of the town. He never backed a dead one, he reminded them. Bruce was the dearest friend he had in the world, and, he would ruefully add, probably the only one.

A number of the guests had gone when late in the evening the depleted company was reinforced by the arrival of Shepherd Mills and his wife.

"Shep and the Shepherdess!" Henderson cheerfully announced.

Mrs. Mills extended her hand with a gracious smile as Bruce was presented. She was tall and fair and moved with a sinuous sort of grace. She spoke lazily in a low, murmurous tone little broken by inflections. Bruce noted that she was

dressed rather more smartly than the other women present. It seemed to him that the atmosphere of the room changed perceptibly on her appearance; or it might have been merely that everyone paused a minute to inspect her or to hear what she had to say. Bruce surmised from the self-conscious look in her handsome gray eyes as she crossed the room that she enjoyed being the center of attention.

"Shep just would spend the day motor-ing to some queer place," she was saying, "where a lot of people were killed by the In-dians ages ago. Most depressing. Ruined the day for me! He's going to set up a monument or something to mark the pain-ful affair."

"Shep just will be serious; there's no escaping that!" remarked one of the young women.

Shepherd Mills glanced about, a smile wavering on his face. He was evidently injured to the jibes of his friends; but for an instant there was an appealing, hurt look in his eyes.

"You too, Jessie!" he exclaimed; but his attempt to take the remark lightly was not wholly convincing.

He greeted Bruce in the quick, eager fashion of a diffident person anxious to appear cordial but not sure that his good intentions will be understood, and sug-gested that they sit down. He was not so tall as his wife; and his face was long and rather delicate. His slight reddish mus-tache seemed out of place on his lip; it did not quite succeed in giving him a mascu-line air. His speech was marked by odd, abrupt pauses, as though he were trying to hide a stammer; or it might have been that he was merely waiting to note the effect of what he was saying upon the hearer. He drew out a case and offered Bruce a cigar-ette, lighted one himself.

There was to be a tennis tournament at the country club the coming week and he mentioned this tentatively and was em-barrassed to find that Bruce knew nothing about it.

"Oh, I'm always forgetting that every-one doesn't live here!" he laughed apolo-getically. "A little weakness of the pro-vincial mind! I suppose we're horribly provincial out here. Do we strike you that way, Mr. Storrs?"

One might have surmised from his tone that he was used to having his serious questions ignored or answered flippantly but hoped that the stranger would meet him on his own ground.

"Oh, there isn't any such thing as pro-vincialism any more, is there?" asked Bruce amiably. "I haven't sniffed any-thing of the sort in your city; you seem very metropolitan. The fact is I'm a good deal of a hick myself!"

Mills laughed with more fervor than the remark justified. Evidently satisfied of the intelligence and good nature of the Freemans' guest he suggested that they sit down and began to discuss the effect upon industry of a pending coal strike.

His hand went frequently to his mus-tache as he talked and the leg that he swung over his knee waggled nervously. He plunged into discussion of labor, men-tioning foreign market conditions and cit-ing figures from trade journals showing the losses to both capital and labor caused by the frequent disturbances in the industrial world. Bruce, having tramped through one of the coal fields where a strike was in

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progress, described the conditions as he had observed them. Mills expressed the greatest interest; the frown deepened on his face as he listened.

"That's bad; things shouldn't be that way," he said. "The truth of the matter is that we haven't mastered the handling of business. It's stupendous; we've outgrown the old methods. We forget the vast territories we have to handle and the numbers of men it's necessary to keep in touch with. When my grandfather Mills first started in business here he had fifty men working for him and he knew them all—knew their families, circumstances, everything. Now I have six hundred in my plant and don't know fifty of them! But I'd like to know them all; I feel that it's my duty to know them."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently when Henderson's sharp little laugh at the other end of the room broke in discordantly upon Bruce's sympathetic reply to this.

"Bud, how silly you are!" they heard Mrs. Mills saying. "But I don't know what we'd do without you. You do cheer things up a bit now and then!"

Mrs. Freeman effected a redistribution of the guests that brought Mrs. Mills and Bruce together.

"Shep, you mustn't monopolize Mr. Storrs. Give Connie a chance. Mr. Storrs is an ideal subject for you, Connie. Take him out on the terrace and put him through all your degrees." And then to Bruce: "Mrs. Mills is not only our leading vamp but a terrible highbrow—reads all the queer stuff!"

Shepherd Mills was not wholly successful in concealing his displeasure in thus being deprived of Bruce's company. And noting this Bruce put out his hand, saying:

"That's a deep subject; we shall have to tackle it again. Please don't forget that we've left it in the air and give me another chance."

"My husband really wants so much to save the human race," remarked Mrs. Mills as she stepped out on the tiled flooring of a broad terrace where there were rugs and comfortable places to sit. There was moonlight and the great phalanx of stars marched across the clear heavens; below flowed the river. She seated herself on a couch, suffered him to adjust a pillow at her back and indicated that he was to sit beside her.

"I'm really done up by our all-day motor trip but my husband insisted on dropping in here. The Freemans are a great resource to all of us. You're always likely to find someone new and interesting here. Dale Freeman has a genius for picking up just the right sort of people and she's generous about letting her friends know them. Are you and the Freemans old friends?"

"Oh, not at all! Henderson's my only friend here. He vouched for me to the Freemans."

"Oh, Bud! He's such a delightful rascal. You don't mind my calling him that? I shouldn't if I weren't so fond of him. He's absolutely necessary to our social existence. We'd stagnate without him."

"Bud was always a master hand at stirring things up. His methods are a little peculiar at times but he does get results."

"There's no question but that he's a warm admirer of yours."

"That's because he's forgotten about me! He hadn't seen me for five years."

"I think possibly I can understand that one wouldn't exactly forget you, Mr. Storrs."

She let the words fall carelessly as though to minimize their daring in case they were not wholly acceptable to her auditor. The point was not lost upon him. He was not without his experience in the gentle art of flirtation, and her technique was familiar. There was always, however, the possibility of variations in the ancient game, and he hoped that Mrs. Shepherd Mills was blessed with originality.

"There's a good deal of me to forget; I'm six feet two!" he said leadingly.

"Well, of course I wasn't referring altogether to your size," she said with her murmurous little laugh. "I adore big men and I suppose that's why I married a small one. Isn't it deliciously funny how contrary we are when it comes to the important affairs of our lives! I suppose it's just because we're poor weak humans. We haven't the courage of our prejudices."

"I'd never thought of that," Bruce replied. "But it is an interesting idea. I suppose we're none of us free agents. It's not in the great design of things that we shall walk a chalk line. If we all did it would probably be a very stupid world."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it. For a long time half the world tried to make conformists of the other half; nowadays not more than a third are trying to keep the rest on the chalk line—and that third's skidding! People think me dreadfully heretical about everything. But—I'm not, really! Tell me you don't think me terribly wild and untamed."

"I think," said Bruce, feeling that here was a cue he mustn't miss, "I think you are very charming. If it's your ideas that make you so I certainly refuse to quarrel with them."

"How beautifully you came up on that! Something tells me that I'm not going to be disappointed in you. We must see you at our house. I haven't quite Dale's knack of attracting people"—she paused a moment upon this note of humility—"but I try to bring a few worth while people together. I've educated a few men to drop in for tea on Thursdays with usually a few of my pals among the young matrons and a girl or two. If you feel moved—"

"I hope you're not trifling with me," said Bruce "for I shall certainly come."

Henderson appeared presently with a dark hint that Shepherd was peeved by their long absence and that the company was breaking up.

"Connie never plays all her cards the first time, Bruce; you must give her another chance."

"Oh, Mr. Storrs has promised me a thousand chances!" said Mrs. Mills.

V

SUNDAY evening the Freemans were called unexpectedly into town and Bruce and Henderson were left to amuse themselves. Henderson immediately lost himself in a book and Bruce, a little homesick for the old freedom of the road, set out for a walk. A footpath that followed the river invited him and he lounged along, his spirit responding to the beauty of the

night, his mind intent upon the future. The cordiality of the Freemans and their circle had impressed him with the friendliness of the community. It would take time to establish himself in his profession but he had confidence in his power to achieve; the lust for work was already strong in him. He was satisfied that he had done wisely in obeying his mother's mandate; he would never have been happy if he had ignored it.

He speculated a good deal about young Mills. The gentleness and forbearance with which he suffered the raillery of his intimates, his anxiety to be accounted a good fellow, his serious interest in matters of real importance—in all these things there was something touching and appealing. It was difficult to correlate Shepherd with his wife, but perhaps their dissimilarities were only superficial. Bruce appraised Connie Mills as rather shallow, fond of admiration, given to harmless poses in which her friends evidently encouraged and indulged her. She practiced her little coquetties with an openness that was in itself a safeguard.

It was bewildering, but it had come about so naturally that there seemed nothing extraordinary in the fact that he was already acquainted with members of Franklin Mills's family.

Bruce paused now and then where the path drew in close to the river to look down at the moonlit water through the fringe of trees and shrubbery. A boy and girl floated by in a canoe, the girl singing as she thrummed a ukulele, and his eyes followed them a little wistfully. Farther on the dull put-put-put of a motorboat broke the silence. The sound ceased abruptly, followed instantly by a colloquy between the occupants.

"Damn this fool thing!" ejaculated a feminine voice. "We've stuck!"

"I had noticed it!" said another girl's voice good naturedly. "But such is the life of the sailor. I wouldn't just choose this for an all-night camp!"

"Don't be so sweet about it, Millicent! I'd like to sink this boat."

"It isn't Polly's fault. She's already half buried in the sand," laughed the other.

Storrs scrambled down to the water's edge and peered out upon the river. A small power boat had grounded on a sand bar in the middle of the stream. Its occupants were two young women in bathing suits. But for their voices he would have taken them for boys. One was tinkering with the engine while the other was trying to push off the boat with an oar which sank ineffectually in the sand. In their attempts to float their craft the young women had not seen Storrs who, satisfied that they were in no danger, was rather amused by their plight. They were presumably from one of the near-by villas and their bathing suits implied familiarity with the water. He could hear them quite distinctly at times; then their voices became inaudible as they continued to confer as to the best means of extricating themselves from their predicament. The girl at the engine talked excitedly with an occasional profane outburst; her companion was disposed to accept the situation philosophically.

"We can easily swim out, so don't get so excited, Leila," said the girl with the oar. "And do stop swearing; voices travel a long way over the water."

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—yet she sold her first one to Thos. H. Ince

ELIZABETH THACHER'S experience is not extraordinary.

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Elizabeth Thacher, just a Montana housewife at the time, thought she could write a better story for the screen than many she had seen in the little town of Corvallis, and one day she simply sat down and sent us a coupon from one of our announcements, as you may do after reading this one.

She had never written anything for publication. She hadn't the least idea what she had to do to learn. She didn't know even if she had a chance. She was merely curious about it.

Within a few months after enrollment for the Palmer Course and Service—which she studied during spare time at home—she wrote a photoplay.

Much to her amazement and the surprise of her friends, Thos. H. Ince, the famous producer, purchased it. (We act as a clearing house for the sale of stories, as well as trainers of those who wish to learn to write.)

Mrs. Thacher was amazed because she never really thought of herself as *actually* a writer of photoplays, although she did have those flashes of suggestion that she could improve some films. Also she thought producers did not want scenarios by anyone except those who had "made a name for themselves."

She didn't know the truth about the moving picture industry, which is simply this:

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Elizabeth Thacher

highest paid men and women scenarists in the industry today came from other than the literary field.

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The Palmer Course and Service for the training of writers of photoplays is different from other kinds of correspondence courses in that you get the *actual practice* of the profession as you learn. You learn by actually writing scenarios that you can sell—either through our story sales department or to our own productions—if they are possessed of merit that makes them desirable, of course.

As you write scenarios while studying this course, a staff of experts supplies personal and detailed criticism of your stories, to help you make them salable.

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"I don't care who hears me," said the other, though in a lower tone.

She gave the engine a spin, starting the motor, but the power was unequal to the task of freeing the boat. With an exclamation of disgust she turned off the switch and the futile thrashing of the propeller ceased.

"Let's swim ashore and send back for Polly," said the girl addressed as Millicent. "I see myself swimming out!" the other retorted. "I'm not going to leave Polly here for some pirate to steal."

"Nobody's going to steal her. This isn't the ocean, you know."

"Well, no fool boat's going to get the best of me. Where's that flask? I'm freezing!"

"You don't need any more of that! Please give it to me!"

She made the demand a little sharply and her companion resented her tone, bitterly protesting that it was her flask and that she would do as she pleased with it. But her companion snatched it away.

"You had too much before we came out. I oughtn't to have let you come!"

"I hope you are enjoying yourself," said the other petulantly. "I don't see any fun in this!"

"Hello, there!" called Bruce, waving his arms to attract their attention. "Can I be of help?"

Startled by his voice they did not reply immediately but he heard them conferring as to this unlooked-for hail from the bank.

"Oh, I'm perfectly harmless!" he cried reassuringly. "I was just passing and heard your engine. If there's a boat near by I can pull you off; or I'll swim out and lift your boat off if you say so."

"Better get a boat," said the voice he had identified with the name of Millicent. "There's a boathouse just a little farther up, on your side. You'll find a skiff and a canoe. We'll be awfully glad to have your help. Thank you ever so much!"

"Don't forget to come back," cried Leila. "Certainly not!" laughed Bruce and sprang up the bank.

He found the boathouse without trouble, chose the skiff as easier to manage, and rowed back. In the moonlight he saw Millicent standing up in the launch watching him and as he approached she flashed an electric torch along the side of the boat that he might see the nature of their difficulty.

"I think we'd better get out," she said. "No; stay right there till I see what I can do. I think I can push you off. All steady now!"

The launch moved a little at his first attempt to dislodge it and a second strong shove sent it into the channel.

"Now start your engine!"

The girl in the middle of the boat muttered something he didn't catch.

"Leila, can you start the engine?" demanded Millicent. "I think—I think I'll have to row back," she said when Leila made no response. "My friend isn't feeling well."

"I'll tow you—that's easy," said Bruce, noting that her companion apparently was no longer interested in the proceedings. "Please throw me your rope!"

He caught the rope and fastened it to the stern of the skiff and called out that he was ready.

"You can land us where you found the boat," said Millicent. She settled herself

in the stern of the launch and took the tiller. No word was spoken till they reached the boathouse.

"That's all you can do," said Millicent, who had drawn on a long bath wrapper and stepped out. "And thank you very, very much; I'm sorry to have caused you so much trouble."

This was clearly a dismissal but he loosened the rope and tied up the skiff. He waited, holding the launch, while Millicent tried to persuade Leila to disembark.

"Perhaps——" began Bruce, and hesitated. It seemed unfair to leave the girl alone with the problem of getting her friend ashore. Not to put too fine a point on the matter, Leila was intoxicated.

"Now Leila!" cried Millicent exasperatedly. "You're making yourself ridiculous, besides keeping this gentleman waiting. It's not a bit nice of you!"

"Jus' restin' lil bit," said Leila, staring uncomprehendingly at Bruce. "I'm jus' restin' and I'm not goin' to leave Polly."

Millicent turned to Bruce. "If I could get her out of the boat I could put her in our car and take her home."

"Surely," he said and bent over quickly and lifted the girl from the launch, set her on her feet and steadied her. Millicent fumbled in the launch, found a bath wrapper and flung it about Leila's shoulders. She guided her friend toward the long, low boathouse and turned a switch.

"I can manage now," she said, gravely surveying Bruce in the glare of light. "I'm so sorry to have troubled you."

She was tall and fair with markedly handsome brown eyes and a great wealth of fine-spun golden hair that tumbled down upon her shoulders. Her dignity was in nowise diminished by her garb. She betrayed no agitation. Bruce felt that she was paying the compliment of assuming that she was dealing with a gentleman who, having performed a service, would go his way and forget the whole affair. She drew her arm about the now passive Leila, who was much shorter—quite small, indeed, in comparison.

"Our car's here and we'll get dressed and drive back into town. Thank you so much and—good night."

"I was only too glad to help you; good night."

The door closed upon them. Bruce made the launch fast to the landing and resumed his walk.

VI

WHEN he returned to the Freemans', Henderson flung aside his book and complained of Bruce's prolonged absence.

"I had begun to think you'd got yourself kidnapped. Go ahead and talk," he said, yawning and stretching himself.

"Well, I've had a mild adventure," said Bruce, lighting a cigarette; and he described his meeting with the two young women.

"Not so bad!" said Henderson placidly. "Such little adventures never happen to me. Leila is an obstreperous little kid; she really ought to behave herself. Right the first time. Leila Mills of course; I think I mentioned her the other day. Her friend is Millicent Harden. Guess I omitted Millicent in my review of our citizens. Quite a remarkable person. She plays the rôle of big sister to Leila; they're neighbors on Jefferson Avenue. That's

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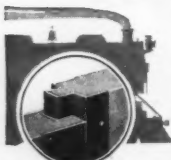
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just a boathouse on the Styx that Mills built for Leila's delectation. She pulls a cocktail tea there occasionally.

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"But Leila?" said Bruce seriously. "You don't quite expect to find the daughter of a prominent citizen tipsy on a river, and rather profane."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Henderson easily. "Leila's all right. You needn't worry about her. She's merely passing through a phase and will probably emerge safely. Leila's hardly up to your standard, but Millicent is a girl you'll like. I ought to have told Dale to ask Millicent here. Dale, in her broad tolerance, doesn't mind at all that old Harden's rolled up a few million by being smart enough to scamper just a nose length ahead of the federal grand jury carrying his rotten dope in triumph."

"Miss Mills, I suppose, is an acceptable member of the Freemans' group?" Bruce inquired.

"Acceptable enough, but this is all too tame for Leila. Curious sort of friendship—Leila and Millicent. Millicent is, in a manner of speaking, between the Devil and the deep sea in the social swim. She's just a little too superior to train with the girls of the Longview Country Club set and the asthma cure keeps her from being chummy with the Faraway gang. But I'll say that Leila's lucky to have a friend like Millicent. By George, I hope you'll meet up with Millicent soon! Don't get it into your bean that she's merely clever as many girls of twenty-four or five are. No, there's more! After you've met her we'll see what we can figure out. Here come our host and hostess. Being a gentleman, of course you won't mention the little episode on the river. Leila's such a nut!"

CHAPTER III

HENDERSON made his wife's return an excuse for giving a dinner—she had brought home a trophy from the golf tournament and her prowess must be celebrated. Mrs. Henderson was a tall blonde with a hearty, offhand manner and given to plain, direct speech. She treated Bud as though he were a younger brother, to be humored to a certain point and then reminded a little tartly of his limitations.

Several interviews with Freeman resulted in an arrangement by which Bruce was to enter the architect's office immediately. As Henderson had predicted, Mrs. Freeman was a real power in her husband's

affairs. She confided to Bruce privately that with all his talents Bill lacked tact in dealing with his clients and he needed someone to supply this deficiency. And the office was a place of confusion, and Bill was prone to forgetfulness. Bruce, Mrs. Freeman thought, could be of material assistance in keeping Bill straight.

Bruce was put to work on tentative sketches for a residence for a man who had no very clear idea of what he wanted. This gave him a chance to show what he could do and he entered upon his work with enthusiasm.

The Hendersons were almost too zealous in their anxiety to promote Bruce socially. Someone was giving a large party at the Faraway Country Club, and this, Maybelle told him, he couldn't afford to miss. Bruce, yielding to their importunities, found the affair all they had promised. Late in the evening as he sought a girl who had promised him a dance Bruce found himself in proximity to Millicent Harden.

There was no mistaking her; she was standing in the hall outside the ballroom as though waiting for someone. Her eyes fell upon him passingly, then returned for a second glance. Seeing a young man bearing down upon her Bruce stepped forward and bowed.

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely.

He lifted his head to find her regarding him with an amused smile.

"Oh, you needn't!" she said quickly.

"I might find someone to introduce us—Mrs. Henderson, perhaps," he continued. "My name is Bruce Storrs."

"Then Mrs. Henderson's looking for you now—she told me to remain right here till she found you and came back! So possibly we might assume that the introduction is accomplished. I'm Miss Harden."

"That helps a good deal! Shall we dance?"

After the dance he suggested that they step out for a breath of air.

"That's a happy thought," she replied.

They found seats and she said immediately:

"Of course I remember you; I'd be ashamed if I didn't. I'm glad of this chance to thank you. I know Leila—Miss Mills—will want to thank you too. We must have seemed very silly that night on the river."

"Such a thing might happen to anyone; why not forget it?"

"Let me thank you again," she said seriously. "You were ever so kind."

"The incident is closed," he remarked with finality. "Am I keeping you from a partner? They're dancing again. We might talk this out if I'm not depriving you—"

"You're not. It's warm inside and this is a relief. We might even wander down the lawn and look for elves and dryads and nymphs. Those big trees and the stars set the stage for such encounters."

"It's rather nice to believe in fairies and such things. At times I'm a believer; then I lose my faith."

"We all forget our fairies sometimes," she answered gravely.

He had failed to note at their meeting on the river the loveliness of her voice. He found himself waiting for the recurrence of certain tones that had a curious musical resonance. He was struck by a certain sobriety in her that was expressed for fleeting moments in both voice and

eyes. He was grateful for intervals in which, even with the newest dance music floating out to them and the light and laughter within, he was aware of an indefinable quality in the girl that seemed to translate her to remote and shadowy times. Her profile—clean-cut without sharpness—and her manner of wearing her abundant hair—carried back loosely to a knot low on her head—strengthened his impression of her as a being a little foreign to the place and hour.

But apart from these vague suggestions there was nothing to differentiate her from other young women endowed with good looks. She spoke with quiet enthusiasm of the outdoor sports that interested her—riding she enjoyed most of all. Nothing gave quite the sense of freedom one derived from a gallop on a good horse. Henderson had intimated that her social life was restricted, but she bore herself more like a young woman of the world than any other girl he remembered. She was refreshingly free of affectations, talked nonsense, made amusing but not unkind comments on people who passed them. The party, he imagined, only mildly entertained her; she several times excused herself when young men sought her out for a dance.

"Maybelle Henderson will scold me for hiding you away," she said. "I can't dance just whenever the band plays. It's got to be an inspiration!"

"Then I thank you again for one perfect dance! I'm afraid I didn't appreciate what you were giving me."

"Oh, I danced with you to hide my embarrassment!" she laughed.

Half an hour passed and they had touched and dismissed many subjects when she rose and caught the hand of a girl who was passing.

"Miss Mills, Mr. Storrs. It's quite fitting that you should meet Mr. Storrs."

"Fitting?" asked the girl, breathless from her dance. Her escort left her and the trio were alone for a moment.

"We've all met before—on the river—most shockingly! You might just say thank you to Mr. Storrs."

"Oh, this is not—" Leila drew back and inspected Bruce with her head tilted, her eyes dancing.

"Miss Harden is mistaken; this is the first time we ever met," declared Bruce.

"Isn't he nice!" exclaimed Leila. "From what Millie said I knew you would be like this." And then: "Oh, lots of people are bragging about you and promising to introduce me! Here comes Tommy Barnes; he has this dance. Oh, Millie! if you get a chance you might say a kind word to papa. He's probably terribly bored by this time."

"Leila's a dear child! I'm sure you'll like her," said Millicent as the girl fluttered away. "Oh! I adore this piece; will you dance with me?"

As they left the floor Mrs. Henderson intercepted them.

"Aren't you the limit, you two? I've had Bud searching the whole place for you and here you are! Quite as though you hadn't been hiding for the last hour."

"I'm going to keep Mr. Storrs just a moment," said Millicent. "Leila said her father was perishing somewhere

and I do want Mr. Storrs to meet him."

"Yes; certainly," said Bruce.

He walked beside her into the big lounge, where many of the older guests were gathered.

"Poor Mr. Mills!" said Millicent after a quick survey of the room. "There he is, listening to one of Mr. Tasker's interminable yarns."

She led the way toward a group of men, one of whom was evidently nearing the end of a long story. One of his auditors, a dark man of medium height, was listening with an air of forced attention. His grayish hair was smoothly brushed away from his forehead; he wore a short, stubby mustache, a trifle less gray than his hair. Millicent and Bruce fell within the line of his vision and his face brightened instantly and he nodded to the girl and waved his hand. The instant the story was ended he crossed to them, his eyes bright with pleasure and a smile on his face.

"I call it a base desertion!" he exclaimed, bowing mockingly. "You and Leila bring me here and coolly park me where I have to listen to the oldest stories in the world."

"Don't scold! Mr. Mills—let me present Mr. Storrs."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Storrs," said Mills with quiet cordiality. He swept Bruce with a quick, comprehensive scrutiny.

"Mr. Storrs has lately moved here," Millicent explained.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Storrs, on having fallen into good hands."

"Oh, Miss Harden is taking splendid care of me!" Bruce replied.

"She's quite capable of doing that!" Mills returned.

Bruce was studying Franklin Mills guardedly. The man had probably been a handsome youth, and he wore his years lightly. Such distinction as he had was in his bearing; he held himself well. A man of reserves and reticences, not a safe subject for quick judgments. His manner was somewhat listless now that the introduction had been accomplished; and perhaps aware of this he addressed several remarks to Bruce, asking whether the music was all that the jazzy age demanded; confessed that his dancing days were over.

"You only think they are! Mr. Mills really dances very well. You'd be surprised, Mr. Storrs, considering how venerable he is!"

"That's why I don't dance!" Mills retorted with a rueful grin. "'Considering his age' is the meanest thing that can be said of a man who's struck fifty."

Bud Henderson here interrupted them, declaring that dozens of people were disconsolate because Bruce had concealed himself.

"Of course you must go!" said Millicent.

"I hope to meet you again," said Mills as Bruce bowed to him.

"Thank you, Mr. Mills," said Bruce.

He was conscious once more of Mills's intent scrutiny. It seemed to him as he walked away that Mills's eyes followed him.

"What's the matter, old top?" Bud demanded. "You're not tired?"

"No; I'm all right," Bruce replied, though his heart was pounding hard, and feeling a little giddy he threw his arm across Henderson's shoulder.



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Mineralava is not a novelty. It has been in use since its discovery, twenty-three years ago by Mrs. M. G. Scott, the famous Beauty expert. When she found that this product of the laboratories of Nature had remarkable affinities for the human skin she had it tested and tried by the most notable chemists in Europe and America who added to it certain medical ingredients of great potency, thus making it the most perfect specific for Skin Malnutrition that women have ever used.

Just what Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted specialist of skin diseases, recommended in his famous work, "The Skin and Its Diseases," Mineralava accomplishes. It was Sir Erasmus who pointed out that there are two layers of human skin, the outer called the Epidermis, which bears the brunt of weather and the exposure to dirt and grime; and the under skin called the Dermis, waiting to take its place when the old skin flakes and falls away, and which must, therefore, be nourished, stimulated and invigorated.

That is what Mineralava does so perfectly. It penetrates the myriad of tiny pores and reaching the under skin stimulates it to perfect skin health. It absolutely corrects Skin-Malnutrition, that disease of lack of proper nourishment from which most mature faces suffer. In place of the sallow, dead-looking complexion, lacking vivacity and beauty, it gives you a face sparkling with vigor and free from blemishes.



PRISCILLA DEAN, star of "Under Two Flags," enthusiastically writes:

"There is nothing that so definitely clears away all the impurities from the skin as Mineralava does. It brings back the firm contour of youth and is the enemy of all skin troubles."

Mineralava Beauty Clay builds up the tiny muscles and stimulates a healthy blood circulation through the tiny blood vessels; it clears away all the eruptions, draws out the impurities, drives off pimples and blackheads; corrects oily or too-dry skin, coarse pores, incipient wrinkles and sagging muscles. It so nourishes the Dermis that when the time comes for it to take its place as the surface skin, it appears as the perfect complexion, new-born and beautiful.

Countless thousands of happy American home women testify to the permanent qualities of Mineralava. Mineralava is a superior article for discriminating people. Originally Mineralava was sold only in Beauty Parlors at as high as \$15 a treatment.

Today it is within the reach of every woman at \$2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing eighteen treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. Full directions for treatment and a soft brush for applying with every bottle.

There is also an introductory Trial Tube of Mineralava at 50c.



MINERALAVA—makes Blemished Skin Perfect!



MINERALAVA—corrects all forms of Skin-Malnutrition!



MINERALAVA—keeps Young Faces Healthful and Rosy!



MINERALAVA—moulds Old Faces to the Contour of Youth!

Mineralava has 22 years' successful use behind it in the best homes of the country. Don't experiment with new and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection.

Go to your dependable Drug-gist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava Beauty Clay. If the Store does not happen to have it write direct to the manufacturers and they will see that your dealer is supplied to fill your requirements. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.

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